

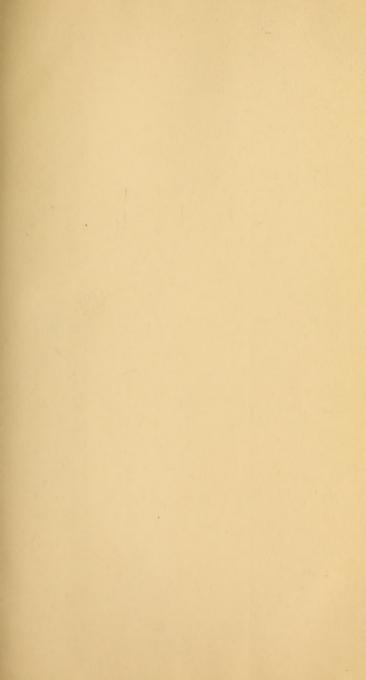


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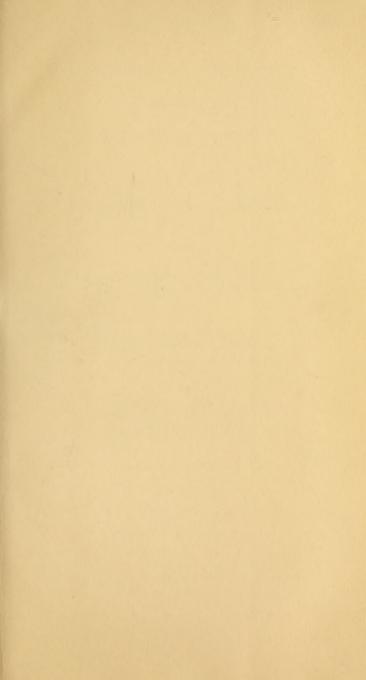
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HYMNS,

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PARTLY COLLECTED, AND PARTLY ORIGINAL,

DESIGNED AS A

SUPPLEMENT

TO

DR. WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS.

WILLIAM BENGO COLLYER, D. D.

Δαλυθες του τοῖς Ψαλμοῖς, καὶ "Υμνοις, καὶ "ΩΔΑ ΊΣ πνευματικαῖς" ἄδονθες καὶ ψάλλοντες ἐν τῆ καρδία ὑμῶν τῷ Κυρίῳ.

PAUL.

Assembled men, to the deep organ join The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, At solemn pauses, through the swelling base; And, as each mingling flame increases each, In one united ardour rise to heaven!



LONDON:

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PREFACE.

A Company of the Comp

THE following volume of Hymns is submitted to the public, in consequence of the earnest representations of very many to whose judgment I cannot but pay deference, that it is a desirable work as a supplement to the inimitable productions of Dr. Watts. I had at first intended to prepare for my own congregation a selection of hymns, and to present to them some original compositions which they had song after the discussion of particular subjects. and which they had condescended to anthat the work might appear with more advantage as a general publication, and when some congregations had enforced private judgment, by promising to adopt these compositions, I enlarged my original plan, and endeavoured to render the volume worthy the place it professes to occupy, as an appendage to psalms and hymns which have the suffrage of the great and the good of every denomination. In making this statement, my intention is candidly to develop the principles apon which this work 7. 6. BARNARD, SKINNER-STREET, LONDON, C 11925 1301111 85W

PREFACE.

THE following volume of Hymns is submitted to the public, in consequence of the earnest representations of very many to whose judgment I cannot but pay deference, that it is a desirable work as a supplement to the inimitable productions of Dr. Watts. I had at first intended to prepare for my own congregation a selection of hymns, and to present to them some original compositions which they had sung after the discussion of particular subjects, and which they had condescended to apand which they had condescended to approve: but when it was suggested to me, that the work might appear with more advantage as a general publication, and when some congregations had enforced private judgment, by promising to adopt these compositions, I enlarged my original plan, and endeavoured to render the volume worthy the place it professes to occupy, as an appendage to psalms and hymns which have the suffrage of the great and the good of every denomination. In making this statement, my intention is candidly to develop the principles upon which this work was undertaken; and totally to disclaim

those imputations of rivalry which may, and probably will, be urged against me. Many have contributed, and contributed well, to the enlargement of the praises of Zion; and while I rejoice in their success, I feel persuaded, from a knowledge of their character, that they will not be displeased with me, for casting my mite into the treasury. It remains only that I should explain my plan, and attempt to meet some objections which appear to lie against it.

As to plan. I have been swayed by the

following considerations:

1. I have attempted to give a greater compass to this part of our devotional exercises, both as to the number of the hymns, and the variety of the metres, than has yet been effected. The hymns consist of nearly one thousand.

2. I have endeavoured to blend dignity and simplicity in the compositions. I wished to produce a volume that might be indeed supplementary to Dr. Watts. For this purpose, I consulted more than eighty volumes of the English poets, before I examined collections and original compositions, as hymns. Nearly four hundred of these hymns have either been extracted from larger poetical compositions, or are not used as hymns—these, at least as to use, will be new. I have also been favoured with a variety of (in my estimation) very superior pieces, which have never before

been published. These are arranged under the head, ORIGINALS.

3. I have wished to introduce a greater variety of hymns on particular texts—on specific subjects—and on public occasions, than has hitherto been attempted. This is

the first use of a supplement.

4. My reason for arranging the hymns under the title of their respective authors, rather than according to the subject, wasthat every man has his peculiar style of composition—and I meant to present to the public, in one volume, the beauties and uses of many. In the prosecution of my plan, it has happened to me, as it must to all finite beings, that I have partly suc-ceeded and partly failed. After having acted upon the principle which I had proposed to myself, I discovered that I had overlooked certain beautiful effusions, which I could not consent to omit; and these are superadded under the title of ADDITIONAL, from the various authors who have been examined; the volume having been partly printed off, I could not do otherwise than thus class them, although it destroyed the original arrangement in part, without cancelling the whole which had been thus completed—a measure which must have exposed me to an enormous and, I think, an unnecessary expense.

Such, then, has been my plan. I fear the greater difficulty remains to me, to obviate those objections which suggest themselves to my own mind; and which, with others not apparent to me, will too probably operate with considerable force on those, who feel less interest in this laborious work than myself.

1. The bulk of the volume is exceptionable. This has, indeed, been increased beyond my original intention. A second edition may obviate this objection, by the

adoption of a thinner paper.

2. The elevation of some of the compositions may appear too great for common use.
The answer to this objection is—that amidst such variety, enough may be selected to answer every purpose. Six hundred hymns may be found sufficiently simple for public worship; allowing that four court the graces of poetry, and avail themselves of the aid of imagination. Some of these are, also, intended for private use. I remembered that I was compiling a general volume.

3. The metres of some have not at present congregational tunes adapted to them. These are to be supplied, by promise, with suitable airs, by the first composers of this, or of any age. I am not at liberty to mention their names, but their compositions will sufficiently determine their ability. I may be allowed to observe that such metres

are comparatively few.

4. The use of Roman numerals in place of figures, is, I am convinced, a great defect in the work. I was not aware of this, till I had proceeded too far to alter my plan. In a future edition, figures shall be employed, and the page shall be made to correspond

with the hymn.

5. The alterations which will be manifest in this volume. For these, I have nothing to plead, but that if I have not amended, where I have altered, I must abide the consequences. In many cases, I have attempted to soften a harsh line. In some, especially with Mr. Charles Wesley's compositions (by far the most devotional I have met with), I have sometimes omitted a verse, and sometimes altered a line, for the sake of sentiment. I must endure, here, the test of criticism.

6. The errors of all the editions are, I fear, very numerous. These shall be rectified in future editions. They arise partly from the difficulty of compiling and superintending such a volume, in the first instance; and partly from the circumstances of this particular volume, mutilated, hastily supplied, and delayed as it has been, in consequence of a fire at my printer's, which consumed three thousand copies of this work.

Adopting instrumental music myself, some of the hymns will be found to turn on this principle. I have no wish to press the subject on others. But there is one point which I cannot consent to overlook. Un-

der the former dispensation, the Levites and the congregation stood up to praise the Lord. I cannot think that we owe less reverence to the great object of our thanksgivings under this "ministration of life," than they felt under "the ministration of death." Singing is an act of worship; but sitting is not a posture of worship. In heaven prostration is used—surely on earth, less than rising cannot be deemed due reverence.

Blackheath Hill, Kent, Aug. 4, 1812.

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HYMNS.

DRYDEN.

HYMN I.

To the Holy Spirit.

DRYDEN.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid,
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit every waiting mind;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Refine and purge our earthly parts;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!
 Our frailties help, our vice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

4 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way; Make us eternal truths receive, And practise all that we believe.

MERRICK.

HYMN II.

The Young Man's Support.

- 1 PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind Life's opening scene surveys;
 O'er all it's ills of various kind,
 With awful fear I gaze.
- 2 O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 It's terrors learn to meet?
 How from it's thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet?
- 3 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 Each anxious doubt exclude;
 My Maker's will has plac'd me here,
 A Maker wise and good.
- 4 He to my every trial knows

 It's just restraint to give;

 Attentive to behold my woes,

 And faithful to relieve.

5 Then why thus heavy, O my soul,
Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
Oe'r scenes of future ill?

6 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound
And curbs the headlong tide!

HYMN III.

Praise.

- 1 YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd;
 Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th' eternal King,
 Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again your thankful voices raise,
 And touch the tuneful string.
- 3 Praise him, ye blest ethereal plains,
 Where, in full majesty, he deigns
 To fix his awful throne:
 Ye waters that around him roll,
 From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
 O make his praises known!

- 4 Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, powers, Join ye your joyful song with our's;
 With us your voices raise;
 From age to age extend the lay,
 To heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
 Hymns of eternal praise.
- 5 Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eager for the blest abode,
 To heavenly mansions soar:
 O let your songs his praise display,
 Till heaven itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more!
- 6 Praise him ye meek and humble train, Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share;
 O praise him, till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there!

HYMN IV.

The same.

OR PART II.

MERRICK.

CELESTIAL orb; whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise him whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

- Ye glittering planets of the sky, Whose lamps the absent sun supply, With him the song pursue; And let himself submissive own, He borrows from a brighter sun The light he lends to you.
- 3 Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne From morn to eve, from eve to morn, Alternate glide away;
 Praise him whose never-varying light, Absent, adds horror to the night,
 But, present, gives the day.
- 4 Ye showers and dews, whose moisture shed Calls into life the opening seed,

 To him your praises yield,

 Whose influence wakes the genial birth,

 Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,

 And crowns the laughing fields.
- 5 Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound, Whose waves the spacious earth surround, And roll from shore to shore; Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside; Ye floods, within your channels glide, And tremble and adore,
- 6 Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move;
 Amid his various works ye dwell;
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love.

HYMN V.

The Ignorance of Man.

- 1 BEHOLD you new-born infant griev'd
 With hunger, thirst, and pain;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd
 It knows not to explain.
- 2 Aloud the speechless suppliant cries, And utters, as it can, The woes that in it's bosom rise, And speak it's nature—man!
- 3 That infant, whose advancing hour Life's various sorrows try, (Sad proof of sin's transmissive power!)
 That infant, Lord am I.
- 4 A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what, it's cure!
- 5 Author of good, to thee I turn:
 Thy ever-wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern;
 Thy hand alone supply.
- 6 O let thy fear within me dwell, Thy love my footsteps guide; That love shall vainer loves expel; That fear, all fears beside.

- 7 And oh, by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my subborn will
 Preposterous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill!
- 8 Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply:
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
 What ill, though ask'd deny!

HYMN VI.

Simeon's Song.

- 1 'TIS enough---the hour is come;
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with it's kindred clay;
 Since thy mercies, oft of old,
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now and stedfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love!
- 2 Since at length my aged eye,
 Sees the day-spring from on high!
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes and from afar
 Hail the light of Jacob's star;
 Waiting till the promis'd ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
- 3 Sun of righteousness, to thee, Lo! the nations bow the knee; And the realms of distant kings Own the healing of thy wings.

See the beams, intensely shed, Shine on Sion's favour'd head! Never may they hence remove, God of truth, and God of love!

HYMN VII.

God's Love to Men. Ps. viii.

MERRICK.

1 IMMORTAL King! through earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends.

Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends, Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

2 From infants Thou canst strength upraise,

And from their lisping tongues to praise, That, struck with awe, each wrathful band

In mute astonishment may stand.

- 3 When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye I view the wonders of the sky, Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head In rich magnificence have spread,---
- 4 The silent moon, with waxing horn Along th' ethereal region borne,
 The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
 That nightly walk their destin'd round,---

- 5 Lord! what is man, that in thy care
 His humble lot should find a share;
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
- 6 His rank awhile, by thy decree, Th' angelic tribes beneath them see, Till round him thy imparted rays With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
- 7 Subjected to his feet by thee,
 To him all nature bows the knee;
 The beasts in him their lord behold,
 The gazing herd, the bleating fold,---
- 8 The fowls, of various wing, that fly O'er the vast desert of the sky, And all the watry tribes that glide Through paths to human sight denied.
- 9 Immortal King! through earth's wide frame

How great thy honour, praise, and name! Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends, Thy glory heaven's vast height transcends.

HYMN VIII.

The Christian's Hope. Ps. xvi. 7-11.

MERRICK.

¹ THEE let me bless, the faithful guide, Whose counsels o'er my life preside, And wisdom to my wakeful breast At midnight's silent hour suggest.

- 2 In all my acts, in each intent, Thee to my soul my thoughts present, Whose sure defence my gate has barr'd, And planted on my right a guard.
- 3 For this my heart, for this my tongue, Shall meditate the joyful song; Hope ev'n in death shall be my guest And smooth the pillow of my rest.
- 4 Thou from the grave my soul shalt free, Nor leave thy ransom'd one to see Corruption's power:—before my eyes The opening paths of life shall rise;
- 5 Those paths that to thy presence bear, For plenitude of bliss is there; And pleasures, Lord, unmix'd with woe, At thy right hand for ever flow.

HYMN IX.

The God of Thunder; or, Divine Judgment. Ps. xviii. 9---11, and 13, 14, and 1.

- 1 INCUMBENT on the bending sky
 The Lord descended from on high,
 And bade the darkness of the pole
 Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
- 2 God to his car the cherub join'd, And on the wings of mightiest wind, As down to earth his journey lay, Resistless urg'd his rapid way.

- 3 Thick-woven clouds, around him clos'd, His secret residence compos'd, And waters, high suspended, spread Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
- 4 His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd, Through heaven's high vault in thunders heard,

And down in fiercer conflict came The hailstones dire and mingled flame.

- 5 With aim direct his shafts were sped, In vain his foes before him fled; Now here, now there, his lightnings stray, And sure destruction marks their way.
- 6 Blest object of my soul's desire,
 To thee my grateful thoughts aspire;
 On thee my stedfast hope I build,
 My God, my rest, my rock, my shield!

HYMN X.

The Voice of the Heavens. Ps. xix. 1---8.

- 1 GOD the heavens aloud proclaim Through their wide-extended frame, And the firmament each hour Speaks the wonders of his power.
- 2 Day to the succeeding day
 Joys the notice to convey,
 And the nights, in ceaseless round,
 Each to each repeat the sound.

- 3 Prompt, without or speech or tongue, In his praise to form the song, To the Lord they raise the theme, Who of Gods is God supreme.
- 4 Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
 Far as to her utmost end, [boasts
 Earth the heaven-taught knowledge
 Through her many-languag'd coasts;
- 5 While the sun above her head Sees his tabernacle spread, And, from out his chamber bright, Like a bridegroom, springs to sight:
- 6 See him with gigantic pace
 Joyous run his destin'd race;
 See him, every breast to cheer,
 Pass through heaven in swift career:
- 7 Now to farthest regions borne Onward speed, and now return, And to all, with welcome ray, Life and genial warmth convey.

HYMN XI.

For the King. Ps. xx. 6---9.

MERRICK.

1 MAY the eternal Monarch shed His blessings on the anointed head, Attentive from his Holy heaven Protect the crown himself has given.

- 2 These urge to fight the rattling car, And those the fiery steed prepare, Unenvied both by us, who see Our sure defence, great God, in Thee.
- 3 Driven by superior force they fly, Or, fallen, in heaps promiscuous lie, While we our heads exulting raise, And sing our great Deliverer's praise.
- 4 O, when we praise, and when we pray, Do Thou, whom heaven and earth obey, Accept the praise, confirm the prayer, And make our safety still thy care.
- 5 By thy unwearied strength upheld, To Thee the king his thanks shall yield, And, taught by blest experience, know What joys from thy salvation flow.
- 6 Thou, Lord, preventive of his want, The blessings of thy love wilt grant, And bid the golden circlet spread It's purest splendours round his head.

HYMN XII.

The Eternal Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

MERRICK.

1 LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare:

- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and slow
 Through the verdant meadow flow:
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
- 3 Though the dreary vale I tread
 By the shades of death o'erspread,
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my every wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supplied;
 This my guard, and that my guide.
- 4 Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows, For thy love no limit knows; Constant to my latest end This my footsteps shall attend, And shall bid thy hallow'd dome Yield me an eternal home.

HYMN XIII.

The Universal Monarch. Ps. xxiv. MERRICK.

- 1 EARTH, big with empires, to thy reign
 Submits, great God, it's wide domain;
 Whate'er this orb's vast bounds confine,
 By just possession, Lord, is thine.
- 2 That orb amid the watery waste
 Thy hands, blest Architect, have plac'd,
 And bid th' unfathomable deep
 Beneath it's firm foundations sleep.

S Maker of all! through every land
Thy deeds in full record shall stand,
And farthest realms converted join
In homage to the name diviné.

HYMN XIV.

The Child's Refuge. Ps. xxvii. 7---11.

- O HEAR me, Lord; on Thee I call, And prostrate at thy footstool fall; Propitious in my cause appear, And bow to my request thine ear.
- 2 "Seek ye my face with duteous care, "And frequent to my throne repair;" Thus to my heart I hear Thee speak; "Thy face," my heart replies, "I seek."
- 3 O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
 Thee still my great salvation find,
 Nor leave me helpless and forlorn,
 The absence of thy grace to mourn.
- 4 When, doom'd the orphan's lot to bear, No father's kind concern I share, Nor o'er me wakes a mother's eye, My wants attentive to supply ;---
- 5 Adopted by thy care, in Thee,
 The parent and the friend I see,
 And, nourish'd by thy fostering hand,
 Within thy courts secure I stand.

6 Instruct me, Lord, thy path to know, And, while with secret art the foe My doubting steps would turn aside, Be Thou my guardian and my guide.

HYMN XV.

Thunder. Ps. xxix.

- 1 SING, ye sons of might, O sing Praise to Heaven's eternal King; Raise to him some new-taught song, To his praise the note prolong.
- 2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks; Hush'd to silence, while he speaks, Ocean's waves from pole to pole Hear the awful accents roll.
- 3 Now the bursting clouds give way, And the vivid lightnings play, Now the wilds, by man untrod, Hear dismay'd, th' approaching God.
- 4 Oe'r the desolated waste
 Oft the dreadful sounds have pass'd;
 Oft his stroke the wood invades,
 Widow'd of its leafy shades.
- 5 Yield the homage, that his name From a creature's lips may claim, While his acts to every tongue Yield it's argument of song.

6 He the swelling surge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands;
He his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

HYMN XVI.

The Young instructed. Ps. xxxiv. 9---16.

- 1 YE children come; my precepts hear,
 And learn the dictates of his fear;
 O come, if long extent of days,
 With blessings crown'd, thy hope can
 raise.
- Averse from each injurious art,
 Let falsehood from thy lips depart;
 Be good thy choice; from evil cease,
 And plight the ready hand to peace.
- 3 Him serve, whose favouring eyes survey
 The hearts that his commands obey;
 Him serve, whose ever open ear
 With just regard their prayer shall hear.
- 4 But terrors, planted on his brow,
 Instruct the stubborn soul to bow:
 And vengeance, kindled to a flame,
 Blots from the earth the impious name

HYMN XVII.

Impatience cautioned. Ps. xxxvii. 1---7.

- 1 LET not the sinner's wealth or might
 The envy of thy soul excite;
 Anon thine eye shall see him fade
 Quick as the flower or vernal blade,
 That now rejoicing lifts the head,
 Now withering on the earth is spread.
- 2 But thou thy will to heaven's high Lord (His faith thy trust, thy rule his word) Submit, and, nourish'd by his hand, Inherit from his gift the land; In Him delight, on Him depend, Him choose thy guide, thy way, thy end.
- 3 So shall his love thy wishes grant, His care anticipate thy want, And bid thy acts in light serene Fair as the rising morn be seen; Thy justice as the noon of day Diffusive pour it's cloudless ray.
- 4 With patient hope await his will,
 Nor let the sight of prosperous ill
 Impel thee with disquiet vain,
 His wise disposals to arraign,
 Lest wrath and doubt thy conscience
 blind,
 And urge to acts of guilt thy mind.

HYMN XVIII.

The Vanity of Life. Ps. xxxix. 4—6. and 12, 13.

- 1 TAUGHT by thy wisdom let me learn How soon my fabric shall return To earth, and in the silent tomb It's seat of lasting rest assume.
- 2 O let me, heavenly Lord, extend My view to life's approaching end; What are my days? (a span their line;) And what my age compar'd with thine?
- 3 Our life advancing to it's close, While scarce it's earliest dawn it knows, Swift through an empty shade we run, And vanity and man are one.
- 4 With anxious pain this son of care Toils to enrich an unknown heir, And, counting oft his gather'd store, With vain disquiet thirsts for more.
- 5 God of my fathers! here, as they,
 I walk the pilgrim of a day;
 A transient guest, thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire.
- 6 O spare me, Lord, awhile; O spare, And nature's ruin'd strength repair, Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er, I perish, and am seen no more!

HYMN XIX.

Compassion. Ps. xlii. 1—3.

MERRICK.

- ¹ BLEST, who with generous pity glows, Who learns to feel another's woes, Bows to the poor man's want his ear, And wipes the helpless orphan's tear.
- 2 Who to th' afflicted gives relief,
 And kindly soothes each anxious grief;
 In every want, in every woe,
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.
- 3 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand, Give to his lot the chosen land, Nor leave him in the dreadful day, To unrelenting foes a prey.
- 4 When languid with disease and pain, Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain, Prop with thine arm his sinking head, And turn with tenderest care his bed.

HYMN XX.

When shall I come and appear before God?

Psalm xlii. 1, 2, 5.

MERRICK.

AS pants the hart for cooling springs, So longs my soul, O King of kings, Thy face in near approach to see, So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.

- 2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires, To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires; When shall I reach thy blest abode? When meet the presence of my God?
- 3 God of my strength, attend my cry, Say why, my great Preserver, why Excluded from thy sight I go, And bend beneath a weight of woe?
- 4 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On God thy steadfast hope repose.
- 5 To him my thanks shall still be paid, My sure defence, my constant aid; His name my zeal shall ever raise, And dictate to my lips his praise.

HYMN XXI.

For the Jews. Ps. xliv. 23, 24.

MERRICK.

ARISE, eternal God, arise;
Why sits this slumber on thine eyes?
Awake, nor from thy care expel
Thy once regarded Israel;
Say why from their afflicted race,
Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face?

2 O tell us why thine ear denies
To hear thy captive peoples' cries,
As sunk with sorrow's weight they bend,
And prostrate in the dust descend;
Arise, thy saving power disclose,
And heal with pitying hand their woes.

HYMN XXII.

In Time of War. Ps. xlvi.

- On Thee, great Ruler of the skies, On Thee our steadfast hope relies: When hostile powers against us join, What aid so present, Lord, as thine?
- 2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,
 Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us
 groan,
 Though tempests o'er her surface sweep,
 And whirl her hills into the deep;—
- 3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
 That deep in all it's horrors rise,
 While, as the tumult spreads around,
 The mountains tremble at the sound.
- 4 Behold fair Sion's blest retreat,
 Where God has fix'd his awful seat;
 Whose walls to heaven's almighty Lord
 His chosen residence afford.

- 5 No tempests there licentious stray,
 But soft along their level way
 The sacred streams their course maintain,
 And crown with health their happy plain.
- 6 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Bids storms around her harmless fly;
 His early care each foe withstands,
 And backward turns the yielding bands.

HYMN XXIII.

The same. 2d Part.

- 1 SEE! rous'd by discord's fierce alarms,
 The headlong nations rush to arms;
 But God aloud asserts his sway,
 And earth's whole fabric melts away.
- 2 O come, behold a scene of dread, Behold a world with slaughter spread; And know, 'tis God who bids each land Thus feel the terrors of his hand.
- 3 'Tis his, again the earth to cheer,
 To break the bow, to snap the spear,
 To wrap in flames the glittering car,
 And hush the tumult of the war.
- 4 Be still, ye sons of pride, and own That I am God, and I alone; Exalted o'er each heathen land, Exalted o'er the earth I stand.

5 On heaven's high Lord our trust we build; The God of Jacob is our shield; His arm exerted in our right, Shall turn each adverse power to flight!

HYMN XXIV.

Song for Great Britain. Ps. xlvii.

MERRICK.

- 1 ARISE, ye people, clap the hand, Exulting strike the chord; Let every isle, and every land Confess the almighty Lord.
- 2 How awful his mysterious name! How high advanc'd his seat! Who bids the nations own our claim, And casts them at our feet.
- 3 He to our lot a land assigns His favour'd Britons' boast, And blest with gifts of various kinds The health-incircled coast.
- 4 Sing to our God, in loudest strain, Perpetual praises sing; O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign;

O praise our God and King.

5 His sway the sons of human kind, With humblest homage own;

And sanctity, with power combin'd, Supports his lasting throne.

6 For he, whose hands amid the skies,
Th' eternal sceptre wield,
To earth's whole race his care applies,
And o'er them spreads the shield.

HYMN XXV.

Worldly Prosperity transient.

Ps. xlix. 10—14. 1st Part.

- 1 THOU seest the man in Wisdom's school
 Long tutor'd, like the untaught fool
 To death submit, and leave his heir
 His heaps of gather'd wealth to share.
- What though they build the dome sublime,
 Proof to the rage of eating time,
 While lands subjected to their claim
 Take from their haughty lord a name;
- 3 Yet man, with erring pride elate, And high in power, in honour great, Shares with the brute an equal doom, And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

4 Their hope, thus fond, thus faithless found,

Their sons assume; in endless round Another and another race Their fathers' wayward steps shall trace.

- 5 Together now behold them laid, As sheep, when night extends her shade, While death within the vaulted rock, Stern shepherd, guards the slumbering flock.
- 6 Corruption there it's work shall ply, And wrapt in darkness as they lie, Each feature fair, each boasted grace, With unrelenting hand efface.

HYMN XXVI.

The same. Ps. xlix. 15-19. 2d Part.

- 1 LET not the sight thine heart dismay,
 If man's proud offspring thou survey,
 With growing wealth incircled round,
 Or mark his house with honours crown'd.
- 2 Think not his treasures, at his end, Shall with him to the grave descend, Or the vain pomp, that strikes thy view, Through death's dark shade it's lord pursue.
- 5 His life with each delight was fraught, How blest his pamper'd soul it's lot!

Thee too, while pleasure crowns thy days, Admiring crowds perchance may praise!

- 4 Yet thou, like him, the way shalt tread, Which, one by one, thy sires have led, And 'midst th' impenetrable gloom Shalt find with them thy lasting nome.
- 5 Ye just, exulting lift your eyes, Behold the promis'd morn arise, That bids you, o'er each haughty foe, Exalted—endless triumphs know.
- 6 My soul, amidst your happy train, The wish'd redemption shall obtain, By God adopted, death shall brave, And mock the disappointed grave!

HYMN XXVII.

The Sinner's Confession. Ps. li. 4—8.
1st Part.

- 1 RIGHT is thy sentence, holiest Lord; God of my hope, thy every word In truth's unvarying balance weigh'd, Thy every act by justice sway'd.
- 2 Thou from the birth my soul couldst view, As shap'd in sin my breath I drew, And seest me guilt's transmissive stain Through life's revolving course retain.
- 3 But thy decrees, almighty Sire, Integrity of heart require;

Thy hand, corrective of my will, Shall wisdom in my breast instill.

4 With blood atoning sprinkled o'er,
My soul it's spots shall mourn no more,
But, cleans'd by Thee, the whiteness
know,

That clothes the new-descended snow.

5 How shall my ear thy pardoning voice Transported welcome! how rejoice My bones, with vital moisture fill'd, That, crush'd by Thee, by Thee are heal'd.

HYMN XXVIII.

The Backslider's Prayer. Ps. li. 9—13.

2d Part.

- ¹ O TURN, great Ruler of the skies, Turn from my sin thy searching eyes, Nor let th' offences of my hand Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdu'd, A conscience pure, a soul renew'd, Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom, An outcast from thy presence roam.
- Once more his quickening aid impart,
 My mind from every fear release,
 And soothe my troubled thoughts to
 peace.

4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
Has urg'd from Thee, blest Lord, to stray,
From me thy heavenly precepts learn,
And humbled to their God return.

HYMN XXIX.

For the Jews.

MERRICK.

- 1 WHO, mightiest Lord, to *Israel's* eyes Shall bid the wish'd salvation rise, From *Sion's* hill it's healing ray Extend, and round them pour the day?
- 2 Hail, fairer than the sons of men!
 Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,
 That speak Thee honour'd from above;
 Thou, thou shalt bless the world with
 love!
- 3 Hail, Thou, whom nations own their Lord!
 Gird on thy thigh the glittering sword,
 By mercy, truth, and justice led,
 Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread.
- 4 When thou thy captives shalt restore, Thy praise shall sound through Judah's shore,

And ceaseless shouts, through heaven's wide frame

Loud echoing, Jacob's joy proclaim.

HYMN XXX.

For the Spread of the Gospel among the Jews and the Gentiles. Ps. lxvii.

MERRICK.

MAY God his favouring ear incline, And bid his face on Israel shine, That all thy counsels, Lord, may know, Where earth extends, or oceans flow, And, thankful, to their wondering eyes Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

To Thee, of life th' eternal spring, Invisible, almighty King, One chorus let the nations raise, One shout of universal praise.

2 Ye distant realms, your voice employ
In songs of gratitude and joy;
Exult each tribe, exult each land;
Heaven's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds, and earth's domain
Shall own to latest age his reign.

To Thee, of life th' eternal spring, Invisible, almighty King, One chorus let the nations raise, One shout of universal praise.

3 So, warm'd by genial suns, the field With full increase it's fruit shall yield, And God, thy God, O *Israel*, shed His choicest blessings on thy head:

God shall on us his blessings shower,
And man's whole race revere his power.
To Thee, of life th' eternal spring,
Invisible, almighty King,
One chorus let the nations raise,
One shout of universal praise.

HYMN XXXI.

The Reign of Messiah. Ps. lxxii. 5-9.

1st Part.

- ¹ THY foes succeeding times shall own, Long as the sun and waxing moon, With varied light, in swift career, Alternate guide the circling year.
- 2 The Son from heaven his grace shall pour, Delightful as the copious shower, Whose drops refresh the new-shorn plain, And swell with life the foodful grain.
- 3 His care the just aloft shall raise,
 Nor fair prosperity his days
 Desist to crown, till round the pole,
 The measur'd months shall cease to roll.
- 4 From sea to sea his wide command Shall reach, and from Euphrates' strand Through realms of various tongue extend, Far as to earth's remotest end.

5 To him the desert tribes shall kneel; His foes, that on their conquering steel Repos'd ere while their frantic trust, Shall prostrate fall, and lick the dust.

HYMN XXXII.

The same. 2d Part. Ps. lxxii. 10-15.

- 1 BEFORE Messiah's presence meet The chiefs, at whose imperial feet Arabia's far-divided shores Prolific spread their richest stores.
- 2 See kings from *Tarshish* and each isle, Their presents bring with willing toil; Each prince to him shall homage pay, Each nation own his equal sway.
- 3 He, when the helpless poor shall cry, Shall hear propitious from on high, Health to their fainting souls convey, And challenge from the grave it's prey.
- 4 Nor fraud, nor rapine's iron hand Shall dare to touch the pious band; For sacred is their blood, and high It's price in his paternal eye.
- 5 Long shall he live, and Sheba's gold In tributary heaps behold Display'd, while crowds shall suppliant bow, And thankful pay their daily vow.

HYMN XXXIII.

The same. 3d Part. Ps. Ixxii. 16-12.

MERRICK.

1 LIFT to the mountains' height your eyes, And see the yellow harvests rise,

Wide-waving, as the verdure spread On Lebanon's exalted head.

- 2 Behold his cities o'er the plain Pour from their gates a numerous train, And healthful as the vernal birth, That shades with green the joyous earth.
- 3 From age to age the orb of day His brighter glories shall survey, While man's whole race his love confess. And, blest in him, his name shall bless.
- 4 Exalt, exalt your heavenly Lord, In all his wonderous acts ador'd: To him in loftiest praises join, And bless the Majesty divine :-
- 5 That Majesty, whose cloudless rays O'er earth's capacious round shall blaze: To him again in praises join; O bless the Majesty divine!

HYMN XXXIV.

For the Jews. Ps. lxxx.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel bow thine ear; O thou, our prayer indulgent hear, Who Joseph's pasture hast prepar'd, His guide by day, by night his guard; Betwixt the cherubs seated high; Glad with thy beams our longing eyes!
- 2 With all who from Manasses claim
 Their birth, and all of Ephraim's name,
 Each hostile power by thee o'erthrown,
 Let Benjamin thy presence own!
 How long, Great God, shall Israel see
 Thy wrath, nor bend the stubborn knee?
- 3 Behold a vine from Egypt's land, Transplanted by thy fostering hand. Behold in Canaan's shores her bed By Thee prepar'd, her root outspread Far as the utmost coast extends, While o'er the hills her shade ascends;
- 4 Her branches, towering to the skies, With healthful stem conspicuous rise, Round the tall cedar's loftiest boughs Her covering veil intwin'd she throws; And, strengthen'd by thy power, defies Each storm that rends the wintry skies.

- 5 Long cherish'd by thy care she stood; Here, verging toward th' Assyrian flood, In circuit wide the earth she crown'd, And there, the ocean mark'd her bound. But now, in sad reverse, (ah why?) By Thee o'erthrown the fences lie:
- 6 The fruit exposed beside the way,
 To each rapacious hand a prey:
 The savage boar with restless toil
 Uproots it from the loosen'd soil,
 And every monster of the wood
 Crops from the branch his obvious food.
- 7 Leader of hosts, and Israel's Lord!
 Return; thy succours oft implor'd
 Extend: from heaven's high seat incline
 Thy eyes, and visit this thy vine.
 Turn them again, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

HYMN XXXV.

Attachment to public Worship. Ps. lxxxiv. 1st Part.

MERRICK.

1 How sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair!

What peace, what bliss, inhabit there! With ardent hope, with strong desire, My heart, my flesh to Thee aspire: I burn to tread thy courts, and Thee, My God, the living God to see!

- 2 Eternal King, within thy dome
 The sparrow finds her peaceful home;
 With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant nest,
 And to thy altars' sure defence
 Commits the feather'd innocence.
- 3 Blest, who, like these, from day to day,
 To praise Thee, in thy temple stay;
 Blest, who, their strength on Thee reclin'd,
 Thy seat explore with constant mind,
 And Salem's distant towers in view,
 With active zeal their way pursue.
- 4 Secure this vale of tears they tread,
 To an eternal temple led;
 While showers of grace from heaven distill'd,
 Refreshment to the travellers yield;
 The copious springs their steps beguile,
 And bid the cheerless desert smile.
- 5 From stage to stage advancing still,
 Behold them reach fair Sion's hill,
 And prostrate at her hallow'd shrine
 Adore the Majesty divine,
 Where thy refulgent glory spreads
 It's purest splendours o'er their heads.

HYMN XXXVI.

For the King; and public Ordinances.—Before Sermon. 2d Part.

- 1 O THOU, whom heaven's high hosts revere,
 God of our fathers, bow thine ear;
 Look down, our only hope! look down,
 Behold us, but without a frown;
 And let thy beams, in mercy shed,
 Stream copious on th' anointed head.
- 2 One day if in thy courts I dwell,
 That day a thousand shall excel;
 Far happier lot on Thee to wait,
 And guard th' approaches of thy gate,
 Than with the impious sons of pride
 In rich pavilions to abide.
- 3 Thou, Lord, art Israel's sun and shield; Thy love shall grace and glory yield, Nor e'er permit the lowly train Thy gifts to ask, and ask in vain; Blest, who in confidence of prayer To Thee, great God, resign their care.

HYMN XXXVII.

For the Jews. Ps. lxxxv.

- ARISE, great God, and let thy grace It's beams effuse on Jacob's race:
 Restore the long-lost scatter'd band,
 And call them to their native land.
- 2 Their misery let thy mercy heal, Their trespass hide, their pardon seal; Check in mid-course thy dreadful ire, And bid it's kindled flames expire!
- 3 O grant them still thy love to share; Incline thine ear, accept our prayer; Cleanse them from unbelief and sin, And gather too the Gentiles in.
- 4 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove The sad suspension of thy love? Say, shall thy wrath perpetual burn? And wilt Thou ne'er, appeas'd, return?
- 5 Thy quickening Spirit now impart, And wake to joy each grateful heart, While *Israel's* rescued tribes in Thee Their bliss and full salvation see!
- 6 No longer, heavenly Sire, delay Thy wonted mercy now display, And let thy all-disposing will Thy people's steadfast hope fulfil.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Human Frailty. Ps. xc.

- 1 THEE, Lord, their dwelling, Thee, alone
 From earliest age thy people own;
 Thee, Lord, with fullest confidence
 They boast their refuge and defence.
- 2 Ere yet the mountains rose to birth, Ere yet their form the heavens and earth Assum'd, Thou cloth'd in light divine Hast shone, and shalt for ever shine.
- 3 Thou to the sons of human kind In short extension hast assign'd Their term, and bid them, at it's end, Low to their native dust descend.
- 4 To thee as yesterday appears
 The prospect of a thousand years;
 And ages, roll'd successive on,
 Quick as the circling watch are gone.
- 5 As plants that drink the nightly shower, Refresh'd by slumber's balmy power At morn they flourish: evening nigh, Cropt like the plant, they fade and die.
- 6 Teach us, kind Lord, O teach us Thou To count life's moments as they flow, And while it's end our thoughts survey, By wisdom's line to guide our way.

HYMN XXXIX.

God justified in the Prosperity of the Wicked. Ps. xcii. 5—8.

MERRICK.

- WITH what delight, great God, I trace Each act of thy stupendous grace!
 Great are the works thy hand has wrought,
 And deep beyond all search thy thought.
- 2 Thy acts the minds of brutish mould With unregarding eye behold, And, strangers to thy wise design, In erring censure madly join:
- 3 Nor know, that, when the impious band, Fresh as the flower, conspicuous stand, Mature for death their heads they rear, And swift destruction waits them near.
- 4 But thou above the starry plain In endless majesty shalt reign; And downward from th' ethereal height O'er subject worlds extend thy might.

XL.

God reigns. Ps. xciii.

MERRICK.

THE Lord th' eternal sceptre rears,
And nature's power observant hears
Whate'er his will enjoins:
His head with purest splendours crown'd,
With majesty he vests him round,
And girds with strength his loins.

- 2 Encircled by th' ethereal space,
 And fix'd by him on firmest base,
 The earth's vast orb appears;
 From earliest age, great God, thy throne
 Aloft in heaven prepar'd has shone;
 Nor numbers time thy years.
- 3 A scene of horror strikes my eyes;
 The floods, my God, the floods arise,
 And lift their voice on high;
 What power shall curb the headlong tide,
 What bid the swelling waves subside,
 And clear the stormy sky?
- 4 Thee o'er all height exalted, Thee
 The deeps revere; at thy decree
 The waves their rage resign:
 Fix'd are the laws by Thee ordain'd;
 And truth and sanctity unstain'd
 Adorn thy awful shrine.

HYMN XLI.

At the Commencement of Worship. Ps. xcv. 1-7.

- 1 O COME, and to th' eternal King New songs of triumph let us sing; With holy transport him alone The strength of our salvation own:—
- 2 Extended wide beyond all bound, Beyond all height, his power is found,

Nor lord, with him, nor gods beside The honours of his throne divide.

3 Earth's stores, throughout it's inmost frame,
He, great proprietor, shall claim;
Your range, ye cloud-transcending hills,

His power commands, his presence fills.

- 4 Inrich'd by his prolific hand, In him the all-productive land, In him the sea, that rounds it's shore, Their Maker and their Lord adore.
- 5 O come, and let your knees with mine To him in lowliest homage join; To him, for he your prayers will hear, To him your suppliant voices rear.
- 6 In him your God, your Father see, The people of his pasture ye, The flock, that, guided by his care, The blessings of his bounty share.

HYMN XLII.

Praise to God from all Nations. Ps. xcvi.

MERRICK.

SING to the Lord some new-taught song;
 Earth, to his praise the note prolong;
 With rapturous zeal, with holy flame Inspir'd, his benefits proclaim.

- 2 Bless, bless his name; from day to day Let his salvation prompt the lay, Till realms remote his acts have known, And man's whole race his wonders own.
- 3 Let every people, every tribe, Power, glory, strength, to him ascribe; Let farthest realms converted join In homage to the name divine.
- 4 Yield to that name the honours due; Oft to his courts your way pursue With solemn step, and joyful bring The offering to your heavenly King.
- 5 O tell to all, whom earth sustains, O tell them that *Jehovah* reigns, And all, who issue from it's womb, Receive from him th' unerring doom.
- 6 Exult, ye heavens; exult, O earth; And, partner in the sacred mirth, Let ocean in it's fulness rise, And thunder to the distant skies.

HYMN XLIII.

Creation and Providence. Ps. civ. 1st Part.

MERRICK.

1 To God the all-prolific earth,
From chaos call'd, ascribes her birth;
And, fix'd by his almighty hand,
Has stood, and shall for ages stand.

- 2 He spake; and o'er each mountain's head The deep it's watery mantle spread:
 He spake; and from the whelming flood Again their tops emergent stood.
- 3 The springs, the rivulets (their course By nature's ever copious source Supplied,) refresh the hilly plain, And life in all it's forms sustain.
- 4 Here, stooping o'er the river's brink,
 The herds and flocks promiscuous drink;
 There, 'mid the barren desert nurs'd,
 The wild ass cools his burning thirst;—
- 5 While fast beside the murmuring spring The feather'd minstrels sit and sing, And, shelter'd in the branches, shun The fervours of the mid-day sun.
- 6 Her way by God prescrib'd, the moon Our seasons marks, and knows her own; And, taught by Him, the orb of day Slopes in the west his parting ray.
- 7 Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise;
 To God the song of triumph raise,
 And thankful bless th' almighty Lord,
 The God in every act ador'd.

HYMN XLIV.

The World of Waters. 2d Part.

- 1 ETERNAL Ruler of the skies,
 How various are thy works, how wise!
 How great the wonders Thou hast
 wrought,
 And deep beyond all search of thought!
- 2 Nor earth alone beholds her shores Enrich'd from thy exhaustless stores; Alike, throughout their liquid reign, Th' extended seas thy gifts contain.
- 3 Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles swarm, Of different size, of different form; Above, the ships enormous glide, Incumbent on the burthen'd tide;—
- 4 And oft, the rolling waves between, The huge Leviathan is seen, There privileg'd by thee to stray, And wanton o'er the watery way.
- 5 Thy care, great God, sustains them all; By hunger urg'd, on thee they call, And reap from thy extended hand Whate'er their various wants demand.
- 6 If thou thy face but turn away,
 Their troubled looks their grief betray;
 If Thou the vital air deny,
 Behold them sicken, faint, and die!

7 Ye works of God, where'er his sway
Extends, your Maker's fame display;
Nor thou, my soul, forget to sing
The mercies of th' eternal King.

HYMN XLV.

God perpetuates Existence. 3d Part.

MERRICK.

- 1 HIS breath resign'd, on earth's low bed Behold the mortal rest his head; Dust to it's kindred dust returns, And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 2 But soon thy breath her loss supplies; She sees a new-born race arise, And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide, The blessings of thy hand divide.
- 3 Thy glory, fearless of decline, Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine, Thy works in changeless order lie, And glad their great Creator's eye.

HYMN XLVI.

Famine and Plenty; or, National Adversity and Prosperity, both from God. Ps. cvii. 33—38.

MERRICK.

1 GOD bids; and lo! a burning waste, Where roll'd the floods before; And, touch'd by the descending blast, The springs are seen no more.

- 2 Sad witness of some dire offence,
 Behold the fertile soil
 No more it's wonted gifts dispense,
 But mock the tiller's toil.
- 3 He bids; and o'er the desert wide
 The liquid lake is spread;
 New springs the thirsty earth divide,
 And murmuring lift the head.
- 4 There myriads, late with hunger wan,
 By him assembled, meet;
 There pleas'd the future city plan,
 And fix their sure retreat.
- 5 And now they sow the foodful grain,
 The tender vine they rear;
 Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
 And plenty crowns the year.
- 6 Blest in his care, the sires with joy
 A numerous race behold;
 Nor dares disease their herds annoy,
 Or waste the peopled fold.
- 7 His works attentive while it sees,
 The heaven-instructed mind
 Shall own, how equal his decrees,
 His providence how kind!

HYMN XLVII.

The wandering Sheep. Ps. cxix. 175—176.

MERRICK.

- 1 O LET my soul, to life restor'd, Thy love in lasting hymns record, While o'er my head it's beams shall shine, And make thy great salvation mine.
- 2 Thine eyes in me the sheep behold, Whose feet have wander'd from the fold, That, guileless, helpless, strives in vain To find it's safe retreat again;—
- 3 Now listens, if perchance it's ear
 The shepherd's well-known voice may
 hear,
 Now as the tempests round it blow

Now, as the tempests round it blow, In plaintive accent vents it's woe.

4 Great Ruler of this earthly ball, Do Thou my erring steps recal; O seek Thou him, who Thee hast sought, Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

HYMN XLVIII.

Ordinances a Pledge of Heaven: or the Heavenly Zion anticipated. Ps. cxxii. Heb. xii. 22—24.

MERRICK.

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come, That calls me to the hallow'd dome,

Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

- What joy, while thus I view the day,
 That warns my thirsting soul away,
 What transports fill my breast!
 For lo, my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to his rest.
- 3 E'en now to my expecting eyes
 The heaven-built towers of Salem rise,
 E'en now, with glad survey,
 I view her mansions that contain
 Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
 And shine with cloudless day.
- 4 Hither from earth's remotest end,
 Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
 Their tribute hither bring:
 Here crown'd with everlasting joy
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal King:
- 5 Great Salem's King! who bids each state
 On her decrees dependant wait;
 In her, ere time begun,
 High on eternal base uprear'd,
 His hands the regal seat prepar'd,
 For Jesse's favour'd Son.
- 6 Mother of cities! o'er thy head See Peace, with healing wings outspread,

Delighted fix her stay:
How blest, who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

- 7 Thy walls remote from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor War's wide wastes deplore;
 There smiling Plenty takes her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand
 Has pour'd forth all her store.
- 8 Let me, blest seat, my name behold Among thy citizens enroll'd, In thee, for ever dwell: Let Charity my steps attend, My sole companion and my friend, And Faith and Hope farewell!

HYMN XLIX.

Egypt chastened; or, Power belongs to God. Ps. cxxxv. 6—13.

- 1 'TIS God, whose all-disposing sway
 The heavens, the earth, the seas, obey;
 Whose might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all height transcends.
- 2 From earth's low margin to the skies
 Who bids the pregnant vapours rise,
 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
 And glads with showers the furrow'd lands.

- 3 Now from his storehouse built on high, He gives th' imprison'd winds to fly, And, guided by his will, to sweep The surface of the foaming deep.
- 4 By his resistless stroke assail'd, Her eldest-born proud Egypt wail'd; Nor rag'd his sword on man alone; Her flocks, her herds, it's fury own.
- 5 New scenes of dread her land surpris'd, When God the haughty chief chastis'd. And each who lent th' assisting hand To execute his stern command.
- 6 From Egypt's desolated shore
 It's course his vengeance onward bore
 To distant realms by justice led;
 And mightiest kings beneath it bled.
- 7 Thy name shall ever live, thy name O Lord, shall ceaseless honour claim; Thy works, achiev'd in ages past, To endless time remember'd last.

HYMN L.

I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Ps. cxxxix. 13—16.

MERRICK.

1 MY reins, my fabric's every part,
O Lord, the wonders of thy art
Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
To meditate the grateful song:
With deepest awe my thought this frame
Surveys;—" I tremble that I am."

- While yet a stranger to the day
 Within the burthen'd womb I lay,
 My bones, familiar to thy view,
 By just degrees to firmness grew:
 Thy power my lineaments began,
 To shapes prescrib'd the texture ran.
- 3 Day to succeeding day consign'd
 Th' unfinish'd birth; thy mighty mind
 Each limb, each nerve, ere yet they were,
 Contemplated distinct and clear;
 Those nerves thy curious finger spun,
 Those limbs it fashion'd one by one;—
- 4 And, as thy pen in fair design
 Trac'd on thy book each shadowy line,
 Thy handmaid Nature read them there,
 And made the growing work her care,
 Conform'd it to th' unerring plan,
 And gradual wrought me into man.

HYMN LI.

For the Nation. Ps. cxliv. 12-15.

- 1 STRETCH outthyarm, O Lord, and save, Our country from war's whelming wave; Back let the vengeful foes retire, Who 'gainst her liberties conspire.
- 2 So, nurs'd beneath indulgent skies, Our sons with full increase shall rise, Like youngling plants in order rang'd, Of healthful stem, and leaf unchang'd,—

- 3 Our daughters as the column fair, That, fashion'd by the artist's care, Claims in the regal dome a place, The polish'd angel's noblest grace.
- 4 So shall the hind exulting bear The blessings of the loaded year, And the rich harvest's gather'd store Load with it's heap th' extended floor.
- 5 Our oxen strong for toil behold!
 The teeming mothers of the fold
 See! scatter'd o'er the rural scene,
 Their thousands and their myriads yean.
- 6 No more our streets the cries of fear Or shouts of violence shall hear; Thou, Lord, the tumults shalt assuage Of hostile force, and civil rage.
- 7 O happy we, while thus our race The signals of thy love shall grace! O blest the people, that in Thee Their God and faithful Guardian see!

HYMN LII.

The universal Benefactor. Ps. cxlv.

MERRICK.

1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise
To Thee thy various works shall raise,
Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart;—

- 2 The splendours of thy kingdom tell, Delighted on thy wonders dwell, And bid the world's wide realms admire The glories of th' Almighty Sire, Whose throne shall nature's wreck survive, Whose power through endless ages live.
- 3 Thy promise truth eternal guides,
 And mercy o'er each act presides;
 The feet, whose steps to lapse incline,
 With faithful care thy arm divine
 Shall prop; the spirit bow'd with woe
 Thy all-supporting aid shall know.
- 4 From thee, great God, while every eye Expectant waits the wish'd supply, Their bread proportion'd to the day Thy opening hands to each convey; In every sorrow of the heart, Eternal mercy bears a part.
- 5 Who ask thine aid with heart sincere,
 Thee ever gracious, ever near
 Shall own; their prayer, in each distress,
 To thee, thy servants, Lord address;
 And find Thee (verging on the grave,)
 Nor slow to hear, nor weak to save.

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN LIII.

Thunder.

- WHEN in dark and dreadful gloom, Clouds on clouds portentous spread, Black as if the day of doom Hung o'er nature's shrinking head: When the lightning breaks from high, God is coming—God is nigh!
- 2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls;
 Nature, startled nature reels,
 From the centre to the poles:
 Then the ocean, earth, and sky,
 Tremble as he passes by.
- 3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms His mysterious hiding-place; Should he from his ark of storms, Rend the veil and shew his face, At the judgment of his eye, All the universe would die!
- 4 God of vengeance! from above,
 While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
 O remember thou art love!
 Spare!—O spare a guilty world!
 Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
 Let the bow of promise smile!

5 * When the last dread day appears
Bursting wide from pole to pole,
When amid the shivering spheres,
Twice ten thousand thunders roll;
When the dream of time shall end,
May I find the Judge my friend!

HYMN LIV.

Religion.

MONTGOMERY.

- THROUGH shades and solitudes profound,
 The fainting traveller winds his way;
 Bewildering meteors glare around,
 And tempt his wandering feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,
 When forth she sallies through the sky,
 The guardian angel of the night!
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below Pursue the phantom bliss, in vain; The world's a wilderness of woe, And life a pilgrimage of pain!
- 4 Till mild religion from above,
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,
 The messenger of heavenly love,
 The bow of promise 'mid the storm.

^{*} Additional Lines.

- 5 Beyond the narrow vale of time, Where bright celestial ages roll, To scenes eternal, scenes sublime, She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 6 At her approach the grave appears
 The gate of Paradise restor'd;
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,
 And drops his double-flaming sword.
- 7 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire, May we the crown of glory gain: Rise when the hosts of heaven expire, And reign with God, for ever reign!

HYMN LV.

The dying Christian.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 "SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
 Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
 Spirit—cast thy chains away!
 Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death!"
 Thus—th' Almighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies!
 Thus—th' bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransom'd captive flies!
- 2 "Prisoner—long detain'd below! Prisoner—now with freedom blest! Welcome—from a world of woe! Welcome—to a land of rest!"

Thus the choir of angels sing, As they bear the soul on high! While with hallelujahs ring All the region of the sky!

Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust,
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls!—
"Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"

HAMILTON.

HYMN LVI.

God heals the wounded Spirit.

HAMILTON.

- MYSTERIOUS inmate of this breast Enkindled by thy flame;
 By thee my being's best exprest,
 For what thou art I am:
- 2 With thee I claim celestial birth, A spark of heaven's own ray; Without thee, sink to vilest earth, Inanimated clay.
- 3 All cheerless in the dismal hour
 Of multiplied distress,
 Thou hast within thyself no power
 To make thy sorrows less.

- 4 O God, thy providence alone
 Can work a wonder here,
 Can change to gladness every moan,
 And banish every fear.
- 5 Thine arm all-powerful to save
 Can all my doubts destroy;
 And from the horrors of the grave,
 Raise me to life and joy.
- 6 From this, as from a copious spring
 Pure consolation flows:
 Makes the faint heart 'midst sufferings
 sing,
 And 'midst despair repose.
- 7 Yet from it's creature, gracious heaven, Most merciful and just, Asks but, for life and safety given, Our faith and humble trust.

COTTON.

HYMN LVII.

Sin the Cause of Fear.

- 1 TELL me, my soul, O tell me why
 The faltering tongue, the broken sigh?
 Why is my cheek bedew'd with tears,
 And whence arise my coward fears?
- 2 When conscious guilt arrests my mind, Avenging furies stalk behind;

And sickly fancy intervenes, To dress the visionary scenes.

3 Jesus! to thee I flee for aid,
Propitious sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish were my Saviour here!

HYMN LVIII.

Affliction sanctified.

- AMIDST these various scenes of ills, Each stroke some kind design fulfils; And shall I murmur at my God, When sovereign love directs the rod?
- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts!---I'll not complain, My Father's smiles suspend my pain; Smiles—that a thousand joys impart, And pour the balm that heals the smart.
- 3 Though heaven afflicts, I'll not repine, Each heart-felt comfort still is mine; Comforts that shall o'er death prevail, And journey with me through the vale.
- 4 Dear Jesus smooth that rugged way, And lead me to the realms of day, To milder skies, and lighter plains, Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

HYMN LIX.

Suspension of Ordinances. Ps. xlii.

- WITH fierce desire the hunted hart
 Explores the cooling stream:
 Mine is a passion stronger far,
 And mine a nobler flame.
- Yes---with superior fervours, Lord!
 I thirst to see thy face;
 My languid soul would fain approach
 The fountains of thy grace.
- 3 Oh, the great plenty of thy house,
 The rich refreshments there!
 To live an exile from thy courts
 O'erwhelms me with despair.
- 4 In worship when I join'd the saints
 How sweetly pass'd my days!
 Prayer my divine employment then,
 And all my pleasure praise!
- 5 But now I'm lost to ev'ry joy,
 Because detain'd from Thee:
 Those golden periods ne'er return,
 Or ne'er return to me.
- 6 Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,
 And whence this anxious fear?
 Let former favours fix thy trust,
 And check the rising tear.

HYMN LX.

Affliction sanctified. Ps. xlii.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave;
 Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
 I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
 Can reinstate my peace;
 And he who bade the tempest roar,
 Can bid that tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
 I'll count his mercies o'er!
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
 And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose
 And press'd on every side,
 The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
 And still has been my guide.
- Nor murmur at his rod;
 He's more than all the world to me,
 My health, my life, my God.

HYMN LXI.

The Sabbath.

- THIS is the day the Lord of life
 Ascended to the skies;
 My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
 And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind From this celestial road;Nor all the honours of the earth Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,
 The joys that are on high;
 Nor meanly rest contented here
 With worlds beneath the sky.
- 4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
 To heaven their souls ascend;
 Th' Almighty owns his favourite race,
 Their Father and their Friend.
- 5 Oh! may these lovely titles prove,
 My comfort and defence,
 When the sick couch shall be my lot,
 And death shall call me hence.

HYMN LXII.

Faith in Suffering. Ps. xiii.

COTTON.

1 WHILE sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,

And black despondence reigns; Satan exults at my complaints, And triumphs o'er my pains.

- 2 Let thy returning Spirit, Lord!
 Dispel the shades of night;Smile on this poor, deserted soul,
 For oh! thy smiles are light.
- 3 While scoffers at thy sacred word
 Deride the pangs I feel,
 Deem my religion insincere,
 Or call it useless zeal:
- 4 Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
 I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
 I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
 And kind, and wise, and just.
- 5 To doubt thy goodness would be base Ingratitude in me; Past favours shall renew my hopes, And fix my faith in Thee!

LANGHORNE.

HYMN LXIII.

To the eternal Providence.

LANGHORNE.

- 1 LIFE of the world, Immortal Mind!
 Father of all the human kind!
 Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
 Intent on nature's ample breast,
 Explores the space of earth and skies,
 And sees eternal incense rise!
- 2 Though thou this transient being gave,
 That shortly sinks into the grave;
 Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
 A being that can think and live;
 In all thy works, thy wisdom see,
 And stretch its towering mind to thee!
- 3 And still this poor contracted span,
 This life, that bears the name of Man,
 From thee derives it's vital ray,
 A spark that lives an endless day!
 Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
 That gilds it's morn and evening hours.
- 4 Through error's maze, through folly's night,
 The lamp of Scripture lends me light:
 When stern affliction waves her rod,
 My heart confides in thee my God!
 When nature sinks oppress'd with woes,
 E'n then she finds in thee repose!

- 5 Affliction flies, and hope returns,
 Her lamp with brighter splendour burns,
 And love with all his smiling train,
 And peace and joy are here again;
 These, these, I know 'twas thine to give;
 I trusted—and, behold, I live!
- 6 O may I still thy favour prove!
 Still grant me gratitude and love:
 Let thy good Spirit guide my heart!
 Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart:
 To thee my humble voice I raise;
 Forgive, while I presume to praise!

WATTS.

HYMN LXIV.

Worshipping with Fear.

- 1 WHO dares attempt th' eternal name,
 With notes of mortal sound?
 Dangers and glories guard the theme,
 And spread despair around:
 Destruction waits to obey his frown,
 And heaven attends his smile;
 A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
 But love adorns it still.
- 2 Celestial King, our spirits lie,
 Trembling beneath thy feet,
 And wish, and cast a longing eye,
 To reach thy lofty seat:

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

3 In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds!
Angels are lost in sweet surprise,
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

4 Thy works the strongest scraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain:
Created powers, how weak they be!
How short their praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And Thou, th' Eternal All!

HYMN LXV.

Divine Sovereignty; or, God's Dominion and Decrees.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,

Hang on his firm decree; He sits on no precarious throne, Nor borrows leave to BE.

- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men;
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine;
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown;
 Anon the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Nor Gabriel asks the reason why, Nor God the reason gives; Nor dares the favourite angel pry Between the folded leaves.
- 7 In his fair book of life and grace,
 O may I see my name
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

HYMN LXVI.

The Creator and Creatures.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 THY voice, great God, produc'd the spheres,
And bade revolving planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

2 Still restless nature dies and grows; From change to change thy creatures run;

Thy being no succession knows, And all thy vast designs are one.

3 A glance of thine runs through the globes,

Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:

Broad sheets of light compose thy robes; Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

- 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall, And worship in submissive forms; Thy presence shakes this lower ball, This little dwelling place of worms.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare To sing thy glory or thy grace! Beneath thy feet we lie so far, And see but shadows of thy face.

6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might?
None but thy word can speak thy name!

HYMN LXVII.

God supreme and self-sufficient.

- WHAT is our God, or what his name, Nor men can learn, nor angels teach; He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, Where neither eyes, nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light, Compar'd with him, how short they fall! They are too dark, and he too bright, Nothing are they, and God is all!
- 3 He spake the wonderous word, and lo, Creation rose at his command: Whirlwinds and seas their limits know, Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
 There nature leans and feels her prop:
 But his own self-sufficience bears
 The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows, Measuring their changes by the moon; No ebb his sea of glory knows, His age is one eternal noon.

6 Then fly, my song, an endless round!
The lofty tune let angels raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound—
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

HYMN LXVIII.

Sovereignty and Grace.

- 1 THE Lord, how fearful is his name!
 How wide is his command!
 Nature with all her moving frame,
 Rests on his mighty hand!
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,And light his awful robe:Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the seas:
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them as he please!
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall
 In all their shining forms,
 His sovereign eye looks through them all,
 And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race,
 In sweet compassion move:
 He clothes his looks with softest grace,
 And takes his title Love!

HYMN LXIX.

God only known to himself.

- ¹ STAND and adore! how glorious He That dwells in bright eternity! We gaze, and we confound our sight, Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light!
- 2 Seraphs, the nearest to the throne, Begin, and speak the Great Unknown: Attempt the song, wind up your strings To notes untried, and boundless things!
- 3 You, whose capacious powers survey
 Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
 Yet what a narrow portion too
 Is seen—or known—or thought—by you!
- 4 How far your highest praises fall Below th' immense Original!
 Weak creatures we, that strive in vain,
 To reach an uncreated strain!
- 5 Great God, forgive our feeble lays; Sound out thine own eternal praise; A song so vast, a theme so high, Calls for the voice that tun' the sky!

HYMN LXX.

The Infinite.

- 1 SOME seraphlend your heavenly tongue, Or harp of golden string, That I may raise a lofty song To our Eternal King.
- 2 Thy names how infinite they be!
 Great EVERLASTING ONE!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 3 Thy glories shine of wonderous size,
 And wonderous large thy grace;
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.
- 4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound;
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 5 The mysteries of creation lie
 Beneath enlighten'd minds;
 Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
 And fly before the winds;
 - 6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole;
 But half thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.
- 7 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee,
 But boundless inconceivables,
 And vast eternity!

HYMN LXXI.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; Infinite length beyond the bounds Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step beneath thy seat Rises too high for Gabriel's feet; In vain the tall archangel tries To reach thine height with wondering eyes.
- 3 Dazzled with glory, while he sings, He hides his face behind his wings; And ranks of shining thrones around Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 4 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
 We would adore our Maker too!
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
 But oh, the glories of thy mind,
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
 - 6 God is in heaven, and men below!
 Be short our tunes—our words be few!
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues!

HYMN LXXII.

A Song to creating Wisdom.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 ETERNAL wisdom! thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and
seas.

And heaven's high palace rings:
Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,

And starr'd with sparkling gold!

2 There, thou hast bid the globes of light,Their endless circles run;There, the pale planet rules the night,And day obeys the sun:

The noisy winds stand ready there Thy orders to obey;

With sounding wings they sweep the air, To make thy chariot way.

3 On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around;
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground:
Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,

With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God:
But the sweet beauties of thy grace,
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

HYMN LXXIII.

Sincere Praise.

WATTS' LYRICS.

- ALMIGHTY Maker, God!

 How wonderous is thy name!

 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,

 Through the creation's frame!
- Nature in every dress,
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways to express
 Thy undissembled praise.
- 3 In native white and red
 The rose and lily stand,
 And free from pride their beauties spread,
 To shew thy skilful hand.
- 4 The lark mounts up the sky
 With unambitious song,
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,
 Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King
And pay the worship due.

HYMN LXXIV.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise the Lord.

- 1 FAIREST of all the lights above,
 Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
 And with unwearied swiftness move,
 To form the circles of our years;
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies, That dress'd thine orb in golden rays; Or let the sun forget to rise, If he forget his Maker's praise!
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night, Fair queen of silence, silver moon, Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light, Are softer rivals of the noon;
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign Power Waxing and waning honours pay, Who bade thee rule the dusky hour, And half supply the absent day!
- 5 Ye twinkling stars that gild the skies, When darkness has it's curtain drawn; That keep your watch, with wakeful eyes, When business, cares, and day, are gone:
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
 Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
 Whose boundless treasures can afford
 So rich a pavement for his feet!

7 O God of glory, God of love, Thou art the sun that makes our days; With all thy shining works above Let man attempt to speak thy praise!

HYMN LXXV.

The Universal Hallelujah.

WATTS' LYRICS.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
That fill the realms above,
Praise him, who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love;
Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

Before your brighter God.

2 Thou restless globe of golden light,

Whose beams create our days, Join with the silver queen of night, To own your borrow'd rays;

Blush and refund the honours paid

To your inferior names,

Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed By his o'erflowing flames.

3 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,

He makes his wheels of you:

Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms, The troops of his command,

Appear in all their dreadful forms.
To speak his awful hand.

4 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar,
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore;
But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

5 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow,
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough:
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

HYMN LXXVI.

God glorious, and Sinners saved.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of every hour,
 We read thy patience still.

- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ;
 They shew the labours of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 There vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms.
- 5 How the full glories of the Lamb Adorn the heavenly plains! Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains!
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
 In their immortal song;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

HYMN LXXVII.

The Angels' Song.

WATTS' LYRICS.

3 EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
But now I glance mine eyes
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies;
Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle thy seat around,
And move, and charm, the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.

2 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!
And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal godhead down,
To dwell in humble clay.

3 And while, with unambitious strife,
The ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,
In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise;
The rest in silence mourn their King
That bleeds—and loves—and dies!

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising Lord:
Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too!
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you!

HYMN LXXVIII.

The Comparison and Complaint.

- 1 INFINITE power! eternal Lord!
 How sovereign is thy hand!
 All nature rose before thy word,
 And moves at thy command!
- With steady course the shining sun Keeps his appointed way;
 And all the hours obedient run The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah, how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God!
 My soul forgets her heavenly prize,
 And treads the downward road!
- 4 The raging fire, and stormy sea,
 Perform thine awful will,
 And every beast, and every tree,
 Thy great designs fulfil.
- 5 But my wild passions rage within,
 Nor thy commands obey;
 And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
 Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Great God, create my soul anew, Conform my heart to thine; Melt down my will, and let it flow, And take the mould divine!

7 Then not the sun, shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

HYMN LXXIX.

The Young admonished.

- CHILDREN to your Creator, God, Your early honours pay, While vanity and youthful blood Would tempt your thoughts astray.
- 2 Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no
 more,
 And life and strength decays.
- 3 Old age, with all his dismal train,
 Shall then invade your years,
 With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
 And death that never spares.
- 4 What will ye do when light departs,
 And leaves your withering eyes,
 Without one beam to cheer your hearts
 From the superior skies?
- 5 How will you meet God's frowning brow, Or stand before his seat, When nature's old supporters bow, Nor bear their tottering weight?

6 O let the memory of his name
Secure your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord!

HYMN LXXX.

The Farewell.

- 1 DEAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares:
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,
 Be dark mine eyes, and deaf mine ears.
- 2 Here I renounce my carnal taste
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;
 Their paradise shall never waste
 One thought of mine but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd With mountains of vexatious care:
 And where's the sweet that is not laid A bait to some destructive snare?
 - 4 Begone for ever mortal things!
 Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell!
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
 - 5 Come heaven, and fill my vast desires, My soul pursues the sovereign good: She was all made of heavenly fires, Nor can she live on meaner food.

HYMN LXXXI.

The Nativity.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 "SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,

" And send your fears away;

" News from the regions of the skies, "Salvation's born to day

" Salvation's born to-day.

2 " Jesus, the God, whom angels fear, " Comes down to dwell with you;

"To-day he makes his entrance here,

" But not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling bands, " Nor royal shining things;

" A manger for his cradle stands, " And holds the King of Kings.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies, " And see his humble throne;

" With tears of joy in all your eyes, "Go, shepherds, kiss the Son!"

5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,

And thus conclude the song:

6 "Glory to God, that reigns above, "Let peace surround the earth;

" Mortals shall know their Maker's love, " At their Redeemer's birth!"

HYMN LXXXII.

The Law and the Gospel.

- WHILE Sinai roars, and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
 Jesus, thy dear expiring breath,
 And Calvary, speak gentler things.
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love, Streaming along a Saviour's blood; And life, and joys, and crowns above, Purchas'd by our redeeming God.
- 3 Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound Dwells on his dying lips)—Forgive!
 And every groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries—" Father, let the rebels live!—"
- 4 Go, you that rest upon the law, And toil, and seek salvation there; Look to the flames that Moses saw, And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross; Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie: And the keen sword that justice draws Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Felicity above.

- NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss; For bliss can ne'er be found Till we arrive where Jesus is, And tread on heavenly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round these painted skies, Or round this dusky clod; Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys, Or lovely like thy God.
- 3 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
 To feel his quickening grace;
 And all the heaven I hope above,
 Is but to see his face.
- 4 Why move my years in slow delay?
 O God of ages! why?
 Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
 To the superior sky!
- 5 Dear Sovereign, break these vital strings
 That bind me to this clay;
 Take me, ye angels, on your wings,
 And stretch, and soar away!

HYMN LXXXIV.

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper. Is. liii. 1, 2, 3.

WATTS' LYRICS.

WHAT heavenly man, or lovely God, Comes marching downward from the skies?

Array'd in garments roll'd in blood, With joy and pity in his eyes?

- 2 The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he! I know him by the smiles he wears! Dear glorious man that dy'd for me, Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!
- 3 Lo! he reveals his shining breast, I own those wounds, and I adore: Lo! he prepares a royal feast, Sweet fruit of those sharp pangs he bore!
- 4 Whence flow these favours so divine?
 Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
 Why for such earthly souls as mine,
 This heavenly wine, this sacred food?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed, That nail'd him to the cursed tree; 'Twas his own love this table spread For such unworthy worms as we!
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love; Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord; With glad consent our lips shall move, And sweet hosannas crown the board.

HYMN LXXXV.

Expostulation.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 SINNER! O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Daring to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal gate, Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams? Madly attempt th' infernal gate, And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains, Behold the god of love unfold The glories of his dying pains, For ever telling, yet untold!

HYMN LXXXVI.

The Presence of God worth dying for.

- LORD! 'tis an infinite delight
 To see thy lovely face,
 To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
 And feel thy vital rays.
- This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name With rapture on his tongue;
 Moses the saint enjoys the same,
 And heaven repeats the song.

- While the bright nations sound thy praise
 From each eternal hill,
 Sweet odours of exhaling grace
 The happy region fill.
- 4 Thy love, a sea without a shore, Spreads life and joy abroad: O'tis a heaven worth dying for To see a smiling God!
- 5 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
 From all inferior things;
 Speak, Lord! and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings!

HYMN LXXXVII.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.
WATTS' LYRICS.

- HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints! and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load!
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's court he flies!
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say—' Live for ever, wonderous King!
' Born to redeem, and strong to save!'
Then ask the monster—' Where's thy
sting?
' And where's thy victory, boasting grave!'

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Death and Eternity.

WATTS' LYRICS.

- 1 MY thoughts, that oft ascend the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign Death!
- 2 The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
 His trophies spread around!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground!
- 3 Soon must we leave the banks of life, And try death's doubtful sea; Vain are our groans, and dying strife, To gain a moment's stay!
- 4 Soon shall some friend let fall the tear On our cold limbs—and say,

"These once were strong as mine appear,
And mine must be as they!"

5 Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern!

HYMN LXXXIX.

The last Adieu.

- ¹ FAREWELL, dear Saint, a short adieu!
 Some angel calls you to the spheres;
 Our eyes your radiant path pursue
 Through liquid telescopes of tears!
- 2 Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell, Till we shall meet again above In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love!
- 3 There glory sits on every face;
 There friendship smiles in every eye;
 There shall our tongues relate the grace,
 That led us homeward to the sky!
- 4 O'er all the names of Christ our King Shall our harmonious voices rove, Our harps shall sound from every string The wonders of redeeming love.
- 5 How long must we lie lingering here, While saints around us take their flight? Smiling they quit this dusky sphere, And mount the hills of heavenly light.

6 Come, sovereign Lord! dear Saviour come!

Remove these separating days: Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home; That golden hour, how long it stays!

HYMN XC.

The Burial of a Believer.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
 Take this new treasure to thy trust!
 And give these sacred reliques room,
 To seek a slumber in the dust!
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes Can reach the lovely sleeper here; And angels watch his soft repose!
- So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
 Pass'd thro' the grave, and bless'd the
 bed!

Rest here, fair saint! till from his throne The morning break, and pierce the shade!

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn! Attend, O earth, his sovereign word! Restore thy trust a glorious form— He must ascend to meet his Lord!

HYMN XCI.

The Death of Kindred improved.

WATTS' SERMONS.

1 MUST friends and kindred drop and die?

And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone!

- Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
 Our helper and our friend!
 Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
 Till all our trials end!
- Our pious fathers led!
 While love and holy zeal obey
 The counsels of the dead,
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below;
 Let hope our grief dispel:
 While death invites our souls to go
 Where our best kindred dwell!

HYMN XCII.

Death a Blessing to the Saints.

WATTS' SERMONS.

1 Do flesh and nature dread to die?
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?

Yet grace can raise our hopes on high, And quell the terrors of the grave!

- 2 What! shall we run to gain the crown, Yet grieve to think the goal so near? Afraid to have our labours done, And finish this important war?
- 3 Do we not dwell in clouds below, And little know the God we love? Why should we like this twilight so, When 'tis all noon in worlds above?
- 4 There shall we see him face to face!
 There shall we know the Great Unknown!
 And Jesus, with his glorious grace,
 Shines in full light amidst the throne?
- 5 No more shall pride or passion rise, Or envy fret, or malice roar! Or sorrow mourn with down-cast eyes! And sin defile our souls no more!
- 6 Oh! for a visit from my God,
 To drive my fears of death away,
 And help me through this darksome road,
 To realms of everlasting day!

HYMN XCIII.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

WATTS' LYRICS.

1 HOW long shall death the tyrant reign, And triumph o'er the just? While the rich blood of martyrs slain, Lies mingled with the dust!

- 2 Lo! I behold the scattering shades!
 The dawn of heaven appears!
 The sweet, immortal morning, spreads
 It's blushes round the spheres!
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around!
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The trumpet shakes the ground!
- 4 I hear the voice—"Ye dead arise!"
 And lo! the graves obey,
 And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
 Salute th' expected day!
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the middle air,
 In shining garments meet their king,
 And low adore him there.
- 6 Oh! may my humble spirit stand
 Among them cloth'd in white!
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight!—

HYMN XCIV.

Come, Lord Jesus!

WATTS' LYRICS.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen? When shall our eyes behold our God? What lengths of distance lie between, And hills of guilt!—a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay, And slowly every minute wears! Fly, winged time, and roll away These tedious rounds of sluggish years!

- 2 Ye heavenly gates loose all your chains, Let the eternal pillars bow! Blest Saviour! cleave the starry plains, And make the crystal mountains flow! Hark! how thy saints unite their cries, And pray, and wait the general doom! Come! Thou the soul of all our joys! Thou, the desire of nations come!
- 3 Oh, may our spirits shake their wings Eager to meet thy flying throne; Oh, may we rise from mortal things To attend thy shining chariot down! Serenely may our eyes survey The blazing earth, and melting hills; Nor fear to see the lightnings play, And flash along before thy wheels!
- 4 Oh! for a shout of violent joys
 To join the trumpet's thundering sound,
 When the last herald shakes the skies,
 Awakes the graves, and tears the ground!
 Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
 Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
 Let every particle of dust
 Leap into life, for Jesus comes!

HYMN XCV.

Hope in Sickness.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 LORD! I am pain'd; but I resign
 My body to thy will;
 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine
 Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are the ways of providence,When those who love thee groan:Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
 And plead before her God,
 Lest the o'er-burthen'd heart should
 break
 Beneath thine heavy rod,
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
 Give my poor spirit ease;
 While every groan my Father hears,
 And every tear he sees.
- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
 With peace upon it's wings?
 Give it, O God! thy swift command,
 With all the joys it brings!

HYMN XCVI.

Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
 The brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of love design'd,
 Employs and fills my labouring mind!
 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue;
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things
 He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 2 Proclaim inimitable love!
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay!
 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
 The Prince of life resigns his breath—
 The King of Glory bows to death.
- 3 But see, the wonders of his power!
 He triumphs in his dying hour!
 And while by satan's rage he fell,
 He dash'd the rising hopes of hell!
 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
 The theme surmounts an angel's tongue!
 How low, how vain are mortal airs,
 When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HYMN XCVII.

The inward Witness to Christianity.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- QUESTIONS and doubts he heard no more;
 Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
 His Spirit seals his gospel sure
 To every soul that trusts his name.
- 2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within; The mercy which thy words reveal, Refines the heart from sense and sin, And stamps it's own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
 That moulds and forms the heart anew;
 Blasphemers can no more withstand,
 But bow and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood, Finds peace and pardon at the cross; The sinful soul averse to God, Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife When miracles with glory shine;
 The voice that calls the dead to life,
 Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN XCVIII.

The same.

WATTS' SERMONS.

1 WITNESS, ye saints, that Christ is true;

Tell how his name imparts
The life of grace and glory too;
Ye have it in your hearts.

- 2 The heavenly building is begun
 When ye receive the Lord;
 His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
 And well perform his word.
- 3 Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules,
 Your joys and graces shine;
 You need no learning of the schools,
 To prove your faith divine.
- 4 Let heathens scoff, and Jews oppose,
 Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd;
 There's something wrought within you
 shews
 That Jesus saves the world.

HYMN XCIX.

Flesh and Spirit.

WATTS' SERMONS.

1 WHAT vain desires, and passions vain, Attend this mortal clay! Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain, And drawn my heart astray!

- 2 How have I wander'd from my God!
 And, following sin and shame
 In this vile world of flesh and blood,
 Defil'd my nobler frame!
- 3 For ever blessed be thy grace
 That form'd my spirit new,
 And made it of an heaven-born race,
 Thy glory to pursue!
- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
 And wrestles and complains,
 And views the happy moment near,
 That shall dissolve it's chains?
- 5 Cheerful in death I close mine eyes,
 To part with every lust;
 And charge my flesh whene'er it rise,
 To leave them in the dust.
- 6 How would my purer spirit fear
 To put this body on,
 If it's old tempting powers were there,
 Nor lusts, nor passions gone!

HYMN C.

Drawing near to God in Prayer.

WATTS' SERMONS.

1 MY God, I bow before thy feet,
When shall my soul get near thy seat?
When shall I see thy glorious face,
With mingled majesty and grace?

- 2 How should I love thee, and adore, With hopes and joys unknown before! And bid this trifling world be gone, Nor teaze my heart so near thy throne!
- 3 Creatures, with all their charms, should fly
 The presence of a God so nigh:
 My darling sins should lose their name,
 And grow my hatred and my shame.
- 4 My soul should pour out all her cares In flowing words or flowing tears!
 Thy smiles would ease my sharpest pain, Nor should I seek my God in vain!

HYMN CI.

Sins and Sorrows spread before God.

- O THAT I knew the secret place
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my wants before his face,
 And pour my woes abroad,
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
 What sorrows I sustain;
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,
 And leaves my heart in pain!
- 3 I'd say—' How flesh and sense rebel!
 'What inward foes combine
 - With the vain world, and powers of hell,
 To vex this soul of mine!

- 4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 5 My God will pity my complaints, And heal my broken bones: He takes the meaning of his saints, The language of ther groans.
- 6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress, And banish every fear; He calls thee to his throne of grace; To spread thy sorrows there!

HYMN CII.

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- 1 MUST all the charms of nature then, So hopeless to salvation prove? Can hell demand, can heaven condemn The man whom Jesus deigns to love?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth, Paid friends and neighbours all their due, A modest, sober, lovely youth, And thought he wanted nothing new?
- 3 But mark the change—thus spake the Lord,

'Come part with earth for heaven today:'

The youth, astonished at the word, In silent sadness went his way!

- 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure,
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure!
- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this vain world be bought so dear?
 And life, and heaven, so cheaply sold!
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine, If this vile passion governs me; Transform my soul, O love divine! And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN CIII.

The same Subject.

- 1 THUS far 'tis well—you read, you pray, You hear God's holy word, You hearken what your parents say, And learn to serve the Lord.
- 2 Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways, Your practice they approve; Jesus himself would give you praise, And look with eyes of love.
- 3 But if you quit the paths of truth
 To follow foolish fires,
 And give a loose to giddy youth,
 With all it's wild desires:

- 4 If you will let your Saviour go,
 'To hold your riches fast:
 Or hunt for empty joys below—
 You'll lose your heaven at last!
- 5 The rich young man, whom Jesus lov'd, Should warn you to forbear! His love of earthly treasure prov'd, A fatal golden snare!
- 6 See, gracious God, dear Saviour, see
 How youth is prone to fall!
 Teach them to part with all for thee,
 And love thee more than all.

HYMN CIV.

The hidden Life of a Christian.

- O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie groveling here!
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear:
 His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While grace and joy combine
 To form a life, whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.
- 2 He waits in secret on his God;
 His God in secret sees;
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace:

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes, nor ears, have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

3 He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here;
Content, and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear:
He looks to heaven's eternal hills,
To meet that glorious day;
Dear Lord, how slow thy chariot wheels!
How long is thy delay!

HYMN CV.

Nearness to God the Felicity of Creatures.

- ARE those the happy persons here,
 That dwell the nearest to their God!
 Has God invited sinners near,
 And Jesus bought his grace with blood?
- 2 Go thou, my soul, address the Son, To lead thee near the Father's face: Gaze on his glories yet unknown, And taste the blessings of his grace.
- 3 Vain, vexing world, and flesh, and sense, Retire while I approach my God; Nor let my sins divide me thence, Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4 While to thine arms, my God I press, No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear, Should call my soul from thine embrace-'Tis heaven to dwell for ever there!

HYMN CVI.

Appearance before God here and hereafter. WATTS' SERMONS.

1 WHILE I am banish'd from thy house I mourn in secret, Lord:

When shall I come and pay my vows,
And hear thy holy word?

2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay, Methinks my soul shall groan,

When shall I wing my heavenly way,

' And stand before thy throne?'

3 I love to see my Lord below. His church displays his grace: But upper worlds his glory know, And view him face to face.

4 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court, And taste his heavenly love: But still I think his visits short, Or I too soon remove.

5 He shines, and I am all delight; He hides, and all is pain: When will he fix me in his sight, And ne'er depart again?

HYMN CVII.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- 1 SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
 Of our Redeemer-God?
 Shall infidels reproach his laws,
 Or trample on his blood?
- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways, To cleanse us from our faults? May not the works of sovereign grace Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight
 With flesh, and self, and sin?
 The prize is most divinely bright,
 Which we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish and the poor,
 His glorious grace partake?
 This but confirms his truth the more,
 For so the prophet spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name, Indulge their souls in sin? Jesus should never bear the blame, His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
 Our lips profess his word;
 Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
 The men that love the Lord.

HYMN CVIII.

Holy Fortitude.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,On flowery beds of ease?While others fought to win the prize,And sail'd through bloody seas!
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?

 Must I not stem the flood?

 Is this vile world a friend to grace,

 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine!

HYMN CIX.

The Privilege of the Living above the Dead.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- AWAKE my zeal, awake my love, And serve my Saviour here below, In works which all the saints above, Which holy angels cannot do.
- 2 My faith and hope may see the Lord, Though veils of darkness lie between: Hope shall rest firm upon his word, And Faith rejoice in things unseen.
- 3 Awake my Charity, and feed
 The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:
 In heaven are found no sons of need,
 There all these duties are no more.
- 4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
 Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
 Daily thy rising sins controul;
 And be thy victories ever new.
- 5 The land of triumph lies on high; There are no fields of battle there: Lord, I would conquer till I die, And finish all the glorious war.
- 6 Let every flying hour confess I gain thy gospel fresh renown; And when my life and labours cease, May I possess the promis'd crown.

HYMN CX.

New Year's Day; or, the right Improvement of Life.

WATTS' SERMONS.

- AND is this life prolong'd to me?

 Are days and seasons given?

 Shall I not then prepare to be

 A fitter heir for heaven?
- 2 I will not let these moments pass,
 These golden hours be gone;
 Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
 I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
 Through my Redeemer's blood?
 Now let my flesh and heart begin
 The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul defile
 With sin's deceitful toys:
 Let cheerful hope increasing still
 Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 O may my thankful lips proclaim
 The wonders of thy praise,
 And spread the savour of thy name,
 Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine;
 And when I leave this state,
 May heaven receive this soul of mine
 To bliss divinely great.

HYMN CXI.

The Day of Judgment.

Attempted in English Sapphics.

WATTS' LYRICS.

¹ THEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces

Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury; And the red lightning, with a storm of

hail comes

Rushing amain down,

2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble!

While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,

Roars a fierce onset to the gaping waters Quick to devour them.

3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,

(If things eternal may be like these earthly)

Such the dire terror when the great archangel

Shakes the creation.

4 Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,

Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;

While the dread summons thunders through death's caverns,

" Come all to judgment."

5 See the sky parting, and the Judge descending!

Now let our praises all arise to Jesus: How he sits God-like! and the saints around him

Thron'd, yet adoring.

6 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,

Dooming the nations! then ascend to

glory,

While our hosannas all along the passage Shout the Redeemer!

HYMN CXII.

Inconstancy.

WATTS' LYRICS.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord; but ah, how far My thoughts from the dear object are! This wanton heart how wide it roves! And fancy meets a thousand loves.
- 2 If my soul burn to see my God, I tread the courts of his abode: But troops of rivals throng the place, And tempt me off before his face.
- 3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone, I bid my passions all begone, All but my love; and charge my will To bar the door and guard it still.
- 4 But cares or trifles make or find Still new approaches to the mind;

Till I with grief and wonder see Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

- 5 This foolish heart can leave her God, And shadows tempther thoughts abroad; How shall I fix this wandering mind? Or throw my fetters on the wind?
- 6 Look gently down, almighty grace, Prison me round in thine embrace; Pity the soul that would be thine, And let thy power my love confine?

HYMN CXIII.

Forsaken, yet hoping.

WATTS' LYRICS.

- 1 HAPPY the hours the golden days, When I could call my Jesus mine, And sit, and view his smiling face, And melt in pleasures all divine.
- 2 But now he's gone (O mighty woe!)
 Gone from my soul and hides his love!
 I hate the sins that griev'd him so,
 The sins that forc'd him to remove!
- 3 Yet let my hope look through my tears, And spy afar his rolling throne; His chariot through the cleaving spheres Shall bring the bright beloved down.
- 4 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills, My soul springs out to meet him high; Then shall the conqueror turn his wheels And climb the mansions of the sky.

HYMN CXIV.

God seen in his Works.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- MY God, I love and I adore: But souls that love would know thee more; Wilt thou for ever hide, and stand Behind the labours of thy hand?
- 2 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles On which this huge creation rolls; In thousand shapes and colours rise Thy works to our admiring eyes.
- 3 The meanest pin in nature's frame, Marks out some letter of thy name; Where sense can reach, or fancy rove, From hill to hill, from field to grove;
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod
 And left the footstep of a God.

HYMN CXV.

Searching after God.

WATTS' MISCEL.

1 THOU maker of my vital frame, Unveil thy face, pronounce thy name, Shine to my sight, and let the ear Which thou hast form'd, thy language hear:

Divide ye clouds, and let me see The Power that gives me leave to be.

- 2 Where is thy residence? Oh, why Dost thou avoid my searching eye? Mysterious Being! Great Unknown, Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne? Or art thou all diffus'd abroad, Through boundless space, a present God?
- 3 Is there not some delightful art
 To feel thy presence at my heart?
 To hear thy whispers, soft and kind,
 In holy silence of the mind?
 Then rest my thoughts; no longer roam
 In quest of joy—for heaven's at home!

HYMN CXVI.

Aspiring after God; or, Longing for Heaven.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- How shall my soul her powers extend, Beyond where time and nature end, To reach those heights, thy blest abode, And meet thy kindest smiles, my God? Father, I wait thy gracious call Pronounce the word, my life, my all!
- 2 Oh, for a wing to bear me far
 Beyond the golden morning-star!
 Fain would I trace th' immortal way,
 That leads to courts of endless day;

Where the Creator stands confess'd In his own fairest glories dress'd.

3 Some shining spirit help me rise!
Come, waft a stranger through the skies!
First offspring of th' Eternal God!
Blest Jesus! meet me on the road!
Thy hand shall lead a younger son,
And place me near my Father's throne

HYMN CXVII.

The Eternal Majesty; or, Divine Judgments.

WATTS' MISCEL.

1 BEHOLD the God! Th' Immortal King

Rides on a tempest's furious wing: His ensigns lighten round the sky, And moving legions sound on high!

- 2 Ten thousand cherubs wait his course, Chariots of fire, and flaming horse; Earth trembles; and her mountains flow, At his approach like melting snow.
- 3 But who these frowns of wrath can draw, That strike heaven, earth, and hell, with awe?

Red lightnings from his eyelids broke, His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

4 He spake—the cleaving waters fled, And stars beheld the ocean's bed: Before the terrors of his ire, Swift the astonished floods retire.

- 5 In heaps the frighted billows stand,
 And wait the signal of his hand;
 He leads his Israel through the sea,
 And watery mountains guard their way.
- 6 Now they return with sovereign sweep, And drown all Egypt in the deep; He guides the tribes, a glorious band, Through deserts to the promised land.

HYMN CXVIII.

Jesus dying and reigning.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 SEE! Jews and heathens fir'd with rage—See, their combining powers engage Against th' anointed of the Lord,
 The man whom angels late ador'd:
- 2 God's only Son! Behold he dies! Surprising grief! The groans arise! Angelic lyres on every string Lament the murder of their King.
- 3 But heaven's anointed must not dwell In death; the vanquish'd powers of hell, Confess the Saviour's boundless sway, The grave resigns th' illustrious prey.
- 4 Messiah lives! Messiah reigns!
 My thoughts surmount the starry plains,
 T' attend my Lord with joys unknown
 And see the victor on his throne.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high, Behold the Lord of glory nigh!
Eternal doors your leaves display,
And make the Lord of Glory way.

HYMN CXIX.

The Law a Shadow of good Things to come.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- ¹ GRACE is my theme, and joy, and love! Descend, ye blessings, from above, And crown the song—Eternal God Remove the terrors of thy rod!
- 2 'The mystery to the heart explain'
 While the sublime, prophetic strain,
 Points to the Saviour still, and shows
 What course the sun of glory goes.
- 3 Here he ascends behind a cloud Of incense;* there he sits in blood † Faith reads his labours and his names In spicy smoke * and bleeding lambs.†
- 4 Rich are the graces which she draws
 From types, and shades, and Jewish laws;
 With thousand glories long foretold
 To turn the future age to gold.

^{*} Christ's Intercession.

⁺ His sacrifice.

HYMN CXX.

The Wisdom and Bounty of God in Creation; or, Atheism challenged.

WATTS' MISCEL.

1 WHEN God the new-made world survey'd,

His word pronounc'd the building

good;

Sun-beams and light the heavens array'd,

And the whole earth was crown'd with

food.

- Colours that charm and ease the eye,
 His pencil spread all nature round;With pleasing blue he arch'd the sky,
 And a green carpet dress'd the ground.
- 3 Let envious atheists ne'er complain
 That nature wants, or skill, or care:
 But turn their eyes all round in vain,
 T' avoid their Maker's goodness there.

HYMN CXXI.

Christ, the eternal Life.

WATTS' MISCEL.

1 WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find The sovereign good to fill the mind? Ye sons of moral wisdom, show The spring whence living waters flow.

- 2 Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
 Melt, and this cordial juice impart?
 Could Plato find these blissful streams,
 Amongst his raptures and his dreams?
- 3 In vain I ask—for nature's power Extends but to this mortal hour: 'Twas but a poor relief she gave Against the terrors of the grave.
- 4 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God, Array'd in Majesty and blood, Thou art our life! our souls in thee Possess a full felicity!
- 5 All our immortal hopes are laid In thee our surety and our head; Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne, Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 6 Here let my soul for ever lie,
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

HYMN CXXII.

Longing to depart.

WATTS' MISCEL.

1 How am I held a prisoner now, Far from my God! This mortal chain Binds me to sorrow; all below Is short-liv'd ease, or tiresome pain.

- When shall that wonderous hour appear, Which frees me from this dark abode, To live at large in regions, where Nor cloud, nor veil, shall hide my God?
- 3 Farewel this flesh, these ears, these eyes, These snares and fetters of the mind; My God, nor let this frame arise Till every dust be well refin'd.
- 4 Jesus, who mak'st our natures whole;
 Mould me a body like thine own:
 'Then shall it better serve my soul,
 In works of praise, and worlds unknown.

HYMN CXXIII.

Absent from the Body.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
 What unknown joys that moment brings!
 Freed from the mischiefs Sin hath
 wrought,
 From pains, and tears, and all their
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
 Surprising scene! triumphant stroke,
 That rends the prison of my clay,
 And I can feel my fetters broke!

springs! "

S Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul, Where feet or wings could never climb, Beyond the heavens where planets roll, Measuring the cares and joys of time! 4 I go where God and glory shine:
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that's mortal I resign,
For Jesus waits and points my way!

HYMN CXXIV.

Present with the Lord; or, Heaven anticipated.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 AND is this Heaven? and am I there!
 How short the road! how swift the flight!
 I am all life, all eye, all ear;
 Jesus is here—my soul's delight!
- 2 Is this the heavenly friend who hung
 In blood and anguish on the tree?
 Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David
 sung?
 Who died for them, who died for me?
- 3 Hail, thou fair offspring of my God! Thou first-born image of his face! Thy death procur'd this blest abode, Thy vital beams adorn the place!
- 4 Lo! he presents me at thy throne, All spotless—there the godhead reigns Sublime and peaceful through the Son; Awake my voice in heavenly strains!

HYMN CXXV.

Contemplation of God.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- ¹ CREATOR-God, Eternal Light, Fountain of good, Tremendous Power, Ocean of wonders—blissful sight! Thy love and beauty I adore!
- 2 Thy grace, thy nature all unknown, In this dark region where I dwell! Here languid glimpses from thy throne, Thy name in feeble whispers tell!
- 3 In yonder world shall all be new—Myself—my God: O blest amaze!
 Not my best hopes or wishes know
 To form a shadow of this grace!
- 4 Fix'd on my God, my heart adore!
 My restless thoughts, forbear to rove!
 Ye meaner passions, stir no more!
 But all my powers be joy and love!

HYMN CXXVI.

Eternity regarded as a Motive for Christian Courage.

WATTS' MISCEL.

WHEN death, and everlasting things
Approach, and strike the sight,
The soul unfolds itself, and brings
It's hidden thoughts to light.

- 2 The silent Christian speaks for God,With courage owns his name,And spreads the Saviour's grace abroad;The zeal subdues the shame.
- 3 Lord, shall my soul again conceal Her faith, if death retire? Shall shame subdue the lively zeal, And quench th' ethereal fire?
- 4 O may my thoughts for ever keep
 The grave and heaven in view!
 Lest, if my zeal and courage sleep,
 My lips grow silent too!

HYMN CXXVII.

For the King.

WATTS' MISCEL.

- 1 ETERNAL God, whose boundless sway
 Angels and starry worlds obey,
 Command thy choicest blessings down,
 Where thine own hands have fix'd the
 crown!
- 2 Law, justice, valour, mercy ride In arms of triumph at his side, A thousand gems of lustre, shed Their splendours round th' anointed head.
- 3 Religion, duty, truth, and love, In ranks of honour shine and move; Pale envy, slander, fraud, and spite, Retire, and hide in caves of night.

- 4 Europe beholds th' amazing scene; Empire and liberty convene To join their joys and wishes here, While Britain's foes consent to fear.
- 5 Long may our favour'd monarch stand, The pride, the guardian of our land; Support the rod of majesty, And vice before his presence flee!
- 6 Come, light divine, and grace unknown, Come, aid the labours of the throne; Let Britain's golden ages run, In circles lasting as the sun!—

HYMN CXXVIII.

For the Royal Family. Ps. cxxxii. 10, 11. WATTS' MISCEL.

¹ SILENCE ye nations; Israel hear; Thus hath the Lord to David sworn, "Train up thy sons to learn my fear,

" And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn;

"Their's be the royal honours thou hast won,

" Long as the starry wheels of nature run:

" Nature, be thou my pledge; my wit-" ness be the sun!"

Now Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies,
To put the favourite name in David's
room:

Th' illustrious parents join their pious cares

To train in virtue's path the royal heirs, And be the British crown, with endless honours, theirs!

TOPLADY.

HYMN CXXIX.

Affliction.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 I thirst for thy Spirit with cries
 And groanings that cannot be told.

- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep;
 I cry—" I am cast from thy sight,
 " I struggle in vain for the shore;
 " The Lord hath forsaken me quite,
 " My God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd No covenant blessing for me, Oh, tell me, how is it I find, Some sweetness in waiting for thee? Almighty to rescue thou art; Thy grace is my only resource; If e'er thou art Lord of my heart, Thy Spirit must take it by force.

HYMN CXXX.

A propitious Gale desired.

- AT anchor laid, remote from home,
 Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit come!
 Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
 But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow, And loose my cable from below; But I can only spread my sail; Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

HYMN CXXXI.

Assurance of Faith.

- 1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing;
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offerings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is Yea, and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below, nor above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorified spirits in heaven.

HYMN CXXXII.

Thy Kingdom come.

TOPLADY.

- 1 O WHEN shall we, supremely blest, Enter into our glorious rest! Partake the triumphs of the sky, And holy, holy, holy, cry!
- 2 With all thy heavenly hosts, with all Thy blessed saints, we then shall fall And sing in ecstacy unknown, And praise thee on thy dazzling throne.
- 3 Honour, and majesty, and power, And thanks, and blessing evermore, Thou Lord, art worthy to receive, Who dost through endless ages live.
- 4 For thou hast bid the creatures be,
 They still subsist to pleasure thee;
 From thee they came, to thee they tend,
 Their gracious source, their glorious end!

HYMN CXXXIII.

Before hearing.

TOPLADY.

1 Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine;
Lord, behold thy servant stands,
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands:
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire!

Source of light and power divine, Deign upon thy truth to shine!

2 Breathe thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all;
Till, by odours scatter'd round,
Christ himself be trac'd and found:
Then shall every raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace and joy depart;
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine!

HYMN CXXXIV.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only light, Sun of righteousness, arise, Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high be near, Day-star in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see:
 Till thou inward light impart,
 Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN CXXXV.

A Chamber Hymn.

- WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse Continual watching to keep,
 And punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep:
 A sovereign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
 Unchangeably faithful to save;
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure and it's dread,
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh,
 And songs his kind presence indeed,
 Shall in the night season supply;
 He smiles, and my comforts abound,
 His grace as the dew shall descend,
 And walls of salvation surround,
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
 Thee, thee, for my God I avow,
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own thou hast help'd me till now;
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd,
 Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
 A sinner so signally lov'd!

HYMN CXXXVI.

The same.

- ¹ INSPIRER and hearer of prayer, Thou feeder and guardian of thine, My all, to thy covenant care, I sleeping and waking resign; If thou art my shield and my sun, The night is no darkness to me, And fast as my moments roll on, They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 2 Thy ministering spirits descend,
 To watch while thy saints are asleep,
 By day and by night they attend,
 The heirs of salvation to keep.
 Bright seraphs dispatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to the stations assign'd,
 And angels elect are sent down,
 To guard the elect of mankind.
- 3 Thy worship no interval knows,
 There fervour is still on the wing;
 And while they protect my repose,
 They chaunt to the praise of my King:
 I too at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join;
 And love, and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator and mine.

HYMN CXXXVII.

The Rock of Ages.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy river side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from it's guilt and power
- 2 Not the labour of my hands, Can fulfil thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears for ever flow, All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone!
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
 When my eye-strings break in death—
 When I soar to worlds unknown—
 See thee on thy judgment throne—
 Rock of ages! cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee!

HYMN CXXXVIII.

Sickness sweetened. Ps. civ. 34.

- WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attendThe whispers of his love;Sweet to look up to the place,Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down; Sweet to look forward, and behold Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand, Which saves from second death; Sweet to experience day by day His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.

- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
 And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
 Immediately from thee!

HYMN CXXXIX.

Meditations on future Glory.

- 1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come,
 Angels will hover round my bed,
 And waft my spirit home!
- 2 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul,
 Behold him and adore;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve, and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,
 On which my guilt was lain;
 His love intense, his merit fresh,
 As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear The trumpet's quickening sound; And by my Saviour's power rebuilt, At his right hand be found.

- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
 The God that died for me!
 And all my rising bones shall say,
 Lord, who is like to thee!
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
 Weak as it is below,
 What raptures must the church above,
 In Jesus' presence know!
- 7 O may the unction of these truths,
 For ever with me stay,"Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
 My spirit flies!

CXL.

The dying Believer to his Soul.

- DEATHLESS principle, arise!
 Soar, thou native of the skies!
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go, to shine before his throne—
 Deck his mediatorial crown!
 Go, his triumphs to adorn—
 Made for God, to God return.
- 2 Lo, he beckons from on high!
 Fearless to his presence fly—
 Thine the merit of his blood,
 Thine the righteousness of God!

Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!

- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest?
 Willing to retain it's guest?
 'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
 Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
 Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
 Sweetly breathe thyself away—
 Singing, to thy crown remove—
 Swift of wing, and fir'd with love!
- 4 Shudder not to pass the stream,
 Venture all thy care on Him;
 Him—whose dying love and power
 Still'd it's tossing, hush'd it's roar;
 Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle, as a summer's eve;
 Not one object of his care
 Ever suffered shipwreck there!
- 5 See the haven full in view!
 Love divine shall bear thee through:
 Trust to that propitious gale,
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore!
- 6 Mount, their transports to improve—
 Join the longing choir above—
 Swiftly to their wish be given—
 Kindle higher joy in heaven!—

Such the prospects that arise To the dying Christian's eyes! Such the glorious vista, Faith Opens through the shades of death!

HYMN CXLI.

Fervent Desire.

- 1 FATHER, I want a thankful heart,
 I want to taste how good thou art;
 To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
 And comprehend thy love to me;
 The length, and depth, and breadth, and
 height,
 Of love divinely infinite.
- 2 Jesus, my great high-priest above,
 My friend before the throne of love;
 If now for me prevails thy prayer,
 If now I find thee pleading there,
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,
 Almighty advocate, to thine!
- 3 O sovereign love, to thee I cry,
 Give me thyself, or else I die!
 Save me from death, from hell set free;
 Death, hell, are but the want of thee!
 My life, my crown, my heaven, thou art,
 O may I find thee in my heart!

HYMN CXLII.

A Morning Hymn.

TOPLADY.

- 1 JESUS, by whose grace I live,
 From the fear of evil kept,
 Thou hast lengthen'd my reprieve,
 Held in being while I slept:
 With the day my heart renew,
 Let me wake thy will to do.
- 2 Since the last revolving dawn
 Scatter'd the nocturnal cloud,
 O how many souls have gone,
 Unprepar'd to meet their God!
 Yet thou dost prolong my breath,
 Nor hast seal'd mine eyes in death!
- 3 O that I may keep thy word,
 Taught by thee to watch and pray!
 To thy service, dearest Lord,
 Sanctify the present day:
 Swift it's fleeting moments haste;
 Doom'd perhaps, to be my last!
- 4 Crucified to all below,
 Earth shall never be my care;
 Wealth and honour I forego,
 This my only wish and prayer—
 Thine in life and death to be,
 Now and to eternity!

LORDING STREET OF

HYMN CXLIII.

There is Mercy with Thee.

TOPLADY.

¹ LORD, shouldst thou weigh my righteousness,

Or mark what I have done amiss
How should thy servant stand!
Should others plead their works, yet I
Must hide my face, nor dare to cry
For mercy at thy hand.

- 2 But thou art loth thy bolts to shoot;
 Backward and slow to execute
 The vengeance due to me:
 Thou dost not willingly reprove,
 For all the mild effects of love,
 Are centred, Lord, in thee.
- 3 Shine, then, thou all-subduing light,
 The powers of darkness put to flight,
 Nor from me ever part:
 From earth to heaven be thou my guide,
 And oh, above each gift beside,
 Give me an upright heart.

HYMN CXLIV.

Divine Influence. John, xiv. 17.

TOPLADY.

1 SAVIOUR, I thy word believe, My unbelief remove; Now thy quickening Spirit give The unction from above: Shew me, Lord, how good thou art, My soul with all thy fulness fill, Send the witness, in my heart The Holy Ghost reveal.

2 Blessed Comforter come down,
And live and move in me;
Make my every deed thine own,
In all things led by thee:
Bid my sins and fears depart,
And with me O vouchsafe to dwell;
Faithful witness in my heart
Thy perfect light reveal.

3 Whom the world cannot receive,
Lord, manifest in me;
Son of God, I cease to live,
Unless I live to thee:
Make me choose the better part,
Display thy love, my pardon seal,
Send the witness, in my heart
The Holy Ghost reveal.

HYMN CXLV.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

For Peace and Religion.

TOPLADY.

1 GREAT God, whom heaven, and earth, and sea,
With all their countless hosts, obey;
Upheld by whom the nations stand,
And empires fall at thy command:

- Beneath thy long-suspended ire,
 Let every antichrist expire;
 Thy knowledge spread from sea to sea,
 And distant nations bow to thee.
- 3 Then shew thyself the prince of peace, Command the din of war to cease; With sacred love the world inspire, And burn it's chariots in the fire.
- 4 Let earth beneath thy reign of love An universal sabbath prove: Jesus her peaceful king adore, And learn the art of war no more.

HYMN CXLVI.

Desiring to be given up to God.

- O THAT my heart was right with thee, And lov'd thee with a perfect love: O that my Lord would dwell in me, And never from his seat remove! Jesus, apply thy pardoning blood, And make this bosom fit for God.
- 2 Saviour, I dwell in awful night,
 Until thou in my heart appear;
 Arise, propitious sun, and light
 An everlasting morning there:
 Thy presence puts the shadows by;
 If thou withdraw, how dark am I!

- 3 Oh, Lord, how should thy servant see, Unless thou give me seeing eyes?
 Well may I fall, if out of thee!
 If out of thee, how should I rise?
 I wander wide without thine aid,
 And lose my way in midnight shade.
- 4 O let my prayer acceptance find,
 And bring the mighty blessing down!
 Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
 And seal me thine adopted son:
 A fallen, helpless creature take,
 And heir of thy salvation make.

HYMN CXLVII.

For a new Nature.

TOPLADY.

1 SUPREME High-priest, the pilgrim's light

My heart for thee prepare; Thine image stamp, and deeply write Thy superscription there:

Ah, let my forehead bear thy seal, My arm thy badge retain,

My heart the inward witness feel That I am born again!

2 Into thy humble mansion come,
Set up thy dwelling here:
Possess my heart, and leave no room
For sin to harbour there:

Ah, give me, Lord, the single eye,
Which aims at nought but thee:
I fain would live, and yet not I—
Let Jesus live in me.

3 O that the penetrating sight
And eagle's eye were mine!
Undazzled at the boundless light,
Of majesty divine;
That with the armies of the sky
I too may sit and sing,

Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye, The dove's aspiring wing.

Michigan and the

HYMN CXLVIII.

For restoring and preserving Grace.

TOPLADY.

- AH, give me, Lord, myself to see!
 Against myself to watch and pray!
 How weak am I, when left by thee!
 How frail! how apt to fall away!
 If but a moment thou withdraw,
 That moment sees me break thy law!
- 2 Jesus, the sinner's only trust,
 Let me now feel thy grace infus'd;
 Ah, raise the fallen from the dust,
 Nor break a reed already bruis'd;
 Smile on this cheerless heart again,
 Nor let me seek thy face in vain!

3 Let thy meek mind descend on me,
Thy Holy Spirit from above;
Assist me, Lord, to follow thee,
Drawn by the endearing cords of love,
Made perfect by thy cleansing blood,
Completely sav'd and born of God!

HYMN CXLIX.

For Salvation from the Power of Sin here, and from it's Existence finally.

TOPLADY.

- O WHEN wilt thou my Saviour be!
 O when shall I be clean!
 The true eternal Sabbath see,
 A perfect rest from sin!
 Jesus! the sinner's rest thou art,
 From guilt, and fear, and pain;
 While thou art absent from my heart,
 I look for rest in vain!
- 2 The consolations of thy word
 My soul hath long upheld;
 The faithful promise of the Lord
 Shall surely be fulfill'd:
 I look to my incarnate God
 Till he his work begin,
 And wait till his redeeming blood,
 Shall cleanse me from all sin.
- 3 His great salvation I shall know,
 And perfect liberty,
 When free from all my chains below,
 My soul ascends to thee;

Joining thy sheep in yonder fold, Like them I shall rejoice; Like them thy glory shall behold And hear my Shepherd's voice.

4 O that I now the voice might hear,
That speaks my sins forgiven;
Thy word is past to give me here
The inward pledge of heaven:
Thy blood shall over all prevail,
And sanctify th' unclean;
The grace that saves the soul from hell,
Will save from present sin.

HYMN CL.

Crucified with Christ.

TOPLADY.

- 1 EMPTIED of earth I fain would be, The world, myself, and all but thee; Only reserv'd for Christ that died, Surrender'd to the crucified!
- 2 Sequestered from the noise and strife, The lust, the pomp, the pride of life; For heaven alone my heart prepare, And have my conversation there!

HYMN CLI.

The Propitiation for Sin.

TOPLADY.

1 O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,

That casts itself on thee?

I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffered once for me!

- Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,
 Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
 And thy availing blood;
 That righteousness my robe shall be,
 Thy merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.
- 3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send;
 By him some word of life impart,
 And softly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."
- 4 The king of terrors then would be,
 A welcome messenger to me
 To call my soul away:
 Unclog'd by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount upon his sable wings
 To everlasting day.

HYMN CLII.

Glorying in the Cross.

TOPLADY.

1 REDEEMER! whither should I flee, Or how escape the wrath to come? The weary sinner flies to thee, For shelter from impending doom: Smile on me, gracious Lord, and show Thyself the friend of sinners now!

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy cross
 The heavy-laden soul finds rest;
 I would esteem the world but dross,
 So I might be of Christ possess'd!
 I borrow every joy from thee,
 For thou art life and light to me.
- S Close to the ignominious tree
 Jesus! my humbled soul would cleave!
 Despis'd and crucified with thee,
 With Christ resolv'd to die and live;
 My prayer, my grand ambition this,
 Living and dying to be his!
- 4 There fastened to the sacred wood,
 By holy love's resistless chain,
 'Beneath the droppings of thy blood'
 Never to wander wide again;
 There may I bow my suppliant knee,
 And own no other Lord but thee!

HYMN CLIH.

For the Mind of Christ. Phil. ii. 5.

TOPLADY.

1 LORD, I feel a carnal mind,
That hangs about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My own rebellious will;
Is not haughtiness of heart
The gulf between my God and me?
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

Be all my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
And think as Jesus thought:
But 'tis thou must change my heart,
The perfect gift must come from thee:
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
Till I thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And all thy mildness gain!
Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart,
Thy lowly mind my portion be,
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

4 Let thy cross my will controul,
Conform me to my guide;
In thine image mould my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give, me, Lord, a contrite heart,
A heart that always looks to thee:
Meek Redeemer now impart
Thine own humility.

5 Tear away my every boast, My stubborn mind abase; Saviour! fix my only trust In thy redeeming grace; Give me a submissive heart,

From pride and self-dependence free;

Three own burners.

Meek Redeemer now impart

Thine own humility to the gall'

HYMN CLIV.

Pleading with God.

FOPLADY.

- JESUS! thy power I fain would feel,
 Thy love is all I want:
 O let thine ears consider well
 The voice of my complaint!
- 2 Thou sees me yet a slave to sin,And destitute of God;O purify and make me clean,By thy redeeming blood!
- 3 O Jesus! undertake for me;
 Thy peace to me be given!
 For while I stand away from thee,
 I stand away from heaven!
- 4 I will not my offence conceal,
 I will not hide my sin;
 But all my crimes with weeping tell,
 And own how vile I've been.
- 5 Lord! will thy wrathful jealousy
 Like fire for ever burn?
 And wilt thou not a succour be,
 And comfort those that mourn?
- 6 Reject not, Lord! my humble prayers,
 Nor yet my soul destroy;
 Thine only Son hath sown in tears
 That I might reap in joy!

HYMN CLV.

To the Holy Spirit.

TOPLADY.

- 1 COME Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And warm with uncreated fire! Thou, the anointing Spirit art— Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart! Thy blessed unction from above, Is comfort, life, and fire of love!
- 2 Illumine with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our mortal sight!
 Anoint, and cheer us all our days,
 With the abundance of thy grace!
 Our foes convert—give peace at home—
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come!

BURNS.

HYMN CLVI.

The First Psalm.

BURNS.

¹ **T**HE man, in life wherever plac'd, Hath happiness in store, Who walks not in the wicked's way, Nor learns their guilty lore.

- 2 Nor from the seat of scornful pride,
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.
- 3 That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high
 And firm the root below.
- 4 But he whose blossom buds in guilt, Shall to the ground be cast, And, like the rootless stubble, tost Before the sweeping blast.
- 5 For why? that God the good adore
 Hath given them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

HYMN CLVII.

A Prayer in Anguish.

BURNS.

- O THOU great Being! what thou art
 Surpasses me to know:
 Yet sure I am, that known to thee
 Are all thy works below.
- 2 Thy creature here before thee stands,
 All wretched and distrest;
 Yet sure those ills that wring my soul,
 Obey thy high behest.

Their stay and dwell:

- 3 'Tis thine to free mine eyes from tears, Or close them fast in death; And thou, Almighty, canst not act From cruelty or wrath:
- 4 Then if I must afflicted be,
 To suit some wise design;
 Arm thou my soul with firm resolves
 To bear, and not repine.

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HYMN CLVIII.

For Resignation.

BURNS.

- 1 THOU Power supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil;
 - Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are thy will.
- 2 Then all I want (O, do thou grant This one request of mine!) Since to enjoy thou dost deny; Assist me to resign.

HYMN CLIX.

The Ninetieth Psalm.

BY THE WAS TO HAY STEED A LITTER BURNS.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend Of all the human race! Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling-place!

- 2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads, Beneath thy forming hand; Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at thy command;
- 3 That power which rais'd, and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time,
 Was ever still the same.
- 4 Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast,
 Appear no more before thy sight
 Than yesterday that's past.
- 5 Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man, Is to existence brought:
 Again, thou say'st, 'ye sons of men,
 'Return ye into nought!'
- 6 Thou layest them, with all their cares, In everlasting sleep; As with a flood thou tak'st them off, With overwhelming sleep.
- 7 They flourish like the morning flower,
 In beauty's pride array'd;
 But long ere night cut down it lies,
 All wither'd and decay'd!—

MANUFACTURE CONTRACT

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLX.

FOR DAYS OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

Abraham pleading for Sodom.

- GREAT God! did pious Abram pray For Sodom's vile abandon'd race?
 And shall not all our souls be rous'd For Britain to implore thy grace?
- 2 Base as we are, does not thine eye
 It's chosen thousands here survey?
 Whose souls, deep humbled, mourn the
 crowds,
 Who walk in sin's destructive way?
- 3 O Judge supreme, let not thy sword The righteous with the wicked smite; Nor bury in promiscuous heaps Rebels, and saints thy chief delight.
- 4 For these thy children spare the land; Avert the thunders big with death; Nor let the seeds of latent fire Be kindled by thy flaming breath.
- 5 O! be not angry, mighty God, While dust and ashes seek thy face; But gently bending from thy throne, Renew, and still increase thy grace.

- 6 Jesus the intercessor hear, And for his sake thy grace impart Which, while it stops the fiery stream, Dissolves the most obdurate heart.
- 7 Sodom shall change to Zion then, And heavenly dews be scatter'd round, That plants of paradise may spring, Where baleful poisons curs'd the ground.

HYMN CLXI.

Israel and Amalek. Exod, xvii. 11.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- 1 OUR banner is th' eternal God, Nor will we yield to fear; Amidst ten thousand fierce assaults, His mighty aid is near.
- 2 To him the hands of faith we stretch,And plead experienc'd grace;To him the voice of prayer we raise,Nor will he hide his face.
- 3 No more, proud Amalek, thy boast, "God's arm is feeble grown:"
 His sword shall lop off every hand,
 That dares insult his throne.
- 4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,
 Our nation's cause to plead;
 Nor let thine Israel's foes, and thine,
 By wickedness succeed.

5 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop!
But thou the weak canst raise;
And in the mount of prayer canst leave
An altar to thy praise.

HYMN CLXII.

Israel's Obstinacy under God's lifted Hand. Isa. xxvi. 11.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- LORD, when thy hand is lifted up,
 The wicked will not see:
 But they shall see with glowing shame,
 Though they obdurate be.
- 2 How few the weighty stroke regard, And seek their Maker's face! In vain may Providence correct, If not enforc'd by grace.
- 3 Exert thy mighty influence, Lord,
 And melt the stony breast;
 Then shall thy justice be ador'd,
 Thy mercy stand confess'd.
- 4 The scorner then shall mourn in dust,
 And put his sins away,
 No more resist his Maker's hands,
 But lift his own to pray.

HYMN CLXIII.

The Stupidity of Israel, and of Britain lamented. Isa. vi. 9—12.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- 1 LORD, when thine Israel we survey, We in their crimes discern our own; And if thou turn our prayer away, Our misery must, like theirs, be known.
- 2 To us thy prophets have been sent With words of terror and of love; But not the vengeance, nor the grace, Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.
- 3 Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears; Our hearts are harden'd into stone; As we would bar thy mercy out, And leave a way for wrath alone.
- 4 Justly our God might give us up
 To plague and famine and the sword;
 Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
 Lay desolate without a Lord.
- 5 O'er bleeding wounds of slaughter'd friends
 Rivers of helpless grief might flow,
 Till the fierce conqueror's haughty rage
 Dragg'd us to chains and slaughter too.
- 6 But spare a nation long thine own, And shew new miracles of grace; "Tis thine to heal the deaf and blind, And wake the dead to life and praise.

HYMN CLXIV.

Confederate Nations defied by those who sanctify God. Isa. viii. 9—14.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- 1 GREAT God of hosts, attend our prayer, And make the British Isles thy care: To thee we raise our suppliant cries, When angry nations round us rise.
- 2 Fain would they tread our glory down, And in the dust defile our crown, Deluge our houses with our blood, And burn the temples of our God.
- [3 But 'midst the thunder of their rage, We thy protection would engage:
 O raise thy saving arm on high,
 And bring renew'd deliverance nigh.
- 4 May Britain, as one man be led
 To make the Lord her fear and dread;
 Our souls no other fear shall know,
 Though earth were leagu'd with hell below.]
- 5 Give ear ye countries from afar: Ye proud associate nations hear; While fix'd on him, who rules the sky, Our hearts your threatened war defy.
- 6 Ye people, gird yourselves in vain, Your scatter'd force unite again;

Again shall all that force be broke, When God with us shall deal the stroke.

- 7 Now he records our humble tears, With ardent vows for future years, And destines for approaching days Victorious shouts, and songs of praise.
- 8 Emanuel's land shall safe remain, Blest with it's Saviour's gentle reign; Till every hostile rumour cease In the fair realms of perfect peace.

HYMN CLXV.

The different Views of good and bad Men in Times of public Danger. Isa.xxxiii.14—17.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 SEE, the destruction is begun, And heaps of ruin spread the ground; With hasty strides it marches on, And scatters consternation round.
- 2 Sinners in Zion take th' alarm,
 The hypocrites astonish'd cry,
 Who with devouring flames can dwell?
 Who in eternal burnings lie?
- 3 God's gracious voice the saints revives;
 How sweet the heavenly accents sound!
 " Dwell thou on high, my child, (he says)
 " Where reals shall guard they all

"Where rocks shall guard thee all around.

- 4 " There shall my hand thy wants supply,
 - " Thy water and thy bread are sure;
 - " There shall my visits make thee glad,
 - "While these alarming scenes endure.
- 5 " Then led in joyous triumph forth,
 - " Thine eyes the distant land shall view,
 - " Shall see thy king in beauty drest,
 - " And share his royal honours too."
- 6 My soul the oracle receives,
 And feels it's energy to cheer;
 A promis'd heaven, a present God,
 Forbids my grief, forbids my fear.

HYMN CLXVI.

Unsuccessful Fasts accounted for. Isaiah, lviii. 3. compared with 4—8.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- 1 O! WHERE is sov'reign mercy gone?
 Whither is Britain's God withdrawn?
 That through long years she should complain,
 She fasts and mourns, and cries in vain?
- 2 Hast thou not seen her suppliant bands Through all her coasts extend their hands? Or has their oft-repeated prayer Escap'd thine ever-list'ning ear?
- 3 Thine ear hath heard, thine eye hath seen; But guilt hath spread a cloud between; And, rising still before thy face, Averts thy long-intreated grace.

- 4 Dispel that cloud by rays divine, And cause thy cheering face to shine; Our isle shall shout from shore to shore, And dread encroaching foes no more.
- 5 Our light shall like the morning spring; Healing and joy our God shall bring; Justice shall in our front appear, And glory gather up our rear.

HYMN CLXVII.

Preparing to meet God. Amos iv. 12, 13.

- 1 HE comes, thy God, O Israel comes;
 Prepare thy God to meet:
 Meet him in battle's force array'd,
 Or humbled at his feet.
- 2 He form'd the mountains by his strength; He makes the winds to blow, And all the secret thoughts of man Must his Creator know.
- 3 He shades the morning's opening rays;
 He shakes the solid world;
 And stars and angels from their seats
 Are by his thunder hurl'd.
- 4 Eternal sovereign of the skies,
 And shall thine Israel dare
 In mad rebellion to arise,
 And tempt the unequal war?

- 5 Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,
 And faint beneath thy rod;
 Crush'd by it's gentlest movement down,
 They fall, tremendous God.
- 6 Avert the terrors of thy wrath,
 And let thy mercy shine;
 While humble penitence and prayer
 Approve us truly thine.

HYMN CLXVIII.

God entreated for Zion. Is. lxii. 6, 7.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION; OR, A DAY OF PRAYER FOR THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

DODDRIDGE.

- [1 INDULGENT sovereign of the skies, And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear? While feeble mortals raise their cries, Wilt thou, their Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest, Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise, Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,

And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this a lowly, suppliant crowd, Here in thy sacred temple wait: For this, we lift our voices loud, And call, and knock at mercy's gate.]

- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye And view the desolation round; See what wide realms in darkness lie, And hurl their idols to the ground.
- [5 Lord let the gospel-trumpet blow, And call the nations from afar; Let all the isles their Saviour know, And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 6 Let Babylon's proud altars shake, And light invade her darkest gloom, The yoke of iron bondage break, The yoke of Satan and of Rome.]
- 7 With gentle beams on Britain shine, And bless her princes and her priests, And by thine energy divine, Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 8 Triumphant here let Jesus reign, And on his vineyard sweetly smile; While all the virtues of his train Adorn our church, adorn our isle.
- 9 On all our souls let grace descend, Like heavenly dew in copious showers, That we may call our God our friend, That we may hail salvation our's.
- 10 Then shall each age and rank agree,
 United shouts of joy to raise:
 And Zion made a praise by thee,
 To thee shall render back the praise.

HYMN CLXIX.

God's Controversy with Britain stated and pleaded. Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- LISTEN, ye hills; ye mountains, hear; Jehovah vindicates his laws; Trembling in silence at his bar, Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- 2 Israel appear; present thy plea; And charge th' Almighty to his face; Say, if his rules oppressive be; Say, if defective be his grace.
- 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease; Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame; 'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess, And thine, the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
 Thy mercies, and our crimes appear,
 More than the stars that deck the skies,
 And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- 5 [How shall we come before thy face, And in thine awful presence bow? What offers can secure thy grace, Or calm the terrors of thy brow?
- 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed; Rivers of oil might blaze in vain! Or the first-born's devoted head With horrid gore thine altar stain.]

- 7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God, Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay, Hath sovereign virtue in his blood, To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly;
 With that be Britain sprinkled o'er;
 Trembling no more in dust we lie,
 And dread thy hand and bar no more,

HYMN CLXX.

Remonstrance against Sin when Judgments are threatened. Isa. lviii. 1.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION

- 1 THY judgments cry aloud
 O ever-righteous God,
 And in the sight of all our land
 Thou liftest up thy rod.
- 2 Aloud thy servants cry, Commission'd from thy throne, And like a trumpet raise their voice To make thy judgments known.
- 3 But who that cry attends,
 And makes his safety sure?
 Rock'd by the tempest they should flee,
 They sleep the more secure.
- Another trumpet, Lord,
 These senseless slumberers need;
 Nor will they hear a feebler voice,
 Than that, which wakes the dead!

HYMN CLXXI.

National Sins lamented, Ezek, ix, 4-6.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme, We tremble at thy dreadful name; And all our crying guilt we own In dust and tears before thy throne.
- 2 Britain, the land thine arm hath sav'd, That arm most impiously hath brav'd; Britain, the isle it's God hath lov'd. A rebel to that love hath prov'd.
- 3 Estrang'd from reverential awe, We trample on thy sacred law; And though such wonders grace had done.

Anew we crucify thy Son.

- 4 Yet hast thou not a remnant here, Whose souls are fill'd with pious fear? O bring thy wonted mercy nigh, While prostrate at thy feet they lie.
- 5 Behold their tears, attend their moan, Nor turn away their secret groan: With these we join our humble prayer; Our nation shield, our country spare.

6 But if the sentence be decreed,
And our dear native land must bleed,
By thy sure mark may we be known,
And save in life or death thy own.

HYMN CLXXII.

A Hymn in time of War. Deut. xxiii. 9.

- 1 GREAT God of heaven and nature, rise, And hear our loud united cries: See Britain bow before thy face Through all her coasts, and seek thy grace.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust; Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast; Thine is the land, and thine the main, And human force and skill is vain.
- 3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down On every shore, on every town; But view us, Lord, with pitying eye, And lay thy lifted thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the follies of our times, And purge our land from all it's crimes; Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine, Let princes, priests, and people shine.
- 5 O may no God-provoking sin
 Through all our camps and navies reign;
 No foul reproach, to drive from thence
 Our surest glory and defence.

6 So shall our God delight to bless, And crown our arms with wide success: Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword; And conquering Britain shout the Lord.

HYMN CLXXIII.

God the Defence of his People from invading Enemies. Isa. xxxiii. 21—23.

DAYS OF THANKSGIVING.

- 1 THE glorious Lord! his Israel's hope!
 How well he bears their courage up!
 How wide his saving power extends!
 His princely titles will we sing,
 Our judge, our law-giver, our king,
 He guards his subjects as his friends.
- 2 Around the mountain where they dwell,
 Lo, at his word new waters swell
 To deluge the invading foe!
 Open'd by him that rules the skies,
 Mark the broad rivers how they rise,
 And with what rapid strength they
 flow!
- 3 To gain the well-defended shores
 In vain the galley spreads it's oars,
 And the proud ship her sails displays:
 The sails are rent, the masts are broke,
 The shatter'd oars all drop their stroke,
 And lightnings through the tacklings
 blaze.

4 Shout your Hosannas to the Lord:
Thus shall he still his Zion guard,
Till the last foe be trampled down:
High as the heavens exalt his praise;
High as the heavens his hand shall raise
The soul that here his grace hath
known.

HYMN CLXXIV.

Thanksgiving for National Deliverances. Luke i. 74, 75.

- 1 SALVATION doth to God belong; His power and grace shall be our song; His hand hath dealt a secret blow, And terror strikes the haughty foe.
- 2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his ear Propitious to his people's prayer; And though deliverance long delay, Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 3 O may thy grace our land engage, (Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage,) 'This tribute of it's love to bring To thee, our Saviour, and our king!
- 4 Our temples guarded from the flame, Shall echo thy triumphant name; And every peaceful private home, To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight:
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
To life's last hour to persevere.

HYMN CLXXV.

God the Author of Consolation. 2 Cor. vii. 6.

FOR PERSONAL DELIVERANCES.

DODDRIDGE.

¹ THE Lord, how rich his comforts are! How wide they spread! How high they rise!

He pours in balm to bleeding hearts, And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

- 2 I have no hope, my spirit cry'd,
 Just trembling on the brink of hell;
 I am thy hope, the Lord reply'd,
 My love secures it's favourites well.
- 3 My grateful soul shall speak his praise, Who turns it's tremblings into songs; And those that mourn shall learn from me, Salvation to our God belongs.

HYMN CLXXVI.

The God of Spirits sought to supply Vacancies in the Congregation of his People. Numb. xxxvii. 15—17.

FOR CHURCHES.

- 1 FATHER of spirits, from thy hand, Our souls immortal came; And still thine energy divine Supports th' ethereal flame.
- 2 By thee our spirits all are known;
 And each remotest thought
 Lies wide expanded to his eye,
 By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail, Thy flock deserted flies; And, on th' eternal shepherd's care, Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust Thy dear assemblies mourn, In speedy tokens of thy grace, O Israel's God return.
- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,
 And thine the aids of grace;
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up
 Through every rising race.

- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
 And here thy suppliants bless,
 And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
 Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
 May this thy flock be fed:
 And with a steady growing pace,
 To Zion's mountain led.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Support in the gracious Presence of God under the Loss of Ministers and other useful Friends. Josh. i. 2, 4, 5.

- 1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive, And all our tears be dry; Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Saviour nigh?
- What though the arm of conquering death Does God's own house invade?What though the prophet and the priest Be number'd with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged, and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive tongue;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

5 " Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord, " My church shall safe abide;

" For I will ne'er forsake my own, "Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

A Church seeking Direction from God in Choice of a Pastor. Ezra, viii. 21.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel bend thine ear, Thy servants groans indulgent hear; Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry, And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
 Our wandering paths, our trackless ways;
 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, hehold, we wait In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate: Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain: Shall Israel seek thy face in vain?
- 4 O Lord, in ways of peace return, Nor let thy flock neglected mourn; May our blest eyes a shepherd see, Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise A cheerful tribute to thy praise;
Our children learn the grateful song,
And their's the cheerful notes prolong.

HYMN CLXXIX.

Joshua the High-Priest's Zeal and Fidelity rewarded with a Station among the Angels. Zech. iii. 6, 7.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

DODDRIDGE.

- ¹ GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
 The grace that builds thy courts below;
 And through ten thousand sons of light,
 Stoops to regard what mortals do.
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death Successive pastors thou dost raise Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide, And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 The heavenly natives with delight Hover around the sacred place; Nor scorn to learn from mortal tongues The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,
 Thy servants join the angelic band;
 With them through distant worlds they
 fly,

With them before thy presence stand.

- 5 O glorious hope! O blest employ! Sweet lenitive of grief and care! When shall we reach those radiant courts, And all their joy and honour share?
- 6 Yet while these labours we pursue, Thus distant from thy heavenly throne, Give us a zeal and love like their's, And half their heaven shall here be known.

HYMN CLXXX.

Watching for Souls in the View of the great Account. Heb. xiii. 17.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give;
 Now let them from the mouth of God
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The Pastor's care demands;
 But what might fill an angel's heart,
 And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord Did heavenly bliss forego; For souls which must for ever live In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
 The account to render there;
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
 Lord, how shall we appear?

5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

HYMN CLXXXI.

The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15.

AT THE SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep With constant care thy humble sheep; By thee inferior pastors rise To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart, Modell'd by thy own gracious heart; Whose courage, watchfulness, and love, Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care, Healthful may all thy sheep appear, And, by their fair example led, The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows, And scatter'd blessings on thy house; Thy saints are succour'd, and no more As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke, And bless the shepherd and the flock; Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise, And own this tribute of our praise.

HYMN CLXXXII.

Christ ever present with his Ministers in Churches.

FOR AN ORDINATION.

DODDRIDGE.

¹ WIDE o'er all worlds the Saviour reigns;

Unmov'd his power and love remains;
And on his arm his church shall rest;
Fair Zion, joyful in her king,
Through every changing age shall sing,
With his perpetual presence blest.

- 2 'Tyrannic death, in vain thy rage,
 Thy triumphs new in every age,
 O'er the first heroes of his host;
 Conscious of more than mortal aid,
 Our bleeding hearts are not dismay'd,
 But an immortal leader boast.
- 3 Though buried deep in dust they lie,
 Whose tuneful voices rais'd on high
 Led the sweet anthems to his name;
 The children learn the father's song,
 And unform'd tongues shall still prolong
 The ever-present Saviour's fame.
- 4 The present Saviour, he shall give
 Millions of future saints to live,
 And crowd the temples of his grace:
 The present Saviour, lo, he comes
 To call whole legions from their tombs,
 And teach their dust sublimer praise.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

For the Ordination or Settlement of a Minister.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house Smile on our homage, and our vows; While with a grateful heart we share These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose In splendid triumph o'er his foes, Scatter'd his gifts on men below, And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' apostle's honour'd name, Sacred beyond heroic fame: Hence dictates the prophetic sage; And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 4 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
 Pastors from hence, and teachers rise;
 Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
 Still gild a long-extended line:
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive, And fed by Christ their graces live: While, guarded by his potent hand, 'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

- 6 So shall the bright succession run, Through the last courses of the sun; While unborn churches by their care Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know, The spring whence all those blessings flow;

Pastors and people shout his praise Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

God the everlasting Light of the Saints above. Isa. lx. 20.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Departed Saints asleep. Mark v. 39.

DODDRIDGE.

1 "WHY flow these torrents of distress!
(The gentle Saviour cries)

"Why are my sleeping saints survey'd

" With unbelieving eyes?

2 " Death's feeble arm shall never boast," A friend of Christ is slain;

" Nor o'er their meaner part in dust

" A lasting power retain.

3 " I come, on wings of love I come, "The slumberers to awake;

" My voice shall reach the deepest tomb,

" And all it's bonds shall break.

4 "Touch'd by my hand in smiles they rise, "They rise to sleep no more;

" But rob'd with light, and crown'd with

" joy,

" To endless day they soar."

- 5 Jesus, our faith receives thy word;
 And though fond nature weep,
 Grace learns to hail the pious dead,
 And emulate their sleep.
- 6 Our willing souls thy summons wait
 With them to rest and praise;
 So let thy much-lov'd presence cheer
 These separating days.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

Meditations on the Sepulchre in the Garden. John, xix. 41.

- 1 THE sepulchres, how thick they stand Through all the road on either hand; And burst upon the starting sight In every garden of delight!
- 2 Thither the winding allies tend; There all the flowery borders end; And forms, that charm'd the eyes before; Fragrance and music are no more.
- 3 Deep in that damp and silent cell My fathers, and my brethren dwell; Beneath it's broad and gloomy shade My kindred, and my friends are laid;
- 4 But, while I tread the solemn way, My faith that Saviour would survey, Who deign'd to sojourn in the tomb, And left behind a rich perfume.

5 My thoughts with ecstacy unknown,
While from his grave they view his throne,
Through my own sepulchre can see
A paradise reserv'd for me.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned. Rev. ii. 10.

DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK! 'tis our heavenly leader's voice From his triumphant seat:

'Midst all the war's tumultuous noise, How powerful and how sweet!

2 " Fight on, my faithful band, (he cries) " Nor fear the mortal blow!

"Who first in such a warfare dies "Shall speediest victory know.

3 " I have my days of combat known, " And in the dust was laid;

" But thence I mounted to my throne, " And glory crowns my head.

4 " That throne, that glory you shall share; " My hands the crown shall give;

" And you the sparkling honours wear, "While God himself shall live."

5 Lord, 'tis enough; our bosoms glow
With courage, and with love:
Thy hand shall bear thy soldiers through,
And raise their heads above.

6 My soul, while death besets me round,
Erects her ardent eyes,
And longs, through some illustrious
wound,
To rush and seize the prize.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

The Year crowned with the Divine Goodness. Psal. lxv. 11.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- ¹ ETERNAL source of every joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- While as the wheels of nature roll, Thy hand supports the steady pole: The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer-rays with vigour shine To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days Demand successive songs of praise; Still be the cheerful homage paid With opening light, and evening shade.

- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise, As circling sabbaths bless our eyes; Still will we make thy mercies known, Around thy board, and round our own.
- 7 O may our more harmonious tongues In worlds unknown pursue the songs; And in those brighter courts adore, Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN CLXXXIX.

The Angel's Reply to the Women that sought Christ; or, Christ's Resurrection. Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- YE humble souls, that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears away; And bow with pleasure down to see The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;Such wonders love can do;Thus cold in death that bosom lay,Which throbb'd, and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief; Let grateful sorrows rise, And wash the bloody stains away With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The conqueror could detain.

- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
 His once dishonour'd head;
 And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
 Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all his shining way.

HYMN CXC.

Praising God through the Whole of our Existence. Psal. cxlvi. 2.

DODDRIDGE.

1 GOD of my life, through all it's days
My grateful powers shall sound thy
praise;
The sea schall make with eneminalisht

The song shall wake with opening light,

And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high

Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all it's powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er, And I am chain'd to flesh no more, With what glad accents shall I rise, To join the music of the skies!
- Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
 Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
 And emulate with joy unknown,
 The glowing Seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give, Long as a deathless soul can live; A work so sweet, a theme so high, Demands and crowns eternity.

HYMN CXCI.

The Encouragement young Persons have to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you; And lays his radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
 - 3 " The soul, that longs to see my face, " Is sure my love to gain;

" And those that early seek my grace, "Shall never seek in vain."

- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move, If once compar'd with thee? What beauty should command my love, Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'I is here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

HYMN CXCII.

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children. Mark x. 14.

DODDRIDGE.

- SEE, Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,

" For twas to bless such souls as these, "The Lord of angels came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee:
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear; Ye children, seek his face; And fly with transports to receive The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian-care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN CXCIII.

Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their Children. Isaiah, lvi. 4, 5.

DODDRIDGE.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears

Flow o'er your children dead, Say not in transports of despair, That all your hopes are fled.

- While cleaving to that darling dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with joy and reverence view
 A heavenly parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away, Like wither'd trunks ye stand, With fairer verdure shall ye bloom, Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 " I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord, "In mine own house a place:

" No names of daughters and of sons " Could yield so high a grace.

5 " Transient and vain is every hope " A rising race can give;

"In endless honour and delight "My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds which through
our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

HYMN CXCIV.

The Greatness and Majesty of God, and the Meanness of the Creatures. Isa. xl. 15, 16, 17.

- YE weak inhabitants of clay,
 Ye trifling insects of a day,
 Low in your native dust bow down
 Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
- 2 With trembling heart, with solemn eye, Behold Jehovah seated high; And search, what worthy sacrifice Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.
- 3 Let Lebanon her cedars bring, To blaze before the sovereign King; And all the beasts that on it feed, As victims at his altar bleed.
- 4 Loud let ten thousand trumpets sound, And call remotest nations round, Assembled on the crowded plains, Princes and people, kings and swains.
- 5 Join'd with the living, let the dead, Rising, the face of earth o'erspread; And while his praise unites their tongues, Let angels echo back the songs.

6 The drop that from the bucket falls, The dust that hangs upon the scales, Is more to sky, and earth, and sea, Than all this pomp, O God, to thee.

HYMN CXCV.

God's Command to all Men to repent. Acts xvii. 30.

DODDRIDGE.

- REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay:
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- No more the sovereign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth:

Let earth attend and fear: Listen, ye men of royal birth, And let their vassals hear.

- 4 Together in his presence bow, And all your guilt confess; Accept the offer'd Saviour now, Nor trifle with the grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar:
 For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call, And yet prolong our days! Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall, And weep, and love, and praise.

HYMN CXCVI.

Reflections on our Waste of Years. Ps. xc.9.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year;
 How swift the weeks complete their
 rounds,
 How short the months appear!
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of it's career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
 It's great concern to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

HYMN CXCVII.

Communing with our Hearts. Psal. iv. 4.

- ¹ **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return, And chase these shadowy forms no more;
 - Seek out some solitude to mourn, And thy forsaken God implore.
- Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
 Retir'd and silent seek them there:
 True conquest is ourselves t'o'ercome,
 True strength to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye Distinct surveys each deep recess, In these abstracted hours draw nigh, And with thy presence fill the place:
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart
 My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
 And still it's radiant beams impart,
 Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love, Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer; Till every grace shall join to prove That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

HYMN CXCVIII.

The eternal Sabbath. Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows, On this thy day, in this thy house:
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs, which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls aspire With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress; Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place; No groans to mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose:
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day begin;
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

HYMN CXCIX.

The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the Dead Sea. Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9.

- ¹ GREAT source of being and of love, Thou waterest all the worlds above, And all the joys we mortals know, From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command, From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land, Beside thy temple, cleaves the ground, And pours it's limpid stream around.
- 3 The limpid stream with sudden force Swells to a river in it's course;
 Through desert realms it's windings play,
 And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by it's banks in order fair, The blooming trees of life appear; Their blossoms fragrant odours give, And on their fruit the nations live.
- 5 To the Dead Sea the waters flow, And carry healing as they go; It's poisonous dregs their power confess, And all it's shores the fountain bless.
- 6 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crown'd,
 Flow on to earth's remotest bound;
 And bear us on thy gentle wave
 To him who all thy virtues gave.

HYMN CC.

On Recovery from Sickness, during which much of the Divine Favour had been experienced.

- 1 MY God, thy service well demands
 The remnant of my days:
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd
 But to renew thy praise?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt, Didst chase the fears of hell; And teach my pale and quivering lips Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head On thy dear faithful breast; Pleas'd to obey my Father's call To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God, Did I my soul resign, In firm dependance on that truth Which made salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the borders of the grave At thy command I come: Nor would I urge a speedier flight To my celestial home.

7 Where thou determin'st mine abode, There would I choose to be: For in thy presence death is life, And earth is heaven with thee.

HYMN CCL.

Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit. Rom, viii, 11.

DODDRIDGE.

1 WHY should our morning thoughts delight

To grovel in the dust?

- Or why should streams of tears unite Around th' expiring just?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die, And triumph o'er the grave? Did not our Lord ascend on high, And prove his power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come, And dwell in all the saints? And should the temples of his grace Resound with long complaints?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun Burst through each sable cloud; And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,

Tune forth thy songs aloud.

- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
 When he had bled for me;
 And spite of death and hell shall raise
 Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust, Your hymns of victory sing; And let his dying servants trust Their ever-living king.

HYMN CCII.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head!
 Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
 Tir'd with glaring vanities!
 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose!
- 2 By my Heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest:
 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
 Night and day his love the same:
 Far be each suspicious thought,
 Every anxious care forgot.
- 3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God, Crown'st my days with various good: Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep, These defenceles hours shall keep: Blest vicissitude to me! Day and night I'm still with thee.

HYMN CCIII.

The same.

- WHAT though downy slumbers flee, Strangers to my couch and me? Sleepless well I know to rest, Lodg'd within my father's breast.
- While the empress of the night
 Scatters mild her silver light:
 While the vivid planets stray
 Various through their mystic way;
- 3 While the stars unnumber'd roll Round the ever-constant pole; Far above these spangled skies All my soul to God shall rise;
- 4 'Midst the silence of the night Mingling with those angels bright, Whose harmonious voices raise Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise:
- 5 Through the throng his gentle ear Shall my tuneless accents hear: From on high doth he impart Secret comfort to my heart.
- 6 He in these serenest hours
 Guides my intellectual powers,
 And his Spirit doth diffuse
 Sweeter far than midnight dews;

7 Lifting all my thoughts above On the wings of faith and love; Blest alternative to me, Thus to sleep or wake with thee!

HYMN CCIV.

The same.

- WHAT if death my sleep invade?
 Should I be of death afraid?
 Whilst encircled by thine arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 2 What if beams of opening day
 Shine around my breathless clay?
 Brighter visions from on high
 Shall regale my mental eye.
- 3 Tender friends awhile may mourn Me from their embraces torn; Dearer better friends I have In the realms beyond the grave.
- 4 See the guardian-angels nigh
 Wait to waft my soul on high!
 See the golden gates display'd!
 See the crown to grace my head!
- 5 See a flood of sacred light, Which no more shall yield to night! Transitory world, farewell! Jesus calls with him to dwell.

6 With thy heavenly presence blest, Death is life, and labour rest; Welcome sleep, or death to me, Still secure, for still with thee.

HYMN CCV.

The Gospel Jubilee. Psal. lxxxix. 15. compared with Lev. xxv. and Isa. lxi. 2.

- ¹ LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound, And spread the joyful tidings round; Let every soul with transport hear And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humbled at his feet ye fall,
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign, To liberty assert your claim, And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance you lost,
 Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
 Fair Salem your arrival waits,
 To golden streets, and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more Bondage and poverty deplore: No debt, but love immensely great, Whose joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls that know the sound! God's light shall all their steps surround; And shew that Jubilee begun, Which through eternal years shall run.

HYMN CCVI.

Triumph of the Gospel. Is. lxvi. 8.

- 1 BEHOLD with pleasing ecstacy
 The gospel standard lifted high,
 That all the nations from afar
 May in the great salvation share.
- 2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why
 Do wretched souls in millions die?
 While wide th' infernal tyrant reigns
 O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains.
- 3 And shall he still go on to boast, Thy cross it's energy hath lost? And shall thy servants still complain, Their labours and their tears are vain!
- 4 Awake, all-conquering arm, awake, And hell's extensive empire shake; Assert the honours of thy throne, And call the ruin'd world thy own.
- 5 Thine all-successful power display; Produce a nation in a day; For at thy word this barren earth Shall travail with a general birth.

6 Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe
On these abodes of sin and death;
That breath shall bow ten thousand
minds,
Like waving corn before the winds.

7 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure A world, where thou art known no more; Transform it, Lord, by conquering love; Or bear us to the realms above.

HYMN CCVII.

The last Words of David. 2 Sam. xxiii.1. 8.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

- THUS hath the son of Jesse said, When Israel's God had rais'd his head To high imperial sway: Struck with his last poetic fire, Zion's sweet psalmist tun'd his lyre To this harmonious lay.
- 2 Thus dictates Israel's sacred rock:
 Thus hath the God of Jacob spoke
 By my responsive tongue:
 Behold the just One over men
 Commencing his religious reign,
 Great subject of my song!

- 3 So gently shines with genial ray
 Th' unclouded lamp of rising day,
 And cheers the tender flowers,
 When midnight's soft diffusive rain
 Hath bless'd the gardens and the plain
 With kind refreshing showers.
- 4 Shall not my house this honour boast?
 My soul th' eternal covenant trust,
 Well order'd still and sure?
 There all my hopes and wishes meet:
 In death I call it's blessings sweet,
 And feel it's bond secure.
- 5 The songs of Belial shall not spring.
 Who spurn at heaven's appointed king,
 And scorn his high command:
 Though wide the briars infest the ground,
 And the sharp-pointed thorns around,
 Defy a tender hand;
- 6 A dreadful warrior shall appear
 With iron arms, and massy spear,
 And tear them from their place:
 Touch'd with the lightning of his ire,
 At once they kindle into fire,
 And vanish in the blaze!

SWAIN.

HYMN CCVIII.

The Complaint under Darkness.

SWAIN.

- 1 REJOICE in God, the word commands,
 And fain would I obey;
 Yet still my spirit lingering stands,
 While doubts impede my way.
- 2 How can my soul exult for joy,
 Which feels this load of sin?
 And how can praise my tongue employ,
 While darkness reigns within?
- Whence should my lips give rapture birth,When I no rapture feel?Or how should notes of heavenly mirth,Sound from a breast of steel?
- 4 If falling tears and rising sighs
 In triumph share a part;
 Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,
 And search this bleeding heart!
- My soul forgets to use her wings;
 My harp neglected lies,
 For sin has broken all it's strings,
 And guilt shuts out my joys.
- 6 The power, the sweetness, of thy voice,
 Alone my heart can move;
 Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
 And melt my soul to love.

HYMN CCIX.

The Christian's Company and Employment.

SWAIN.

- 1 JESUS, away from earth I fly,
 And with thy church unite;
 Thy saints shall be my company,
 Thy presence my delight.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue, Through all the heavenly road;Thy truth and grace shall be my song, 'Till I get home to God.
- 3 The wonders of thy bleeding love,
 For one so vile as I,
 Shall often draw my heart above,
 And fix my thoughts on high.
- 4 Yes, in thy name I will rejoice,
 And triumph in thy word;
 In echo to my heart, my voice,
 Shall magnify the Lord.
- 5 And may I never cease to tell
 The wonders of his love,
 Till heavenly notes my bosom swell
 In yonder courts above:
- 6 Till I, without a jarring sound,
 Thy free salvation sing,
 And make those crystal walls resound
 The glories of my King.

HART.

HYMN CCX.

Gethsemane; or, the Passion of Christ.

- ¹ COME, all ye ransom'd sons of God, The purchase of redeeming blood; In pensive pleasure join with me, To sing of sad Gethsemane.
- 2 'Twas here the Lord of life appear'd,
 And sigh'd and groan'd, and pray'd, and fear'd;
 Bore all incarnate God could bear,
 With strength enough, and none to spare.
- [3 Dispatch'd from heaven an angel stood, Amaz'd to find him bath'd in blood; Ador'd by angels, and obey'd; But lower than the angels made!
- 4 He stood to strengthen, not to fight:
 Justice exacts the utmost mite:
 It's victim vengeance will pursue:
 He undertook and must go through.]
- [5 Three favour'd servants, left afar,
 Were bid to wait, and watch the war:
 But, Christ withdrawn, what watch we
 keep!
 They shun the sight, they sink in sleep.

- 6 He look'd for help, and there was none, Our captain kept the field alone; Soon as the chief to battle led, That moment every solder fled.]
- 7 Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!
 Conceal'd from all inquiring eyes!
 Angels astonish'd view'd the scene,
 Gaz'd and admir'd what this might mean.
- 8 Eden provided man with food, While innocent—and all was good; But banish'd thence we fly to thee, O garden of Gethsemane.

HYMN CCXI.

The same.

- 1 TELL me, dear Saviour, tell me why This act of grace---to bleed and die! What mighty motive could thee move! What motive---but redeeming love!
- 2 Love for the harden'd and the base, A careless, unbelieving race; Rebels, who all thy grace withstood, And trampled under foot thy blood.
- 3 While flinty rocks were rent with dread; While opening graves gave up their dead; When the fair sun withdrew his light, And hid his head to shun the sight;

- 4 Then stood the wretch of human race, And rais'd his head, and shew'd his face; Gaz'd unconcern'd, when nature fail'd, Scoff'd at thy dying pangs---and rail'd!
- 5 Harder than rocks and mountains are, Thou senseless earth more senseless far, Man view'd unmov'd the flowing stream, Nor ever dream'd it flow'd for him!
- 6 Oh, love of unexampled kind!
 Leaving all mortal thought behind!
 Where length and breadth, and depth,
 and height,
 Are lost to our astonish'd sight!

HYMN CCXII.

Christ the Believer's all.

- 1 LAMB of God, we fall before thes,
 Humbly trusting in thy cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are only dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good.
 Every grace and every favour
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance, By his Spirit sent from heaven: Whispers this transporting sentence, "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."

Faith he grants us to believe it, Grateful hearts his love to prize: Want we wisdom? we must give it; Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands---inspires.
 All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus;
 He that answers is the same.
- 4 When we live upon his merit,
 Then we worship God aright:—
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 Hear the whole conclusion of it:
 Great or good, whate'er we call,
 God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet,
 Jesus Christ is all in all!

HYMN CCXIII.

Faith and Repentance.

HART.

1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus, Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;

But a sense of blood-bought pardon Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

- 2 Jesus, all our consolations
 Flow from thee, the sovereign good:
 Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
 All are purchas'd by thy blood:
 From thy fulness we receive them;
 We have nothing of our own:
 Freely thou delight'st to give them
 To the needy who have none.
- 3 Teach us, by thy patient Spirit,
 How to mourn, and not despair:
 Let us, leaning on thy merit,
 Wrestle hard with God in prayer:
 Whatsoe'er afflictions seize us,
 They shall profit, if not please;
 But defend, defend us, Jesus,
 From security and ease.
- 4 Softly to thy garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat:
 Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
 Let us not the cost forget:
 Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
 By the Spirit in our ears,
 Till we, viewing whom we've pierced,
 Melt in sympathetic tears.

HYMN CCXIV.

The Wonders of redeeming Love.

- How wondrous are the works of God, Display'd through all the world abroad! Immensely great! immensely small! Yet one strange work exceeds them all.
 - 2 He form'd the sun, fair fount of light:
 The moon and stars to rule the night:
 But night, and stars, and moon, and sun,
 Are little works compar'd with one.
 - 3 He roll'd the seas, and spread the skies; Made vallies sink, and mountains rise; The meadows cloth'd with native green, And bade the rivers glide between.
 - 4 But what are seas, or skies, or hills, Or verdant vales, or gliding rills, To wonders man was born to prove, The wonders of redeeming love?
 - 5 'Tis far beyond what words express, What saints can feel, or angels guess. Angels, that hymn the great I AM, Fall down, and veil before the Lamb.
 - 6 The highest heavens are short of this; 'Tis deeper than the vast abyss; 'Tis more than thought can e'er conceive, Or hope expect, or faith believe.

HYMN CCXV.

But it is good for me to draw near to God. Psalm lxxiii, 28.

HART.

- 1 AS when a child, secure of harms, Hangs at the mother's breast, Safe folded in her anxious arms. Receiving food and rest: And, while through many a painful path The travelling parent speeds, The fearless babe, with passive faith, Lies still and yet proceeds:
- 2 Should some short start his quiet break, He fondly strives to fling; His little arms about her neck. And closer seems to cling: Poor child, maternal love alone Preserves thee first and last: Thy parent's arms, and not thine own, Are those that hold thee fast:
- 3 So souls that would to Jesus cleave, And hear his secret call, Must ev'ry fair pretension leave, And let the Lord be all:

"Keep close to me, thou helpless sheep," The Shepherd softly cries,

"Lord, tell we what 'tis close to keep," The listening sheep replies.

4 "Thy whole dependance on me fix;

" Nor entertain a thought

"Thy worthless schemes with mine to mix,

"But venture to be nought:

" Fond self-direction is a shelf:

"Thy strength, thy wisdom, flee:

"When thou art nothing in thyself, "Thou then art close to me."

HYMN CCXVI.

Dependance on Christ alone; or, Perseverance.

- 1 IF ever it could come to pass
 That sheep of Christ might fall away,
 My fickle, feeble soul, alas!
 Would fall a thousand times a day:
 Were not thy love as firm as free,
 Thou soon wouldst take it, Lord, from me.
- 2 I on thy promises depend,

 (At least, I to depend desire)

 That thou wilt love me to the end,

 Be with me in temptation's fire;

 Wilt for me work, and in me too,

 And guide me right, and bring me through.
- 3 No other stay have I beside;
 If these can alter, I must fall:
 I look to thee to be supply'd
 With life, with will, with power, with
 all:

Rich souls may glory in their store; But Jesus will relieve the poor.

HYMN CCXVII.

For a Public Fast.

HART.

- 1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand
 To offer up united prayer
 For this our sinful land.
- 2 Oft have we, each in private, pray'd Our country might find grace:Now hear the same petitions made In this appointed place.
- [3 Or, if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their sin,
 They have not cry'd for mercy yet,
 Lord, let them now begin.]
- 4 Thou, by whose death poor sinners live,
 By whom their pray'rs succeed,
 The supplicating Spirit give,
 And we shall pray indeed.
- 5 We will not slack, nor give thee rest;
 But importune thee so,
 That, till we shall by thee be blest,
 We will not let thee go.

- 6 Great God of hosts, deliverance bring, Guide those that hold the helm, Support the state, preserve the king, And spare the guilty realm.
- 7 Or, should the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel thy rod,
 May faith and patience hold us fast
 To our correcting God.
- 8 Whatever be our destin'd case,
 Accept us in thy Son;
 Give us his gospel and his grace,
 And then thy will be done.

HYMN CCXVIII.

Come, and welcome, to Jesus Christ.

HART.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Love's redeeming work adore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r.
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify.
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us nigh,
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden;
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies,
On the bloody tree behold him:
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd—
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah,
Sinners here may sing the same.

HYMN CCXIX.

Then he turned his Face to the Wall, and prayed unto the Lord. 2 Kings, xx. 2.

HART.

- 1 KING Hezekiah lay diseas'd,
 With every dangerous symptom seiz'd,
 Beyond the reach of art;
 With languid pulse, with strength decay'd,
 With spirits sunk, with soul dismay'd,
 And ready to depart.
- 2 His friends despair; his servants droop; Retiring science gives no hope:
 All signs of life are fled:
 When lo; the seer Isaiah came,
 With words to damp th' expiring flame,
 And strike the dying dead!
- 3 Entering the royal patient's room, He thus denounc'd the dreadful doom— "Of flattering hopes beware:

"God's messenger, behold, I stand!

- "Thus saith the Lord, Thy death's at hand:
 - "Prepare, O king, prepare!"
- 4 Where is the man, whom words like these (Though free before from all disease)
 Would not deject to death?
 Favourite of heav'n! in thee we see
 The miracles of prayer; in thee
 Th' omnipotence of faith.

5 I hear th' expiring hero say,

"And must my life be snatch'd away "Before I'm fit to die?

"Can prayer reverse the stern decree,

- "And save a wretch condemn'd like me?
 "It may—at least I'll try.
- 6 "Ye damps of death, that chill me through,

"God's prophet and prediction too,

"I must withstand you all;

"Both heaven and earth awhile begone,

" I turn me to the Lord alone, " And face the silent wall."

7 He said—and weeping, pour'd a prayer,
That conquer'd pain, remov'd despair,
With all it's heavy load;
Repell'd the force of death's attack,
Brought the recanting prophet back,
And turn'd the mind of God.

HART.

HYMN CCXX.

The Resurrection of Christ.

HART.

1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb, See the victorious Jesus come! Th' Almighty Prisoner quits the prison, And angels tell, the Lord is risen.

- 2 Ye guilty souls, that mourn and grieve, Hear the glad tidings; hear, and live. God's righteous law is satisfied; And justice now is on your side.
- 3 Your Surety, thus releas'd by God, Pleads the rich ransom of his blood. No new demand, no bar remains; But mercy now triumphant reigns.
- 4 Believers, hail your rising Head,
 The first begotten from the dead;
 Your resurrection's sure, through His,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.

HYMN CCXXI.

The Stony Heart.

HART.

- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn stone away; And thaw with beams of love divine This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
 The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, Dear Lord, an adamant would melt: But I can rend each moving line, And nothing move this heart of mine,

- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear, (Amazing thought!) which devils fear: Goodness and wrath in vain combine, To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed; And that dear something much I need: Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN CCXXII.

At Dismission.

HART.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing Lord;
 Help us to feed upon thy word:
 All that has been amiss forgive;
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good; Wash all our works in Jesus' blood. Give every fetter'd soul release, And bid us all depart in peace.

HYMN CCXXIII.

The same.

HART.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name;
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Receive his sacred word,And feed thereon and grow;Go on to seek, to know the Lord,And practise what you know.

HYMN CCXXIV.

The same.

HART.

- 1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed; In peace dismiss us hence, Be thou, in every time of need, Our refuge and defence.
- We now desire to bless thy name;And in our hearts record,And with our thankful tongues proclaimThe goodness of the Lord.

HYMN CCXXV.

The same; or, God unchangeable.

HART.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

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NEWTON.

HYMN CCXXVI.

My Name is Jacob. Gen. xxxii. 27.

- 1 NAY I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know'st my name!
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold, In rebellion blindly bold, Scorn thy grace, thy power defy, That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer:
 Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have pass'd since then, Many changes I have seen, Yet have been upheld till now; Who could hold me up but thou?

- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need, This emboldens me to plead; After so much mercy past, Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold, 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold; I can no denial take, When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN CCXXVII.

Ask what I shall give thee. 1 Kings iii. 5.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer; Jesus who hath bid thee pray, Cannot, will not, say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King Large petitions with thee bring: Such his grace, his bounty such, None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin, Lord, remove this load of sin! Let thy blood, for sinners spilt, See my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 There without a rival reign.

- 5 As the image in the glass
 Answers the beholder's face,
 In my bosom thus appear,
 Trace thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here, Let thy love my spirit cheer; Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Shew me what I have to do, Every hour my strength renew; Let me live a life of faith, Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

None upon Earth I desire besides thee. Psal. lxxiii. 25.

NEWTON.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer-sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always so nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;
 No changes of season or place,
 Would make any change in my mind;
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song; Say, why do I languish and pine, And why are my winters so long? O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore; Or take me unto thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN CCXXIX.

The Name of Jesus. Sol. Song, i. 3.

NEWTON.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 It calms the troubled breast;
 "Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN CCXXX.

Will ye also go away? John vi. 67-69.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd Thou art the Christ of God, Who hast eternal life secur'd By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd Could never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.

7 What anguish has that question stirr'd
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

HYMN CCXXXI.

Lovest thou me ?

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought! Do I love the Lord, or no? Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain, Prayer a task and burden prove, Every trifle give me pain, If I know a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within, All is dark, and vain, and wild: Fill with unbelief and sin, Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read, Sin is mix'd with all I do; You that love the Lord indeed, Tell me, is it thus with you?

- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will; Find my sin a grief and thrall: Should I grieve for what I feel; If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet, Choose the ways I once abhorr'd, Find, at times, the promise sweet, If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
 Thou who art the people's sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more, If I love at all, I pray; If I have not lov'd before, Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN CCXXXII.

The Death of Stephen. Acts vii. 54-60.

- 1 As some tall rock amidst the waves, The fury of the tempest braves, While the fierce billows, tossing high, Break at it's foot, and murmuring die:
- 2 Thus they who in the Lord confide, Though dangers press on every side, Cannot be mov'd or overthrown, For Jesus makes their cause his own.

- 3 So faithful Stephen, undismay'd
 The malice of the Jews survey'd;
 The holy joy which fill'd his breast,
 A lustre on his face impress'd.
- 4 "Behold! (said he), the world of light
 Is open'd to my strengthen'd sight;
 My glorious Lord appears in view,
 That Jesus whom ye lately slew."
- 5 With such a friend and witness near, No form of death could make him fear; Calm, amidst showers of stones he kneels, And only for his murderers feels.
- 6 Thus in the eye of faith appear
 Jesus, dear Saviour, ever near;
 This sight our peace through life shall
 keep,
 And death be fear'd no more than sleep.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The Good that I would, I do not. Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
 Guilt has untun'd my voice;
 The serpent sin's envenom'd sting
 Has poison'd all my joys.
- 2 I know the Lord is nigh,
 And would, but cannot pray;
 Darkness o'erwhelms me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.

- 3 I would, but can't repent,
 Though I endeavour oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent
 Till Jesus make it soft.
- I would, but cannot love,
 Though woo'd by love divine:
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so dead as mine.
- I would, but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.
- O could I but believe!
 Then all would easy be;
 I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve;
 My help must come from thee!
- 7 [But if indeed I would, Though I can nothing do; Yet the desire is something good, For which my praise is due.
- 8 By nature prone to ill,

 Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of power.
- 9 Wilt thou not crown at length
 The work thou hast begun?
 And with a will afford me strength
 In all thy ways to run.]

HYMN CCXXXIV.

Looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 2.

NEWTON:

- 1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
 That pass for wisdom in the schools,
 I strove my passion to restrain;
 But all my efforts prov'd in vain.
- 2 But since the Saviour I have known, My rules are all reduc'd to one, To keep my Lord, by faith, in view; This strength supplies, and motives too.
- 3 I see him lead a suffering life, Patient amidst reproach and strife; And from his pattern courage take To bear, and suffer for his sake.
- 4 Upon the cross I see him bleed, And by the sight from guilt am freed; This sight destroys the life of sin, And quickens heavenly life within.
- 5 To look to Jesus as he rose, Confirms my faith, disarms my foes; My unbelief I overcome, By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 6 Exalted on his glorious throne, I see him make my cause his own; Then all my anxious cares subside, For Jesus lives, and will provide.

- 7 I see him look with pity down,
 And hold in view the conqueror's crown;
 If press'd with griefs and cares before,
 My soul revives, nor asks for more.
- 8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
 When in his presence I shall stand;
 Then it will be my endless bliss
 To see him where and as he is

HYMN CCXXXV.

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Time how swift.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted through the former year, Many souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here:
 Fixt in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little—none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

this can call it

A New-Year's Thought and Prayer.

- TIME by moments, steals away,
 First the hour and then the day;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years:
 Thus another year is flown,
 Now it is no more our own,
 If it brought or promis'd good,
 Than the years before the flood.
- 2 But (may none of us forget)
 It has left us much in debt;
 Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
 Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
 Mark'd by an unerring hand,
 In his book recorded stand;
 Who can tell the vast amount,
 Plac'd to each of our account?

- 3 Happy the believing soul!
 Christ for you has paid the whole;
 While you own the debt is large,
 You may plead a full discharge:
 But, poor careless sinner, say,
 What can you to justice pay?
 Tremble, lest, when life is past,
 Into prison you be cast!
- 4 Will you still increase the score?
 Still be careless as before?
 Oh, forbid it, gracious Lord,
 Touch their spirits by thy word!
 Now, in mercy, to them show
 What a mighty debt they owe!
 All their unbelief subdue;
 Let them find forgiveness too.
- 5 Spar'd to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive:
 Sun of righteousness, arise!
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
 Let our prayer thy pity move,
 Make this year a time of love.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

Death and War.

NEWTON.

1 HARK! how Time's wide sounding bell Stikes on each attentive ear! Tolling loud the solemn knell Of the last departed year: Years, like mortals, wear away, Have their birth and dying day, Youthful spring, and wintry age, Then to others quit the stage.

- 2 Sad experience may relate
 What a year the last has been!
 Crops of sorrow have been great,
 From the fruitful seeds of sin:
 Oh! what numbers gay and blithe,
 Fell by Death's unsparing scythe:
 While they thought the world their own,
 Suddenly he mow'd them down.
- 3 See how War, with dreadful stride, Marches at the Lord's command, Spreading desolation wide, Over many a fruitful land:
 War, with heart and arms of steel, Preys on thousands at a meal;
 Daily drinking human gore,
 Still he thirsts and calls for more.
- 4 If the God whom we provoke,
 Hither should his way direct;
 What a sin-avenging stroke
 May a land like this expect!
 They who now securely sleep
 Quickly then would wake to weep;
 And too late would learn to fear,
 When they saw the danger near.
- 5 Those are safe who know his love, He will all his truth perform; To their souls a refuge prove From the rage of every storm:

But we tremble for our youth; Teach them, Lord, thy saving truth; Join them to thy faithful few; Be to them a refuge too.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

electrical april 1994 III.

Winter.

- 1 SEE how rude winter's icy hand Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground! But spring shall soon his rage withstand, And spread new beauties all around.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns, Barren and fruitless I remain; When will the gentle spring return, And bid my graces grow again?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise!
 'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
 Oh! hush these storms, and clear my skies,
 And let me feel thy vital love?
- 4 Dear Lord regard my feeble cry, I faint and droop till thou appear; Will thou permit thy plant to die? Must it be winter all the year?
- 5 Be still my soul, and wait his hour, With humble prayer, and patient faith; Till he reveals his gracious power, Repose on what his promise saith.

6 He, by whose all-commanding word, Seasons their changing course maintain, In every change a pledge affords, That none shall seek his face in vain.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

Waiting for Spring.

- 1 THOUGH cloudy skies, and northern blasts,
 Retard the gentle spring awhile;
 The sun will conqueror prove at last,
 And nature wear a vernal smile.
- 2 The promise which, from age to age, Has brought the changing seasons round, Again shall calm the winter's rage, Perfume the air, and paint the ground.
- [3 The virtue of that first command, I know still does and will prevail, That while the earth itself shall stand, The spring and summer shall not fail.
- 4 Such changes are for us decreed; Believers have their winters too; But spring shall certainly succeed, And all their former life renew.]
- 5 Winter and spring have each their use, And each, in turn, his people know; One kills the weeds their hearts produce, The other makes their graces grow.

- 6 Though like dead trees awhile they seem, Yet having life within their root, The welcome spring's reviving beam Draws forth their blossoms, leaves, and fruit.
- 7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
 It feels no change though spring return:
 It's leafless, naked, barren head,
 Proclaims it only fit to burn.
- 8 Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring, Thou know'st our winter has been long: Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing, And thy rich grace shall be our song.

HYMN CCXL.

Spring

- 1 BLEAK winter is subdu'd at length, Compell'd to yield the day: The sun returning in his strength, Drives all the storms away.
- 2 Behold the youthful spring is come,
 How alter'd is the scene!The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,
 The earth array'd in green.
- 3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet,
 The flowers spontaneous spring;
 And warbling birds, in concert sweet,
 Invite our hearts to sing.

- 4 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt;
 I feel 'tis winter still within,
 Though all is spring without.
- 5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high
 Break through these clouds and shine!
 No creature then more blest than I,
 No song more loud than mine.
- 6 Till then---no softly-warbling thrush,
 Nor cowslip's sweet perfume,
 Nor beauties of each painted bush,
 Can dissipate my gloom.
- [7 To Adam, soon as he transgress'd, Thus Eden bloom'd in vain; Not paradise could give him rest, Or sooth his heart-felt pain.
- 8 Yet here an emblem I perceive
 Of what the Lord can do;
 Dear Saviour, help me to believe,
 That I may flourish too.
- 9 Thy word can soon my hopes revive, Can overcome my foes, And make my languid graces thrive, And blossom like the rose.

HYMN CCXLI.

Another.

- 1 PLEASING spring again is here!
 Trees and fields in bloom appear!
 Hark! the birds, with artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise!
 Where, in winter, all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow;
 And the corn in green array,
 Promises a harvest-day.
- 2 What a change has taken place,
 Emblem of the spring of grace;
 How the soul in winter mourns,
 'Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
 Till the Spirit's gentle rain,
 Bids the heart revive again,
 Then the stone is turn'd to flesh,
 Then each grace springs forth afresh.
- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me!
 Let me feel like what I see;
 Ah! my winter has been long,
 Chill'd my hopes, and stopp'd my song!
 Winter threatened to destroy
 Faith, and love, and every joy;
 If thy life was in the root,
 Still I could not yield thee fruit.

- 4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice Make my drooping soul rejoice; O beloved Saviour, haste,
 Tell me all the storms are past:
 On thy garden deign to smile,
 Raise the plants, enrich the soil;
 Soon thy presence will restore
 Life to what seem'd dead before.
- 5 Lord, I long to be at home,
 Where these changes never come!
 Where the saints no winter fear,
 Where 'tis spring throughout the year:
 How unlike the state below!
 There the flowers unwithering blow!
 There no chilling blasts annoy;
 All is love, and bloom, and joy.

HYMN CCXLII.

Harvest.

NEWTON.

1 SEE! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and vallies smile!
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil;
Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinn'd but thou art good.

- 2 While I view the plenteous grain
 As it ripens on the stalk,
 May I not instruction gain
 Helpful to my daily walk?
 All this plenty of the field
 Was produc'd from foreign seeds;
 For the earth itself would yield
 Only crops of useless weeds.
- 3 Though, when newly sown, it lay Hid awhile beneath the ground, (Some might think it thrown away), Now a large increase is found: Though conceal'd, it was not lost, Though it dy'd, it lives again; Eastern storms, and nipping frost, Have opposed it's growth in vain.
- 4 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
 As the benefit is our's!
 He, in season, still affords
 Kindly heat, and gentle showers:
 By his care the produce thrives,
 Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
 And when harvest time arrives,
 Ready for the reaper stands.
- 5 Thus in barren hearts he sows
 Precious seeds of heavenly joy,
 Sin and hell in vain oppose,
 None this harvest can destroy:
 Threatened oft, yet still it blooms,
 After many changes past,
 Death, the reaper, when he comes,
 Finds it fully ripe at last.

HYMN CCXLIII.

Saturday Evening.

- 1 SAFELY through another week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, On th' approaching sabbath-day: Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
 Through the week our praise demand;
 Guarded by Almighty power,
 Fed and guided by his hand:
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace, Through the dear Redeemer's name, Shew thy reconciled face, Shine away our sin and shame; From our worldly care set free, May we rest this night with thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise, May we feel thy presence near! May thy glory meet our eyes When we in thy house appear! There afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief for all complaints: Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church above!

HYMN CCXLIV.

On opening a Place of Worship.

- [1 O LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust, thou art!
 Kindle a flame of heavenly fire,
 In every waiting heart.]
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear, Thy presence now display;As thou hast given a place for prayer, So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Shew us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.
- 4 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell;
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

6 May we in faith receive thy word, In faith present our prayers; And, in the presence of our Lord, Unbosom all our cares.

7 And may the gospel's joyful sound, Enforc'd by mighty grace, Awaken many sinners round, To come and fill the place.

HYMN CCXLV.

On the Death of a Believer.

- IN vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saints,
 When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks;
 We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all it's efforts fail,
 To trace her in her flight;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.

- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
 His face they always view;Then let us followers be of them,
 That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal, Should make their memory dear; And Lord, do thou the prayers fulfil They offer'd for us here!
- [7 While they have gain'd, we losers are,
 We miss them day by day:
 But thou canst every breach repair,
 And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray, as in Elisha's case,When great Elijah went,May double portions of thy grace,To us who stay, be sent!

HYMN CCXLVI.

The tolling Bell.

NEWTON.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks the departure of a soul, Let each one ask himself, "Am I Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath Preserves me from the jaws of death; Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone, And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go;
 Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee, And seek my hope alone in thee; Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give, Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear, If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear; Nor would the thought distressing be, Perhaps it next may toll for me.
- 6 Rather, my spirit would rejoice;
 And long, and wish, to hear thy voice;
 Glad when it bids me earth resign,
 Secure of heaven, if thou art mine.

HYMN CCXLVII.

A Welcome to Christian Friends.

NEWTON.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake, A hearty welcome here receive; May we together now partake, The joys which only he can give!

- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given To know the Saviour's precious name; And shortly we shall meet in heaven, Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet, Send his good Spirit from above, Make our communications sweet, And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme, When Christians see each other thus; We only wish to speak of him, Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said, And suffer'd for us here below; The path he mark'd for us to tread, And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 While hastens on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

The Day of Judgment.

NEWTON.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons,
Will the sinner's heart confound.

3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature shaken
By his looks prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee!

4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
When the Saviour cries, "Depart."
When the lightning,
From his awful eyes shall dart.

5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
This the Christian's joys shall raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise;
He shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

HYMN CCXLIX.

Lightening in the Night; or, transient Comfort.

- 1 A GLANCE from heaven, with sweet effects,
 Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers;
 But ere I can my thoughts collect,
 As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightening in the gloom of night Affords a momentary day; Disclosing objects full in sight, Which soon as seen are snatch'd away.
- 3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes!
 They do but aggravate my pain;
 While darkness quickly intervenes,
 And swallows up my joys again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief?
 Though short, it was a precious view,
 Sent to controul my unbelief,
 And prove that what I read is true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create. The opening prospect it reveal'd; But only shew'd the real state. Of what the darkness had conceal'd.

- 6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
 The glorious things within the veil;
 That, when in darkness, we may learn
 To live by faith, till light prevail.
- 7 The Lord's great day will soon advance, Dispersing all the shades of night; Then we no more shall need a glance, But see by an eternal light.

HYMN CCL.

The Alarm.

- PAUSE, ye wanderers, pause, and think
 Before ye farther go;
 Sport not on the awful brink
 Of everlasting woe;
 On the verge of ruin stop—
 Now the friendly warning take—
 Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
 Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear ye not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 Which his justice shall proclaim,
 When the earth shall melt away
 Before th' avenging flame?

3 Soon the King of Fears will come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson die;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Sinners who despise his grace)
On the senseless rocks to fall
And hide them from his face.

5 But for you there yet is hope,
You may his mercy know;
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
He invites the wanderers home;
None who come shall be denied,
He says—"There still is room!"

HYMN CCLI.

The Storm hushed.

NEWTON.

1 TIS past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my sun appears.

- [2 The tempter, who but lately said,I soon shall be his prey,Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fledWith shame and grief away.
- 3 Ah! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face,
 What has my soul endur'd?
 But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
 And all my wounds are cur'd!]
- 4 Oh wonderous change! but just before
 Despair beset me round,
 I heard the lion's horrid roar,
 And trembled at the sound.
- 5 Before corruption, guilt, and fear, My comforts blasted fell; And unbelief discover'd near The dreadful depths of hell.
- 6 But Jesus pity'd my distress,
 He heard my feeble cry,
 Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 7 Beneath the banner of his love
 I now secure remain;
 The tempter frets, but dares not move,
 To break my peace again.
- 8 Lord, since thou thus hast broke my bands,

And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to thee.

HYMN CCLII.

The Effort.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By sorrow sore opprest,
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, Thou hast dy'd.
- 5 Oh wonderous love! to bleed and die,To bear the cross and shame,That guilty sinners, such as I,Might plead thy gracious name!
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
 My promis'd grace receive;"
 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe.

HYMN CCLIII.

Confession and Prayer.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- OH may the power which melts the rock
 Be felt by all assembled here!
 Or else our service will but mock
 The God whom we profess to fear!
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land,
 Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
 We own thy just uplifted hand,
 Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot; While other nations far and near, Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- [4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
 The glorious gospel brightly shone;
 And oft our enemies have felt
 That God has made our cause his own.]
- 5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
 Our vile requital of his love!
 We, whom like children he has rear'd,

- [6 His grace despis'd, his power defy'd, And legions of the blackest crimes, Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride, Are signs that mark the present times.]
- 7 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd his rod;
 Ah, where are now the faithful few
 Who tremble for the ark of God,
 And know what Israel ought to do?
- 8 Lord, hear thy people every where, Who meet to mourn, confess and pray; The nation and thy churches spare, And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

HYMN CCLIV.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow In faith, and love, and every grace; Might more of his salvation know, And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray, And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer; But it has been in such a way, As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour, At once he'd answer my request; And by his love's constraining power, Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel The hidden evils of my heart; And let the angry powers of hell Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd Intent to aggravate my woe; Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd, Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd, Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death? "Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd, "I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ, From self and pride to set thee free; And break thy schemes of earthly joy, That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

HYMN CCLV.

The Child.

NEWTON.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart, Make me teachable and mild. Upright, simple, free from art, Make me as a weaned child: From distrust and envy free,

Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
 Fears to stir a step alone:
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles, Safe from dangers, free from fears, May I live upon thy smiles, Till the promis'd hour appears, When the sons of God shall prove All their Father's boundless love.

HYMN CCLVI.

Home in View.

- 1 AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'er-looking hill,
 His heart revives, if cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot, He slights the space that lies between; His past fatigues are now forgot, Because his journey's end is seen.

- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views, By faith, his mansion in the skies, The sight his fainting strength renews, And wings his speed to reach the prize:
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers, No more he grieves for troubles past; Nor any future trial fears, So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell With Jesus in the realms of day; Then I shall bid my cares farewell, And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

HYMN CCLVII.

The Way of Access.

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
 Pierces all nature through;
 Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford
 A shelter from thy view!
- 2 The mighty whole, each smaller part,
 At once before thee lies;
 And every thought of every heart
 Is open to thine eyes.

- 3 Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
 Thou see'st my inward frame;
 To thee I always stand reveal'd
 Exactly as I am.
- 4 Since therefore I can hardly bear What in myself I see;
 Oh! how impure must I appear,
 Most holy God, to thee!
- 5 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dy'd in blood,
 'Tis he, instead of me, is seen,
 When I approach to God!
- 6 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe;
 He pleads before the throne
 His life and death in my behalf,
 And calls my sins his own.
- 7 What wondrous love, what mysteries,
 In his appointment shine!
 My breaches of the law are his,
 And his obedience mine.

HYMN CCLVIII.

Prayer for the Lord's promised Presence.

NEWTON.

1 SON of God! thy people's shield!
Must we still thine absence mourn?
Let thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, "I will return!"

- 2 Gracious Leader! now appear—Shine upon us with thy light!
 Like the spring, when thou art near,
 Days and suns are doubly bright!
- 3 As a mother counts the days,
 Till her absent son she see,
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays—
 So our spirits long for thee!
- 4 Come, and let us feel thee nigh, Then thy sheep shall feed in peace; Plenty bless us from on high, Evil from among us cease!
- 5 Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn, Golden days afford us long!
 Thus we pray at early dawn—
 This shall be our evening song.

HYMN CCLIX.

Peace restored.

- 1 OH! speak that gracious word again, And cheer my broken heart! No voice but thine can sooth my pain, Or bid my fears depart!
- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own
 A wretch so vile as I?
 And may I still approach thy throne,
 And Abba, Father, cry?

- 3 Oh, then, let saints and angels join,
 And help me to proclaim
 The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
 And put my foes to shame!
- 4 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
 Has turn'd my night to day:
 And his salvation's joys restor'd,
 Which I had sinn'd away.
- 5 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,Thy grace is all divine;Oh, keep me, that I sin no more,Against such love as thine.

HYMN CCLX.

The Believer's Safety.

- 1 THAT man no guard or weapon needs Whose heart the blood of Jesus knows; But safe may pass, if duty leads, Through burning sands, or mountain snows.
- 2 Releas'd from guilt, he feels no fear; Redemption is his shield and tower; He sees his Saviour always near To help in every trying hour.
- 3 Though I am weak, and Satan strong And often to assault me tries, When Jesus is my shield and song, Abash'd the wolf before me flies.

- 4 His love possessing I am blest, Secure whatever change may come: Whether I go to east or west, With him I still shall be at home.
- 5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole, Though winter reigns with rigour there; His gracious beams would cheer my soul, And make a spring throughout the year.
- 6 Or, if the desert's sun-burnt soil
 My lonely dwelling e'er should prove,
 His presence would support my toil,
 Whose smile is life, whose voice is love.

HYMN CCLXI.

Man by Nature, Grace, and Glory.

- LORD, what is man! extremes how wide,
 In this mysterious nature join!
 The flesh to worms and dust ally'd,
 The soul immortal and divine!
- 2 Divine at first, a holy flame Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
 Till stain'd by sin, it soon became
 The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

- 3 But Jesus, oh! amazing grace!
 Assum'd our nature as his own,
 Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.
- 4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
- 5 And what, in yonder realms above, Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be? With honour, holiness, and love, No seraph more adorn'd than he.
- 6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
 While wondering angels round him
 throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

COWPER.

HYMN CCLXII.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

COWPER.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!

- Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void,
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast:
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CCLXIII.

Jehovah-Jireh. The Lord will provide. Gen. xxii. 14.

COWPER.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

- 2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife, God saw, and said, "Forbear;" Yon ram shall yield his meaner life; Behold the victim there.
- 3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
 But hark! the foe's at hand;*
 Saul turns his arms another way,
 To save th' invaded land.
- 4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave, He thought to rise no more;† But God prepar'd a fish to save, And bear him to the shore.
- 5 Blest proofs of power and grace divine,
 That meet us in his word!
 May every deep-felt care of mine
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
 And though it tarry, wait:
 The promise may be long delay'd,
 But cannot come too late.

^{*} Sam. xxiii. 7.

HYMN CCLXIV.

Jehovah-Rophi—I am the Lord that healeth thee. Exod. xv.

- HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are, Waiting to feel thy touch:
 Deep wounded souls to thee repair, And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
 We faintly trust thy word;
 But wilt thou pity us the less?
 Be that far from thee, Lord!
- 3 Remember him who once applied
 With trembling for relief;
 " Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
 " O help my unbelief."
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
 And healing virtue stole,
 Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 5 Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
 She would have shunn'd thy view;
 And if her faith was firm and strong,
 Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
 To touch thee if we may;
 Oh! send us not despairing home,
 Send none unheal'd away.

HYMN CCXLV.

Jehovah-Nisi---The Lord my Banner. Exod. xvii. 15.

- 1 BY whom was David taught
 To aim the dreadful blow,
 When he Goliah fought,
 And laid the Gittite low?
 No sword nor spear the stripling took,
 But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 "Twas Israel's God and king
 Who sent him to the fight;
 Who gave him strength to sling,
 And skill to aim aright.
 Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
 Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
 To storm th' invader's camp,
 With arms of little worth,
 A pitcher and a lamp?
 The trumpets made his coming known,
 And all the host was overthrown.
- 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
 When with a single word,
 God helping me to say,
 My trust is in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.

5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his servant to the end.

HYMN CCLXVI.

Jehovah-Shalem---The Lord send Peace. Judges, vi. 24.

- JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd To satisfy the law's demand; By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd, Before the Father's face I stand.
- 2 To reconcile offending man—
 Make Justice drop her angry rod—
 What creature could have form'd the
 plan,
 Or who fulfil it but a God?
- 3 No drop remains of all the curse, For wretches who deserv'd the whole; No arrows dipt in wrath to pierce The guilty, but returning soul.
- 4 Peace by such means so dearly bought, What rebel could have hop'd to see; Peace, by his injur'd Sovereign wrought, His Sovereign fastened to the tree.

- 5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
 For strife with earth and hell begins;
 Confirm and gird me for the war,
 They hate the soul that hates his sins.
- 6 Let them in horrid league agree!
 They may assault, they may distress:
 But cannot quench thy love to me,
 Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

HYMN CCLXVII.

Vanity of the World.

- 1 GOD gives his mercies to be spent; Your hoard will do your soul no good; Gold is a blessing only lent, Repaid by giving others food.
- 2 The world's esteem is but a bribe,
 To buy their peace you sell your own:
 The slave of a vain-glorious tribe,
 Who hate you while they make you
 known.
- 3 The joy that vain amusements give, Oh! sad conclusion that it brings! The honey of a crowded hive, Defended by a thousand stings.
- 4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 That live upon her treacherous smiles:
 She leads them blindfold, by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.'

- 5 God knows the thousands who go down From pleasure into endless woe; And with a long despairing groan Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 6 O fearful thought! be timely wise; Delight but in a Saviour's charms; And God shall take you to the skies, Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

HYMN CCLXVIII.

O Lord, I will praise thee! Isaiah, xii.

- ¹ I WILL praise thee every day, Now thine anger's turn'd away! Comfortable thoughts arise From the bleeding sacrifice.
- Here, in the fair gospel-field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life, a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length My salvation and my strength; And his praises shall prolong, While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame!
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound, Let the nations roll it round! Zion, shout, for this is he, God the Saviour dwells in thee!

HYMN CCLXIX.

The contrite Heart. Isa. lvii. 15.

- THE Lord will happiness divine On contrite hearts bestow: Then tell me, gracious God, is mine A contrite heart or no?
- I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
 Insensible as steel;
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
 To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
 To love thee, if I could;
 But often feel another mind,
 Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
 I fain would strive for more;
 But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
 Seem weaker than before.
- Thy saints are comforted, I know,
 And love thy house of prayer;
 I therefore go where others go,
 But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ach; Decide this doubt for me; And if it be not broken, break, And heal it if it be.

HYMN CCLXX.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church. Isaiah, lx. 15—20.

- HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you;
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden, Pleasures without end shall flow:
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding, All his bounty shall bestow:
 Still in undisturb'd possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Never hear of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending, Waning moons no more shall see; But, your griefs for ever ending, Find eternal noon in me:

God shall rise, and shining o'er you, Change to day the gloom of night; He, the Lord, shall be your glory, God your everlasting light."

HYMN CCLXXI.

Jehovah our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- ¹ MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
 But mine polluted are;
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And slides into my prayer.
- When I would speak what thou hast done
 To save me from my sin,
 I cannot make thy mercies known
 But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame Thy grace creates in me; Alas! impatience is it's name, When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
 How does it overflow?
 While self upon the surface floats,
 Still bubbling from below.
- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress
 Of fancied merit shine,
 The Lord shall be my righteousness,
 The Lord for ever mine.

HYMN CCLXXII.

The Covenant, Ezek, xxxvi. 25-28.

COWPER.

- THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad, "Behold I change your hearts of stone; Each shall renounce his idol-god, And serve henceforth the Lord alone.
- 2 " My grace, a flowing stream, proceeds To wash your filthiness away: Ye shall abhor your former deeds, And learn my statues to obey.
- 3 "My truth the great design insures, I give myself away to you; You shall be mine, I will be yours, Your God unalterably true.
- 4 "Yet not unsought, or unimplor'd, The plenteous grace shall I confer;* No-your whole hearts shall seek the Lord.

I'll put a praying spirit there.

5 " From the first breath of life divine, Down to the last expiring hour, The gracious work shall all be mine, Begun and ended in my power."

HYMN CCLXXIII.

Jehovah-Shammah. Exekiel, xlviii. 35.

- AS birds their infant-brood protect;*
 And spread their wings to shelter them;
 Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
 "So will I guard Jerusalem."
- 2 And what then is Jerusalem? This darling object of his care? Where is it's worth in God's esteem? Who built it? who inhabits there?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The-blood of his incarnate Son:
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
 The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on every side, Yet much-belov'd and guarded well, From age to age they have defied The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
 This city has a sure defence;
 Her name is call'd, "The Lord is there,"
 And who has power to drive him thence?

HYMN CCLXXIV.

Praise for the Fountain opened. Zech. xiii. 1.

- THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;O there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose it's power, Till all the ransom'd church of God Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd (Unworthy though I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward, A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN CCLXXV.

The Sower. Matth. xiii. 3.

- YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
 Break up your fallow ground!
 The sower is gone forth to sow,
 And scatter blessings round.
- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil
 Shoots forth a hasty blade;
 But ill repays the sower's toil,
 Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 The thorny ground is sure to baulk
 All hopes of harvest there:
 We find a tall and sickly stalk,
 But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and high-way side
 Receive the trust in vain;
 The watchful birds the spoil divide,
 And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But where the Lord of grace and power Has bless'd the happy field; How plenteous is the golden store The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the same hand that gives the seed
Provide a fruitful place.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

The House of Prayer. Mark, xi. 17.

COWPER.

- 1 THY mansion is the Christian's heart, O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure! Bid the unruly throng depart, And leave the consecrated door.
- 2 Devoted as it is to thee, A thievish swarm frequents the place; They steal away my joys from me, And rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3 There too a sharp designing trade Sin, Satan, and the World maintain; Nor cease to press me, and persuade, To part with ease and purchase pain.
- 4 I know them, and I hate their din, Am weary of the bustling crowd; But while their voice is heard within, I cannot serve thee as I would.
- 5 Oh! for the joy thy presence gives,What peace shall reign when thou art here!Thy presence makes this den of thieves

A calm delightful house of prayer.

6 And if thou make thy temple shine, Yet, self-abas'd, will I adore; The gold and silver are not mine, I give thee what was thine before.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

Martha and Mary. Luke, x. 38-42.

- MARTHA her love and joy express'd By care to entertain her guest: While Mary sat to hear her Lord, And could not bear to lose a word
- 2 The principle in both the same, Produc'd in each a different aim; The one to feast the Lord was led, The other waited to be fed.
- S But Mary chose the better part, Her Saviour's words refresh'd her heart; While busy Martha angry grew, And lost her time and temper too.
- 4 With warmth she to her sister spoke, But brought upon herself rebuke: "One thing is needful, and but one, Why do thy thoughts on many run?"
- 5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd, Encumber'd, hurried, and perplex'd? While trifles so engross our thought, The one thing needful is forgot.

- 6 Lord, teach us this one thing to choose, Which they who gain can never lose; Sufficient in itself alone, And needful, were the world our own.
- 7 Let groveling hearts the world admire, Thy love is all that I require! Gladly I may the rest resign, If the one needful thing be mine!

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

Lovest thou me? John, xxi. 16.

- HARK, my soul! it is the Lord; Tis thy Saviour, hear his word; Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound, And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound; Sought thee wandering, set thee right, Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love, Higher than the heights above: Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon, When the work of grace is done; Partner of my throne shalt be, Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
 - 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint, That my love is weak and faint; Yet I love thee, and adore, Oh for grace to love thee more!

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Prayer for young Persons.

- 1 BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heavenly root;
 But fairest in the youngest shews,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sovereign love!
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there's a stone Within the youngest breast,
 Or half the crimes which you have done Would rob you of your rest.

- 5 For you the public prayer is made, Oh! join the public prayer! For you the secret tear is shed, O shed yourselves a tear!
- 6 We pray that you may early prove The Spirit's power to teach; You cannot be too young to love That Jesus whom we preach.

HYMN CCLXXX.

Prayer for Children.

- GRACIOUS LORD, our Children see,
 By thy mercy we are free;
 But shall these, alas! remain
 Subjects still of Satan's reign;
 Israel's young ones, when of old
 Pharoah threatened to withhold;
 Then thy messenger said, "No;
 Let they children also go."
- When the angel of the Lord,
 Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
 Slew with an avenging hand,
 All the first-born of the land;
 Then thy people's doors he pass'd,
 Where the bloody sign was plac'd;
 Hear us, now, upon our knees,
 Plead the blood of Christ for these?

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
That the fierce, malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight:
Spread thy pinions, King of Kings,
Hide them safe beneath thy wings;
Lest the ravenous bird of prey,
Stoop—and bear the brood away!

HYMN CCLXXXI.

Pleading for and with Youth.

- SIN has undone our wretched race, But Jesus has restor'd, And brought the sinner face to face With his forgiving Lord.
- 2 This we repeat, from year to year,
 And press upon our youth:
 Lord, give them an attentive ear,
 Lord, save them by thy truth.
- 3 Blessings upon the rising race!
 Make this a happy hour,
 According to thy richest grace,
 And thine almighty power.
- 4 We feel for your unhappy state,
 (May you regard it too)
 And would awhile ourselves forget
 To pour out prayer for you.

- 5 We see, though you perceive it not, Th' approaching, awful doom; O tremble at the solemn thought, And flee the wrath to come!
- 6 Dear Saviour, let this new-born year Spread an alarm abroad; And cry in every careless ear, "Prepare to meet thy God!"

HYMN CCLXXXII.

Jehovah Jesus.

CHRISTMAS.

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all, My praise shall climb to his abode; Thee, Saviour, by that name I call, The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline, Object of faith, and not of sense; Eternal ages saw him shine, He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid, Almighty ruler of the sky, As when the six days work he made Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
 Salvation is the dearest claim:
 That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,
 And owns Emmanuel for his name.

- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
 My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
 My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
 To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man, he pities my complaint, His power and truth are all divine; He will not fail, he cannot faint, Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

On re-opening a Place of Worship; or, for a Prayer of Meeting.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
 And every place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd, Inhabitest the humble mind; Such ever bring thee where they come, And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few!
 Thy former mercies here renew;
 Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.

- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer, To strengthen faith, and sweeten care; To teach our faint desires to rise, And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- [5 Behold at thy commanding word, We stretch the curtain and the cord;*
 Come thou, and fill this wider space, And bless us with a large increase.]
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near:
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,
 Oh rend the heavens, come quickly
 down,
 And make a thousand hearts thine own.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

Welcome to the Table.

COWPER.

- 1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
 And God invites to sup:
 The juices of the living vine
 Were press'd, to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,With royal dainties fed:Not heaven affords a costlier treat,For Jesus is the bread.

* Isaiah, liv. ii.

- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,
 Ye trembling souls, appear!
 The righteous in their own esteem
 Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 The banquet spread for you;
 Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place,
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

Jesus hasting to suffer.

- 1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When hasting to Jerusalem,
 He march'd before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
 His every thought engross;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view, And woes to us unknown, Forth to the task his spirit flew; 'Twas love that urg'd him on.

- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
 Our hearts shall sound abroad,
 Salvation to the dying Man,
 And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here Engage our wondering eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

Exhortation to Prayer.

COWPER.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love.

Gives exercise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side;
 But when through weariness they fail'd
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again, Words flow apace when you complain, And fill your fellow-creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent, To Heaven in supplication sent, Your cheerful song would oftener be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

The Light and Glory of the Word.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word, And brings the truth to sight; Precepts and promises afford A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page, Majestic like the sun; It gives a light to every age, It gives, but borrows none.

- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
 The gracious light and heat:
 His truths upon the nations rise,
 They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright-display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
 The steps of him I love;
 Till glory breaks upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

On the Death of a Minister.

- HIS master taken from his head, Elisha saw him go; And in desponding accents said, "Ah, what must Israel do!"
- 2 But he forgot the Lord who lifts
 The beggar to a throne;
 Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
 Were soon to be his own.
- 3 What! when a Paul has run his course, Or when Apollos dies, Is Israel left without resource, And have we no supplies?

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store,
And shall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

The Enchantment dissolved.

- ¹ **B**LINDED in youth by Satan's arts, The world to our unpractis'd hearts
 A flattering prospect shows;
 Our fancy forms a thousand schemes
 Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
 And undisturb'd repose.
- 2 So in the desert's dreary waste,
 By magic power produc'd in haste,
 (As ancient fables say)
 Castles, and groves, and music sweet,
 The senses of the traveller meet,
 And stop him in his way.
- 3 But while he listens with surprise,
 The charm dissolves, the vision dies,
 'Twas but enchanted ground:
 Thus if the Lord our spirit touch,
 The world, which promis'd us so much,
 A wilderness is found.
- 4 At first we start, and feel distress'd, Convinc'd we never can have rest In such a wretched place;

But he whose mercy breaks the charm, Reveals his own almighty arm, And bids us seek his face.

5 Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our sin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend;
We follow him from day to day,
Assur'd of grace through all the way,
And glory at the end.

HYMN CCXC.

The shining Light.

- MY former hopes are fled,
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah whither shall I fly!
 I hear the thunder roar:
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;
 But sure a friendly whisper says,
 "Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimmering from afar;
 A beam of day that shines, for me,
 To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the Pilgrim's way:
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

HYMN CCXCI.

Seeking the Beloved.

- 1 To those who know the Lord, I speak,
 Is my beloved near?
 The bridegroom of my soul I seek,
 Oh! when will he appear!
- 2 Though once a man of grief and shame, Yet now he fills a throne, And bears the greatest, sweetest name, That earth or heaven have known.
- 3 Grace flies before, and love attends
 His steps where'er he goes;
 Though none can see him but his friends,
 And they were once his foes.
- 4 He speaks—obedient to his call Our warm affections move; Did he but shine alike on all, Then all alike would love.
- 5 Then love in every heart would reign,
 And war would cease to roar;
 And cruel and blood-thirsty men
 Would thirst for blood no more.

6 Such Jesus is, and such his grace,
Oh may it shine on you!
And tell him, when you see his face,
I long to see him too.

HYMN CCXCII.

Self-acquaintance.

- 1 DEAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
 Which of itself complains,
 And mourns, with much and frequent
 smart
 The evil it contains.
- 2 There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
 Which often hurt my frame;
 And wait but for the tempter's work
 To fan them to a flame.
- 3 Legality holds out a bribe
 To purchase life from thee;
 And discontent would fain prescribe
 How thou shalt deal with me.
- 4 While unbelief withstands thy grace,
 And puts the mercy by;
 Presumption, with a brow of brass,
 Says, "Give me, or I die."
- 5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
 In quest of what they love!
 But ah! when duty calls them home,
 How heavily they move!

6 Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more!

HYMN CCXCIII.

Prayer for Patience.

- ¹ LORD, who hast suffer'd all for me, My peace and pardon to procure, The lighter cross I bear for thee, Help me with patience to endure.
- 2 The storm of loud repining hush,
 I would in humble silence mourn;
 Why should th' unburnt, though burning
 bush,
 Be angry as the crackling thorn?
- 3 Man should not faint at thy rebuke, Like Joshua falling on his face, When the curs'd thing that Achan took Brought Israel into just disgrace.
- 4 Perhaps some golden wedge suppress'd, Some secret sin offends my God; Perhaps that Babylonish vest, Self-righteousness, provokes the rod.
- 5 Ah! were I buffeted all day,
 Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and spit
 upon:
 I yet should have no right to say,
 My great distress is mine alone.

6 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembring thine.

HYMN CCXCIV.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command, Whose love forbids my fears? Or tremble at the gracious hand That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield What most I prize to thee; Who never hast a good withheld, Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

HYMN CCXCV.

The happy Change.

- 1 HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
 When with a single eye
 He views the lustre of thy word,
 The day spring from on high!
- 2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,And frown on earthly things,The sun of righteousness he eyes,With healing on his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.
- 4 The soul, a dreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And owns a heavenly reign.
- 5 The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year controul,
 Since first, obedient to thy word,
 He started from the goal.

6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

HYMN CCXCVI.

Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where Satan wages still His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with that peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
 Her solitary lays;
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life, Sweet source of light divine, And (all harmonious names in one) My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

HYMN CCXCVII.

The Christian.

- 1 HONOUR and happiness unite
 To make the christian's name a praise:
 How fair the scene, how clear the light,
 That fills the remnant of his days!
- 2 A kingly character he bears,
 No change his priestly office knows;
 Unfading is the crown he wears,
 His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high, Salvation shines upon his face; His robe is of th' ethereal dye, His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honours he disdains,
 Nor stoops to take applause from earth:
 The King of kings himself maintains
 Th' expences of his heavenly birth.
- 5 The noblest creature seen below, Ordain'd to fill a throne above; God gives him all he can bestow, His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

Lively Hope and gracious Fear.

- I WAS a grovelling creature once,
 And basely cleav'd to earth:
 I wanted spirit to renounce
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,And sent me from above,Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
 And there delighted stand,
 To view beneath a shining sky,
 The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain
 Has promis'd it to me;
 The length and breadth of all the plain,
 As far as faith can see.
- 5 How glorious is my privilege!
 To thee for help I call;
 I stand upon a mountain's edge,
 Oh save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

HYMN CCXCIX.

My Soul thirsteth for God.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did, The vain delights of earth to share: Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
 First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee, That quickens all things where it flows, And makes a wretched thorn, like me, Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
 No longer sink below the brim;
 But overflow, and pour me down
 A living, and life-giving stream!
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share The notice of thy Father's eye, None proves less grateful to his care, Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN CCC.

Love constraining to Obedience.

- NO strength of nature can suffice
 To serve the Lord aright;
 And what she has, she misapplies,
 For want of clearer light.
- 2 How long beneath the law I lay
 In bondage and distress!
 I toil'd the precept to obey,
 But toil'd without success.
- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin,
 Was more than I could do;
 Now, if I feel it's power within,
 I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then all my servile works were done
 A righteousness to raise;
 Now, freely chosen in the Son,
 I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,
 That I may worthier grow?
 What shall I render to thee, Lord?
 Is my inquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd, And hear his pardoning voice, Changes a slave into a child, And duty into choice.

HYMN CCCI.

Hatred of Sin.

- 1 HOLY Lord God! I love thy truth, Nor dare thy least commandment slight; Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth, I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within, Hope bids me still with patience wait; Till death shall set me free from sin, Free from the only thing I hate.
- 3 Had I a throne above the rest, Where angels and archangels dwell; One sin, unslain within my breast, Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air, And bless'd with liberty again, Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh! no foe invades the bliss, When glory crowns the Christian's head; One view of Jesus as he is, Will strike all sin for ever dead.

HYMN CCCII.

The New Convert.

- 1 THE new-born child of gospel-grace Like some fair tree when summer's nigh, Beneath Emmanuel's shining face, Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fears he feels, he sees no foes, No conflict yet his faith employs, Nor has he learnt to whom he owes The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts it's cruel sting, And comforts singing day by day; What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring, Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his numerous host, The Lord "soon made his numbers less; And said, lest Israel vainly boast, "My arm procur'd me this success."
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down, And draw our ebbing comforts low, That sav'd by grace, but not our own, We may not claim the praise we owe.

HYMN CCCIII.

A living and a dead Faith.

- 1 THE Lord receives his highest praise From humble minds and hearts sincere; While all the loud professor says Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day,
 To mark the precept's holy light,
 To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
 Shew who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord, To purchase pardon for his own; Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd, Return the Saviour words alone.
- 4 With golden bells, the priestly vest, And rich pomegranates border'd round, The need of holiness express'd, And call'd for fruit as well as sound.
- 5 Easy, indeed, it were to reach
 A mansion in the courts above,
 If swelling words and fluent speech
 Might serve, instead of faith and love.
- 6 But none shall gain the blissful place, Or God's unclouded glory see, Who talk of free and sovereign grace, Unless that grace has made them free.

HYMN CCCIV.

The narrow Way.

- 1 WHAT thousands never knew the road!
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end, One only leads to joys on high; By that my willing steps ascend, Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find Delight or happiness below; Sorrow may well possess the mind That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above;
 There glory without end shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms, Contented lick your native dust; But God shall fight with all his storms, Against the idol of your trust.

HYMN CCCV.

Not of Works.

- 1 GRACE, triumphant on the throne, Scorns a rival, reigns alone!
 Come, and bow beneath her sway,
 Cast your idol-works away.
 Works of man, when made his plea,
 Never shall accepted be;
 Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm!)
 Are the best he can perform.
- 2 Self, the god his soul adores,
 Influences all his powers;
 Jesus is a slighted name,
 Self-advancement all his aim:
 But when God the Judge shall come,
 To pronounce the final doom,
 Then for rocks and hills to hide
 All his works and all his pride!
- 3 Still the boasting heart replies,
 What! the worthy and the wise,
 Friends to temperance and peace,
 Have not these a righteousness?
 Banish every vain pretence
 Built on human excellence;
 Perish every thing in man,
 But the grace that never can.

HYMN CCCVI.

Dependance.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand Supplies the living stream; It is not at our own command, But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And even an angel would be weak
 Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide;
 This more exalts the King of kings,
 Than all your works beside.
- 5 In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from his throne;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

HYMN CCCVII.

Grace and Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King whose wondrous hand
 Supports the weight of sea and land;
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,
 No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food, And 'tis thy blessing makes it good; My soul is nourish'd by thy word, Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came, From him who built this earthly frame; Whate'er I want his bounty gives, By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain, Or, if I feel it, heals again; From Satan's malice shields my breast, Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low, Beneath the gratitude I owe! It means thy praise, however poor, An angel's song can do no more!

HYMN CCCVIII.

Jesus seen in the Seasons; or, I will praise the Lord at all Times.

- 1 WINTER has a joy for me, While the Saviour's charms I read Lowly, meek, from blemish free, In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along Life-invigorating suns:
 Hark! the turtle's plaintive song, Seems to speak his dying groans!
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms
 All expressive of his worth;
 Tis his sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth.
- 4 What, has autumn left to say Nothing of a Saviour's grace; Yes, the beams of milder day Tell me of his smiling face.
- 5 Light appears with early dawn; While the sun makes haste to rise, See his bleeding beauties drawn On the blushes of the skies.
- 6 Evening with a silent pace, Slowly moving in the west, Shews an emblem of his grace, Points to an eternal rest.

HYMN CCCIX.

The Wicked driven away in his Wickedness.

- 1 CAN life in them deserve the name,
 Who only live, to prove
 For what poor toys, they can disclaim
 An endless life above?
- 2 Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel; Much menac'd, nothing dread; Have wounds, which only God can heal, Yet never ask his aid!
- 3 Who deem his house an useless place,
 Faith, want of common sense;
 And ardour in the christian race,
 A hypocrite's pretence!
- 4 If scorn of God's commands, impress'd On word and deed, imply The better part of man, unbless'd With life that cannot die;
- 5 Such want it;—and that want uncur'd Till man resigns his breath,
 Speaks him a criminal, assur'd Of everlasting death.
- 6 Sad period to a pleasant course!
 Yet so will God repay
 Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
 And mercy cast away.

HYMN CCCX.

The Death of the Righteous.

COWPER.

- OH most delightful hour by man Experienc'd here below, The hour that terminates his span, His folly, and his woe!
- 2 "Worlds should not bribe me back to tread,

Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

- 3 "My home henceforth is in the skies, Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!All heaven unfolded to my eyes, I have no sight for you."
- 4 So speaks the christian, firm possess'd Of Faith's supporting rod,
 Then breathes his soul into it's rest,
 The bosom of his God.

HYMN CCCXI.

Life uncertain.

COWPER.

1 LIKE crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

- 2 Green as the bay-tree, ever green
 With it's new foliage on,
 The gay, the thoughtless, I have seen,
 I pass'd—and they were gone.
- 3 Read, ye that run! the solemn truth
 Taught by the sacred page;
 A worm is in the bud of youth,
 And at the root of age.

HYMN CCCXII.

Death forgotten.

- HE who sits from day to day, Where the prison'd lark is hung, Heedless of his loudest lay, Hardly knows that he has sung. Daily visitations come, Publishing to all aloud— Soon the grave must be your home, And your only suit, a shroud.
- 2 But the monitory strain,
 Oft repeated in our ears,
 Seems to sound too much in vain,
 Wins no notice, wakes no fears.
 Pleasure's call attention wins,
 Hear it often as we may;
 New as ever seem our sins,
 Though committed every day.

3 Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell—These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is interr'd.
Oh then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction, come,
Make us learn that we must die!

HYMN CCCXIII.

The Sting of Death is Sin.

COWPER.

WHENCE has the world her magic power?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour.

Recoil from weary life's best hour And covet longer woe?

- 2 The cause is conscience—conscience oft
 Her tale of guilt renews;
 Her voice is terrible, though soft,
 And dread of death ensues.
- 3 Then anxious to be longer spar'd,
 Man mourns his fleeting breath;
 All evils then seem light, compar'd
 With the approach of death.
- 4 'Tis judgment shakes him—there's the fear

That prompts the wish to stay: He has incurr'd a long arrear, And must despair to pay.

5 Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace insures;
Think on the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to your's.

HYMN CCCXIV.

Love of Life.

COWPER.

1 THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;

Though 'tis his privilege to die Would he improve the boon.

- 2 But he not wise enough to scan
 His best concerns aright,
 Would gladly stretch life's little span
 To ages, if he might.
- 3 To ages in a world of pain—
 To ages where he goes
 Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
 And hopeless of repose!
- 4 Strange fondness of the human heart,
 Enamour'd of it's harm!
 Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
 And still has power to charm!
- 5 He lives who lives to God alone;
 And all are dead beside;
 For other source than God is none
 Whence life can be supplied.

GUION.

HYMN CCCXV.

Resignation.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- LONG plung'd in sorrow, I resign
 My soul to that dear hand of thine,
 Without reserve or fear;
 That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes;
 Or into smiles of glad surprise,
 Transform the falling tear.
- 2 My sole possession is thy Love;
 In earth beneath, or heaven above,
 I have no other store;
 And though with fervent suit I pray,
 And importune thee night and day,
 I ask thee nothing more.
- 3 My hours with undiminish'd force
 And speed pursue their destin'd course,
 Obedient to thy will;
 Nor would I murmur at my doom,
 Though still a sufferer from the womb,
 And doom'd to suffer still.
- 4 By thy command, where'er I stray,
 Sorrow attends me all my way,
 A never-failing friend;
 And if my sufferings may augment
 Thy praise, behold me well content—
 Let sorrow still attend!

5 It costs me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all my bitter woes.

HYMN CCCXVI.

The Joy of the Cross.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- ADIEU! ye vain delights of earth;
 Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
 I taste no sweats in you;
 Unknown delights are in the cross,
 All joy beside, to me is dross;
 And Jesus thought so too.
- 2 The Cross! Oh ravishment and bliss—How grateful e'n it's anguish is;
 It's bitterness, how sweet!
 There every sense, and all the mind,
 In all her faculties refin'd,
 Tastes happiness complete.
- 3 Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
 Consults her own peculiar ease;
 'Tis all the bliss she knows:
 But nobler aims true Love employ;
 In self-denial is her joy,
 In suffering her repose.

- 4 Sorrow and Love go side by side;
 Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide
 Their heaven-appointed bands;
 Those dear associates still are one,
 Nor, till the race of life is run,
 Disjoin their wedded hands.
- 5 Jesus, avenger of our fall,
 Thou faithful Lover, above all
 The Cross has ever borne!
 Oh tell me,—Life is in thy voice—
 How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And sloth and ease thy scorn!
- 6 Thy choice, and mine, shall be the same, Inspirer of that holy flame,
 Which must for ever blaze!
 To take the Cross, and follow thee,
 Where love and duty leads, shall be
 My portion and my praise.

HYMN CCCXVII.

Tried Affection.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

OH Thou! whose sacred charms
These hearts so seldom love,
Although thy beauty warms
And blesses all above;
How slow are human things,
To choose their happiest lot!
All-glorious King of Kings,
Say, why we love thee not?

2 This heart, that cannot rest,
 Shall thine for ever prove;
 Though bleeding and distress'd,
 Yet joyful in thy love:
 'Tis happy, though it breaks
 Beneath thy chastening hand;
 And speechless, yet it speaks
 What thou canst understand.

HYMN CCCXVIII.

The Necessity of Self-abasement.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- 1 Source of Light, my brighter Sun, Thou alone my comfort art; See my race is almost run; Hast thou left this trembling heart?
- 2 I am humbled, and laid low, Slain my confidence and pride; Nothing left, but sin and woe, Stript of all I held beside.
- 3 Oh, the vain conceit of man,
 Dreaming of a good his own,
 Arrogating all he can,
 Though the Lord is good alone!
- 4 Such his folly—prov'd at last, By the loss of that repose Self complacence cannot taste,— Which thy grace alone bestows.

- 5 'Tis by this reproof severe, And by this reproof alone, His defects at last appear, Man is to himself made known.
- 6 Learn, all Earth! that feeble Man, Sprung from this terrestrial clod, Nothing is, and nothing can; Life, and power, are all in God.

HYMN CCCXIX.

The Empire of Christ desired.

- 1 AH! reign, wherever man is found,
 My Lord beloved and divine!
 Then shall my noblest joys abound,
 When every human heart is thine.
- 2 A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
 To think that all are not thine own:
 Ah! be ador'd from pole to pole;
 Where is thy zeal? arise; be know!
- 3 All hearts are cold, in every place,
 Yet earthly good with warmth pursue;
 Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
 Thaw these of ice, and give us new!

HYMN CCCXX.

Aspirations of the Soul after God.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

1 MY Lord! in whose presence I live,
Whose favour alone I desire;
To whom all the hopes I conceive,
With ardent devotion aspire;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free.
I find even sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assign'd me by thee.

2 Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
To thee this best gift I resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

3 My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh finish what grace has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze;
"Tis all that is left to me now.

4 Oh glory, in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of Deity toss'd,
I am swallow'd, I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King;
And though overwhelm'd by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

HYMN CCCXXI.

Gratitude and Love to God.

- 1 ALL are indebted much to thee,
 But I far more than all,
 From many a deadly snare set free,
 And rais'd from many a fall.
 Overwhelm me, from above,
 Daily, with thy boundless love.
- 2 What bonds of gratitude I feel,
 No language can declare;
 Beneath th' oppressive weight I reel,
 'Tis more than I can bear:
 When shall I that blessing prove,
 To return thee love for love?
- 3 Spirit of Charity, dispense
 Thy grace to every heart;
 Expel all other spirits thence,
 Drive self from every part;
 Charity divine, draw nigh,
 Break the chains in which we lie!

- 4 All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
 Have still a slavish lot;
 They boast of liberty in vain,
 Of love, and feel it not.
 He whose bosom glows with Thee,
 He, and he alone is free.
- 5 Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
 When thy pure fires prevail!
 Love only teaches what is love;
 All other lessons fail:
 We learn it's name, but not it's pow'rs,
 Experience only makes it ours.

HYMN CCCXXII.

Living Water.

- 1 THE fountain in it's source,
 No drought of summer fears;
 The farther it pursues it's course,
 The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
 A scanty, short supply;
 The morning sees them amply fill'd,
 At evening they are dry.
- *3 The cisterns I forsake,
 O Fount of bliss, for Thee;
 My thirst with living waters slake,
 And drink eternity.

^{*} Additional lines.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

Truth and Divine Love rejected by the World.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
 O simple truth, scarce known on earth!
 Whom men resist with stubborn will;
 And more perverse and daring still,
 Smother and quench with reasonings vain,
 While error and deception reign.
- 2 Whence comes it, that, your power the same
 As His on high from whence you came,
 Ye rarely find a listening ear,
 Or heart that makes you welcome here?

—Because ye bring reproach and pain, Where'er ye visit in your train.

- 3 The world is proud and cannot bear The scorn and calumny ye share; The praise of men the mark they mean, They fly the place where ye are seen; Pure love, with scandal in the rear, Suits not the vain; it costs too dear.
- 4 Then, let the price be what it may,
 Though poor, I am prepar'd to pay;
 Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
 Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears;
 One soul, at least, shall not repine,
 To give you room; come, reign in mine!

HYMN CCCXXIV.

The Testimony of Divine Adoption.

- 1 HOW happy are the new-born race,
 Partakers of adopting grace;
 How pure the bliss they share!
 Hid from the world and all it's eyes,
 Within their heart the blessing lies,
 And conscience feels it there.
- 2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
 And if we love with all our powers
 The God from whom it came;
 And if we serve with hearts sincere,
 'Tis still discernible and clear,
 An undisputed claim.
- 3 But ah! if foul and wilful sin
 Stain and dishonour us within,
 Farewell the joy we knew;
 Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
 In labyrinths of our own we stray,
 Without a guide or clue.
- 4 The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
 The gracious spirit they receive,
 His work distinctly trace;
 And strong in undissembling love,
 Boldly assert and clearly prove,
 Their hearts his dwelling place.

HYMN CCCXXV.

The Spirit of Peace.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- 1 O MESSENGER of dear delight, Whose voice dispels the deepest night, Sweet peace-proclaiming dove! With thee at hand to sooth our pains, No wish unsatisfied remains, No task, but that of love.
- 2 'Tis love unites what sin divides; The centre where all bliss resides, To which the soul once brought, Reclining on the First great cause, From his abounding sweetness draws Peace passing human thought.
- 3 Sorrow forgoes it's nature there,
 And life assumes a tranquil air,
 Divested of it's woes;
 There, sovereign goodness soothes the
 breast,
 Till there is a public of root.

Till then incapable of rest, In sacred sure repose.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

Self-diffidence.

- 1 SOURCE of love and Light of day,
 Tear me from myself away;
 Every view and thought of mine,
 Cast into the mould of thine;
 Teach, oh teach this faithless heart
 A consistent, constant part;
 Or, if living, it must grow
 More rebellious, break it now!
- 2 Is it thus that I requite
 Grace and goodness infinite?
 Every trace of every boon,
 Cancell'd, and eras'd, so soon!
 Can I grieve thee, whom I love;
 Thee, in whom I live and move?
 If my sorrow touch thee still,
 Save me from so great an ill!
- 3 Oh! th' oppressive, irksome weight, Felt in an uncertain state; Comfort, peace, and rest adieu, Should I prove at last untrue! Still I choose thee, follow still Every notice of thy will; But unstable, strangely weak, Still let slip the good I seek.

- 4 Self-confiding wretch, I thought, I could serve thee as I ought, Win thee, and deserve to feel All the grace thou canst reveal! Trusting self, a bruised reed. Is to be deceiv'd indeed:

 Save me from this harm and loss, Lest my gold turn all to dross!
- 5 Self is earthly—Faith alone
 Makes an unseen world our own:
 Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
 Feel our way, and leave our home!
 Spurious gems our hopes entice,
 While we scorn the pearl of price;
 And preferring servants' pay,
 Cast the children's bread away.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

Repose in God.

- 1 BLEST! who far from all mankind, This world's shadows left behind, Hears from heaven a gentle strain Whispering love, and loves again.
- 2 Blest! who free from self-esteem, Dives into the Great Supreme, All desire beside discards, Joys inferior none regards.

3 Blest! who in thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in thee, thou King of Kings!

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

Love pure and fervent.

- JEALOUS, and with love o'erflowing.
 God demands a fervent heart;
 Grace and bounty still bestowing,
 Calls us to a grateful part.
- 2 Oh, then, with supreme affection,
 His paternal will regard!
 If it cost us some dejection,
 Every sigh has it's reward.
- 3 Perfect love has power to soften
 Cares that might our peace destroy;
 Nay, does more—transforms them often,
 Changing sorrow into joy.
- 4 Sovereign love appoints the measure, And the number of our pains; And is pleas'd when we find pleasure In the trials he ordains.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

The entire Surrender.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

- 1 PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face, And woos thy soul to her embrace; Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain From earthly love, else sought in vain; She dwells with all who truth prefer, But seeks not them who seek not her.
- 2 Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
 All that thou hast, and all thou art;
 Renounce all strength but strength divine,
 And peace shall be for ever thine:
 Behold the path the saints have trod,
 The path which led them home to God.

HYMN CCCXXX.

God hides his People.

- 1 TO lay the soul that loves him low, Becomes the Only-wise;
 To hide beneath a veil of woe The children of the skies.
- 2 Man, though a worm, would yet be great;
 Though feeble, would seem strong:
 Assumes an independent state,
 By sacrilege and wrong.

- 3 Strange the reverse, which, once abas'd,
 The haughty creature proves!
 He feels his soul a barren waste,
 Nor dares affirm, he loves.
- 4 Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
 To God he presses near;
 Superior to the world's disdain,
 And happy in it's sneer.
- 5 Oh welcome, in his heart he says, Humility and shame!Farewel the wish for human praise, The music of a name!

HYMN CCCXXXI.

Resigned Humility.

- 1 AH, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
 To rule thee, and dispose;
 Sweet is the mandate of his word,
 And gracious all he does.
- 2 He draws from human littleness
 His grandeur and renown;
 And humble hearts with joy confess
 The triumph all his own.
- 3 Down then with self-exalting thoughts,
 Thy faith and hope employ
 To welcome all that he allots,
 And suffer shame with joy.

4 No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On his eternal right;
And he shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee his delight.

HYMN CCCXXXII.

Preservation desired; or, O that I had Wings, &c. Ps. lv. 6.

- 1 YE birds, that lessen as ye fly,
 And vanish in the distant sky:
 To whom you airy waste belongs,
 Resounding with your cheerful songs;
 That haste away from human sight,
 And 'scape the closing snare by flight.
- 2 How blest, and how secure am I,
 When quitting earth, I soar on high:
 When lost, like you I disappear,
 And float in a sublimer sphere!
 Whence falling, within human view,
 I am ensnar'd, and caught like you.
- 3 Love, all subduing and divine, Secure a creature truly thine; Reign in a heart dispos'd to own No sovereign but thyself alone; Cherish a soul that would not rove, Nor quit thee for a meaner love!

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

The Soul that loves God finds him every where.

- OH thou by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide;
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment!
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove, To souls impress'd with sacred love; Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee; In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time; My country is in every clime; I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun, The soul finds happiness in none; But with a God to guide our way, 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not, That were indeed a dreadful lot; But regions none remote I call, Secure of finding God in all.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

The same; or, Love to God increased in Tribulation.

- 1 NOR exile I, nor prison fear;
 Love makes my courage great;
 I find a Saviour every where,
 His grace in every state.
- Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
 Exclude his quickening beams;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heavenly themes.
- 3 There, sorrow, for his sake, is found
 A joy beyond compare;
 There, no presumptuous thoughts abound,
 No pride can enter there.
- 4 A Saviour doubles all my joys,
 And sweetens all my pains,
 His strength in my defence employs,
 Consoles me and sustains.
- 5 I fear no ill, resent no wrong;
 Nor feel a passion move,
 When malice whets her sland'rous tongue;
 Such patience is in Love.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

The Love of God, the End of our Existence.

- 1 SINCE life in sorrow must be spent, So be it—I am well content, And meekly wait my last remove, Seeking only growth in Love.
- 2 No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
 In life, in death, thy lovely will;
 No succours in my woes I want,
 Save what thou art pleas'd to grant.
- Our days are number'd, let us spare Our anxious hearts a needless care: 'Tis thine, to number out our days; Ours, to give them to thy praise.
- 4 Love is our only business here, Love, simple, constant, and sincere; O blessed days, thy servant see! Spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee.

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

Glory to God alone.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

1 OH lov'd! but not enough—though dearer far

Than self, and it's most lov'd enjoyments are;

None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free

From sensual objects, finds his all in thee.

2 Glorious, Almighty, First, and Without End!

When wilt thou melt the mountains and descend?

When wilt thou shoot abroad thy conquering rays,

And teach these atoms, thou hast made, thy praise?

- 3 My reason, all my faculties, unite,
 To make thy Glory their supreme delight:
 Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
 That I should rob thee, and usurp thy
 praise!
- 4 My soul! rest happy in thy low estate, Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great;

To take th' impression of a will divine, Be that thy glory, and those riches thine. 5 Confess Him righteous in his just decrees, Love what he loves, and let his pleasure please;

Die daily; from the touch of sin recede; Then thou hast crown'd him and he reigns

indeed.

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

Resignation and Entreaty.

- 1 AH! return, and love me still;
 See my subject to thy will;
 Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
 Only let me see thy face!
 Evil I have none to fear,
 All is good if thou art near.
- 2 Have I sinn'd? Oh say wherein;
 Tell me, and forgive my sin!
 King, and Lord, whom I adore,
 Shall I see thy face no more?
 Be not angry; I resign,
 Henceforth, all my Will to thine.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

God the Creator adored.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

¹ ALMIGHTY former of this wondrous plan,

Faintly reflected in thine image, Man—Holy and just—the Greatness of whose

Fills and supports this universal frame.

2 Diffus'd throughout th' infinitude of space,

Who art thyself thine own vast dwellingplace;

Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours

Discerns, eluding our most active powers.

3 Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,

That veil thy face, and keep thee still unknown:

Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,

Lord of the thoughts, and Sov'reign of the heart!

4 All darkness flies when thou art pleas'd t'appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year;

Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace

The watchful guardians of our heedless

race.

5 Thy various creatures in one strain agree, All, in all times and places, speak of thee; Ev'n I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,

Attempt thy praise, and join the general

song.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

The Nativity; or, Christmas Day.

GUION, TRANSLATED BY COWPER.

¹ YE tempests spare the slumbers of your Lord!

Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!

Confess the God that guides the rolling year;

Heaven, do him homage, and thou,

earth, revere!

2 Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring

Your hearts an offering, and adore your

King!

To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in his repose, And praise him there for all that he bestows. 3 Perverted reason revels, and runs wild, By glittering shews of pomp and wealth beguil'd;

And blind to genuine excellence and

grace,

Finds not her author in so mean a place.

4 Ye unbelieving! act a wiser part,

Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;

Tis there he shall perceive the kindling

flame,

Acknowledging the God from whom it came.

THE WESLEYS.

HYMN CCCXL.

The Spirit entreated; or, the Invitation of Jesus accepted. John vii. 37-39.

C. WESLEY.

1 O SAVIOUR of all, thy word we believe,

And come at thy call, thy grace to re-

ceive:

The blessing is given, wherever thou art, The earnest of Heaven, thy love in the heart. We wait at thy feet; the Comforter give;
 We long to admit thy Spirit, and live:
 The weakest believers acknowledge for thine,
 And fills us with rivers of waters divine.

HYMN CCCXLL

All Things are ready. Matt. xxii. 4. Luke xv. 20. and 10.

- 1 SINNERS, obey the Gospel word!
 Haste to the supper of the Lord!
 Be wise to know your gracious day!
 All things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late-returning son:
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love, E'en now the stony heart to move: T' apply and witness with the blood, And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate:
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN CCCXLII.

The same.

- 1 SINNERS, approach your dying Lord, And find your happiness restor'd: His proffer'd benefits embrace, The plenitude of gospel-grace:
- 2 A pardon written with his blood, The favour and the peace of God; The seeing eye, the feeling sense, The trembling joys of penitence;
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
 The meltings of a broken heart:
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven:
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress, Th' unutterable tenderness; The genuine meek humility; The wonder, "Why such love to me?"
- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace, The sight that veils the seraph's face, The speechless awe that dares not move, And all the silent heaven of love!

HYMN CCCXLIII.

Joy and Peace in believing; or, the Good Shepherd. Ps. xxiii. 1—4. Is. xl. 11. John x. 1—17.

- 1 HAPPY soul, that, free from harms, Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Far removes each anxious care;
 He who found the wandering sheep,
 Loves, and still delights to keep.
- 2 Oh! that I might so believe,
 Steadfastly to Jesus cleave:
 Only on his love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh:
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Feel the Saviour always near;
 All his care rejoice to prove:
 All his paradise of love!
- 3 Shepherd, seek thy wandering sheep;
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
 Take on thee my every care;
 Bear me, on thy bosom bear;
 Let me know thy gentle voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice;
 From thy fulness grace receive;
 Ever in thy spirit live:

4 Live (till all thy life I know),
Like my lowly Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gathered to the fold above;
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given;
Enter in by thee to heaven!

HYMN CCCXLIV.

Invitation. Matt. xi. 28-30. John xix. 37.

- 1 WEARY souls that wander wide
 From the central point of bliss,
 Turn to Jesus crucified,
 Flee to those dear wounds of his:
 Sink into the purple flood!
 Rise into the life of God!
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown;
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan:
 Rise exalted by his fall,
 Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
 God to you his son hath given!
 Ye may now be happy too;
 Find on earth the life of heaven:
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.

HYMN CCCXLV.

Before Sermon; for a Blessing on the Word preached, or he shewed them his Hands and his Feet. Luke xxiv. 40.

- JESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,
 Thy blessing we implore.
 Open the door to preach thy word,
 The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
 From sin and satan's power!
 And let them now acceptance have,
 And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
 What thou hast bought so dear;
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes
 With all thy wounds appear!
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest
 The suffering Son of God;
 And let us see thee in thy vest
 But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness of our hearts remove,
 Thou who for sin hast died;
 Show us the tokens of thy love,
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

HYMN CCCXLVI.

Dying Jacob; or, Death anticipated.

C. WESLEY.

1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet:

Shall soon resign this mortal breath, And die, my father's God to meet.

- 2 Number'd among thy people, I Expect with joy thy face to see: Because thou didst for sinners die, Jesus, in death remember me!
- 3 O that without a lingering groan I may the welcome word receive; My body, with my charge lay down, And cease at once to work and live!
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
 And certify that thou art mine,
 My spirit calm and undismay'd,
 I shall into thy hands resign;
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom, Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers, My light, my life, my God is come, And glory in his face appears!

HYMN CCCXLVII.

Man fading and reviving. Is. xl. 6--8.

C. WESLEY.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,

As careless of the noon-tide heats, As fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast, Parch'd by the sun's directer ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth it's pride of beauty shows:
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb, With lustre brighter far shall shine; Revive with ever-during bloom, Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven shall recompence our pains,
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN CCCXLVIII.

Funeral Hymn. Death, or Rest to the Weary. Sol. iii. 17. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HOW blest is the christian, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his mind!
 How easy the soul, that has left
 This wearisome body behind:
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 2 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain:
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again:
 No anger henceforward nor shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay,
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- This languishing head is at rest,
 It's thinking and aching are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain,
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again;

4 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in unbroken repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep;
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe:
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
Prepare me, great God, to become;
My spirit created anew
Ere I am consign'd to the tomb.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

Judgment; or, a Prayer for Watchfulness.

C. WESLEY.

1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe;
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray---

To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown;
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,

"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

O may we thus be found,
Obedient to his word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
O may we all insure
A lot among the blest!
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

HYMN CCCL.

A Prayer for Seriousness.

C. WESLEY.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry:

An half-awaken'd child of man, An heir of endless bliss or pain, A sinner born to die!

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,"Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,Secure, insensible:

A point of time, a moment's space Removes me to that heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure:
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive, Transported from this vale to live, And reign with thee above; Where faith is sweetly lost in sight, And hope in full supreme delight, And everlasting love.

HYMN CCCLI.

The Christian Pilgrim seeking a better Country. Heb. xi. 13—16. xiii. 14.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear!
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 Though I no foot of land possess,
 Nor cottage in this wilderness,
 A poor way-faring man,
 I lodge awhile in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
 A stranger to the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise;
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a city out of sight,
 A city in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair, My treasure, and my heart are there, And my abiding home:

For me my elder brethren stay, And angels beckon me away, And Jesus bids me come!

5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies, I come, to meet thee in the skies, And claim my heavenly rest!

Now let the pilgrim's journey end, Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend, Receive me to thy breast!

HYMN CCCLII.

Longing to see the Saviour face to face.
1 John iii. 2. Is. xxxiii. 17.

C. WESLEY.

I LONG to behold him array'd With glory and light from above;
The king in his beauty display'd His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode
O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)
The breadth of Emmanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove:
Physician of souls unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give:
And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN CCCLIII.

For a Place in the New Jerusalem. Rev. xxi.

- 1 SAVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
 To trample on my mortal foe;
 Conqueror of death, with thee to rise,
 And claim my station in the skies;
 Fixt as the throne which ne'er can move,
 A pillar in thy church above.
- 2 As beautiful as useful, there
 May I that weight of glory bear,
 With all who finally o'ercome;
 Supporters of the heavenly dome:
 Of perfect holiness possest,
 For ever in thy presence blest.
- 3 Write upon me the name divine, And let thy Father's nature shine, His image visibly exprest, His glory pouring from my breast, O'er all my bright humanity, Transform'd into the God I see!

- 4 Inscribing with the city's name,
 The heavenly, New Jerusalem,
 To me the victor's title give,
 Among thy glorious saints to live:
 And all their happiness to know,
 A citizen of heaven below.
- 5 When thou hast all thy foes o'ercome, Returning to thy glorious home, Thou didst receive the full reward, That I might share it with my Lord; And thus thy own new name obtain, And one with thee for ever reign.

HYMN CCCLIV.

Confession and Return. Eccles. vii. 29.

- 1 UPRIGHT both in heart and will,
 We by our God were made;
 But we turn'd from good to ill,
 And o'er the creature stray'd:
 Multiply our wandering thought,
 Which first was fix'd on God alone;
 In ten thousand objects sought
 The bliss we lost in one.
- 2 From our own inventions vain
 Of fancy'd happiness,
 Draw us to thyself again,
 And bid our wanderings cease:

Jesus, speak our souls restor'd,
By love's divine simplicity;
Re-united to our Lord,
And wholly lost in thee.

HYMN CCCLV.

Remember me, O my God, for good. Nehem xiii. 31. Ps. lxxiii. 30.

C. WESLEY.

O REMEMBER me for good, Passing through the mortal vale! Shew me the atoning blood, When my strength and spirit fail! Give my gasping soul to see Jesus crucified for me!

HYMN CCCLVI.

The returning Backslider.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart, And oft shook off my guilty fears; And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart, For many long rebellious years;

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen
 Ten thousand times thy goodness
 griev'd.
- 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare
 In honour of my great High-Priest;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
 To' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only woe I deprecate,
 This only plague I pray remove,
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,
 Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Ev'n now my weary soul release,
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

HYMN CCCLVII.

Apprehension confessed, or Jesus was heard in that he feared. Heb. v. 7. ii. 15.

- 1 THOU man of griefs, rembember me,
 Who never cans't thyself forget
 Thy last, mysterious agony,
 Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat!
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy spirit sink beneath it's load!
 Thy feeble flesh afraid to bear
 The wrath of an Almighty God!

- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire,
 Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire!
- 4 I temble lest the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my sinful soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
 Long as eternal ages roll!
- The heighten'd fear of death I find!
 Thy tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind!
- 6 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee!
 O save me, through thine only Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

HYMN CCCLVIII.

The returning Backslider; or, a Prayer for restoring Grace. Hosea, xiv. 1, 2.

C. WESLEY.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake!
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a House of Prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert:

The veil of sin once more remove!

Sprinkle the blood upon my heart;

And melt it by thy dying love!

This rebel heart by love subdue,

And make it soft and make it new.

5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears:
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow:
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck!

6 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious power,

And never dare t' offend thee more!

HYMN CCCLIX.

The Preacher's Prayer; or, a Hymn before reading the Scriptures.

- 1 INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
 The same through all succeeding years;
 To us and our degenerate age.
 The Spirit of thy word impart,
 And breathe his life into our heart.
- While now thine oracles we read,
 With earnest prayer and strong desire,
 O let the power from thee proceed,
 Our souls t'awaken and inspire:
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the light of grace.
- 3 Whene'er in error's paths we rove,
 The living God through sin forsake,
 Our conscience by thy word reprove,
 Convince and bring the wanderers back.
 Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
 And then by Gilead's balm restor'd.
- 4 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
 Transmitted through thy word, repeat;
 And train us up in all thy ways,
 To make us in thy will complete:
 Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
 And bring us to a perfect man.

5 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand,
To help the souls redeem'd by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love.

HYMN CCCLX.

For true Repentance.

C. WESLEY.

O THAT I could repent!
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble contrite heart!
A heart with grief opprest,
For having griev'd my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with thy blood!

2 Jesus on me bestow,
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire;
With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

HYMN CCCLXI.

For closer Communion with God. Ps. xxiii.

C. WESLEY.

1 THOU Shepherd of Israel divine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,

Where all, who their Shepherd obey,

Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,

And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstacy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God;
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

HYMN CCCLXII.

The whole Armour of God. Ephes. vi. 10—18.

C. WESLEY.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Lesus trusts

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts, Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all your strength endu'd,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The Panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array,:
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day:
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole:
 Indissolubly join'd,
 To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind,
 That was in Christ your Head.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

Evening Hymn.

C. WESLEY.

OMNIPRESENT God, whose aid,
No one ever ask'd in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

3 Loose me from the chains of sense;
Set me from the body free:
Draw with stronger influence
My unfetter'd soul to thee:

In me, Lord, thyself reveal,
Fill me with a sweet surprise;
Let me thee, when waking, feel;
Let me in thine image rise.

HYMN CCCLXIV.

For Christian Watchfulness.

C. WESLEY.

- I WANT a principle within,
 Of godly, jealous fear;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near!
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve;
 The filial awe, the contrite heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make! Awake my soul when sin is nigh, And keep it still awake.

HYMN CCCLXV.

The same.

C. WESLEY.

1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly, And still my tempted soul stand by, Throughout the evil day!
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm; In each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near!
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gathering frown,
And feel thy warning eye:
And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
O save me, or I die!

4 If from thy fold I rashly stray,
By sin's allurements drawn away,
The keen conviction dart:
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance, which
broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

HYMN CCCLXVI.

The same.

C. WESLEY.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glorify; A never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky; To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live:
And O! thy Servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN CCCLXVII.

Obedience, or walking with God.

- 1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue;
 Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd,O let me cheerfully fulfil!In all my works thy presence find,And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see:
 And labour on at thy command,
 And offer all my works to thee.

4 Give me to bear the easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day:

5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
given;

And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

HYMN CCCLXVIII.

For Growth in Grace.

C. WESLEY.

1 THOU hidden love of God whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;

I see from far thy beauteous light,
In secret sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would; but though my will
 Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see:

O when shall all my wanderings end, And all my steps to Jesus tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

HYMN CCCLXIX.

For a Sense of Divine Love.

BEFORE SERMON.

C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart;
Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom!
Son of God, appear, appear;
To thy human temples come!

2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin;
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

HYMN CCCLXX.

National Mercies, for public Occasions.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 A NATION God delights to bless, Can all our raging foes distress, Or hurt whom they surround? Hid from the general scourge we are, Nor see the bloody waste of war, Nor hear the trumpet's sound.
- 2 O might we, Lord the grace improve!
 By labouring for the rest of Love,
 The soul-composing power!
 Bless us with that internal peace,
 And all the fruits of righteousness,
 Till time shall be no more.

HYMN CCCLXXI.

For a Display of Divine Power. Is. li. 9. xxxv. 10.

C. WESLEY.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

- 2 As in the ancient days appear!
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now; It wants not now the power to save: Still present with thy people, thou Bear'st them through life's disparted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursu'd in vain, To thee the ransom'd seed shall come; Shouting their heavenly Sion gain, And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall then be o'er, The anguish and distracting care; There sighing grief shall weep no more, And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
 The Lord's redeem'd their head's shall
 raise,
 With everlasting gladness crown'd,
 And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

HYMN CCCLXXII.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ. Ps. xxiv. 7—10.

C. WESLEY.

Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky;

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay, Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates; Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light, And wide unfold th' ethereal scene; He claims these mansions as his right, Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay, Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates; Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious power possest;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all for ever blest.

HYMN CCCLXXIII.

Salvation ascribed to Christ.

C. WESLEY.

1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,

And publish abroad his wonderful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol, His kingdomis glorious, and rules over all. 2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save, And still he is nigh, his presence we have; The great congregation his triumph shall sing,

Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne, Let all cry aloud and honour the Son; Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore and give him his right, All glory and power, all wisdom and might,

All honour and blessing, with angels

above,

And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN CCCLXXIV.

For Christian Fellowship. 1 John ii. 5—7. iii. 11.

C. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, soft harmonious name,
Every faithful heart's desire!
See thy followers, Holy Lamb!
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run:
While we humbly seek thy face:
Come and perfect us in one!

2 Mollify our harsher will:

Each to each our tempers suit,

By thy modulating skill,

Heart to heart, as lute to lute; Sweetly on our spirits move;

Gently touch the trembling strings:

Make the harmony of love,

Music for the King of kings!

3 See the souls that hang on thee; Sever'd though in flesh we are, Join'd in spirit all agree:

All thy matchless grace declare.

Spread thy love to all around:

Hark! we now our voices raise!
Joyful and harmonious sound,
Sweetest symphony of praise!

HYMN CCCLXXV.

Longing for Heaven. Job. iii. 17—22. Is. li. 14. Phil. i. 23.

C. WESLEY.

[1 TO languish for his native air Can the poor, wandering exile cease? The tir'd his wish of rest forbear? The tortur'd help desiring ease? The slave no more for freedom sigh? Or I no longer pine to die?]

- 2 As shipwreck'd mariners desire,
 With eager grasp to reach the shore
 As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,
 And veterans wish their warfare o'er;
 I languish from this earth to flee,
 And gasp for—immortality.
- 3 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
 And all within me groans, "how long?"
 O were I landed in the skies!
 The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
 Should there no more my soul molest,
 Or break my everlasting rest.
- [4 No faithless friend shall there be found To mock me with his offers vain, By deep ingratitude to wound, To cause, and then upbraid my pain, To leave me at my greatest need, Or trample on my sinking head.]
- 5 In that Jerusalem above,
 No pain the happy spirit meets;
 No sense of ill-requited love,
 No sad complaining in their streets;
 Crying, and curse, and death are o'er;
 And there temptation is no more.
- 6 O could I break this carnal fence,
 Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
 On angel's wings remove from hence,
 And fly this happy moment home,
 Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
 And launch into eternal day!

HYMN CCCLXXVI.

Expostulation, or the Christian Paradox. 2 Cor. v. 8—10. vi. 4—10.

J. WESLEY.

- YE simple souls that stray,
 Far from the path of peace,
 (That lonely, unfrequented way)
 To life and happiness:
 Why will ye folly love,
 And throng the downward road,
 And hate the wisdom from above,
 And mock the Sons of God?
- 2 Madness and misery,
 Ye count our life beneath;
 And nothing great, or good can see,
 Or glorious in our death:
 As only born to grieve,
 Beneath your feet we lie;
 And utterly contemn'd we live,
 And unlamented die.
- 3 So wretched and obscure,
 The men whom ye despise,
 So foolish, impotent, and poor,
 Above your scorn we rise;
 We, through the Holy Ghost,
 Can witness better things;
 For he whose blood is all our boast,
 Hath made us Priests and Kings.

4 With him we walk in white;
We in his image shine;
Our robes are robes of glorious light,
Or righteousness divine;
On all the Kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading-crown.

HYMN CCCLXXVII.

The returning Prodigal's Plea. Luke xv.

- 1 YES, from this instant, now, I will
 To my offended Father cry;
 My base ingratitude I feel,
 Vilest of all thy children, I,
 Not worthy to be call'd thy son;
 Yet will I thee, my Father, own.
- 2 Guide of my life, hast thou not been,
 And rescu'd me from passion's pow'r?
 Ten thousand times preserv'd from sin;
 Nor let the greedy grave devour!
 And wilt thou now thy wrath retain,
 Nor ever love thy child again?
- 3 Ah! canst thou find it in thy heart
 To give me up, so long pursu'd?
 Ah! canst thou finally depart,
 And leave thy creature in his blood?
 Leave me,—far from thy presence cast
 To perish in my sins at last?

4 If thou hast call'd me to return,
If weeping at thy feet I fall,
The prodigal thou wilt not spurn,
But pity, and forgive me all;
In answer to my friend above,
In honour of his bleeding love!

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

Wrestling Jacob. Gen. xxxii. 24-32.

- 1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee;
 With thee all night I meant to stay,
 And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
 My misery and sin declare:
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name.
 Look on thy hands, and read it there:
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold;
 Art thou the Man that died for me?
 The secret of thy love unfold:
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

4 What, though my shrinking flesh complain,

And murmur to contend so long?

I rise superior to my pain:

When I am weak, then I am strong: And when my all of strength shall fail, I shall with the God-man prevail.

5 Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.

6 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure universal love thou art;
To me, thy tender bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

HYMN CCCLXXIX.

Prevailing Israel. Gen. xxxii. 28.

C. WESLEY.

1 I KNOW thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength; from thee
My soul its life and succour brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

3 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness I,
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move:
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

4 Lame as I am I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And as a bounding hart fly home,
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature, and thy name is love.

HYMN CCCLXXX.

For Repentance. Ps. li. 9—11. 17. 2 Cor. vii. 10, 11.

C. WESLEY.

1 SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart;
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart:
Give what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

In restoring love again,
O Jesus, visit me,
Give me back that pleasing pain,
That healthful misery:
Now thy softening grace afford
And make me thine afflicted one:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Harder than the flinty rock,
My stubborn heart remains
Till I feel thy mercy's stroke,
I struggle with my chains;
Sinning on, though self-abhorr'd,
Beneath the iron load I groan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow;
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I would myself bemoan:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

HYMN CCCLXXXI.

Relenting Peter, or the Compassion of Jesus implored. Luke xxii. 61, 62. Gen. iii. 15. Exod. iii. 7. Matt. xxiii. 37—39. Luke xix. 41—44. John viii. 10, 11. Luke xxiii. 28—34.

C. WESLEY.

Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd;
On me be all long suffering shown:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

[2 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
See him weltering in his blood,
And bade him rise again;
Speak my paradise restored,
Redeem me by thy grace alone;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.]

[3 Look as when thy pity saw
Thine own in a strange land;
Forc'd to obey the tyrant's law,
And feel his heavy hand:
Speak the soul-redeeming word,
And out of Egypt call thy son:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.]

[4 Look as when thy weeping eye
The bloody city view'd,
Those who ston'd, and doom'd to die
Their Prophets, and their God:
I deserve their sad reward,
But this my day of grace I own;

Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.]

[5 Look as when thy grace beheld,
The harlot in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:
Foul like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

[6 Look as when condemn'd for them
Thou didst thy followers see,
"Daughters of Jerusalem,
Weep for yourselves, not me!"
Am I by my God deplor'd,
And shall I not myself bemoan?
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,

And break my heart of stone.]

7 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was closed, tha twe might live!

"Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd), "forgive!"

Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis

done!"

O my bleeding, loving Lord, Thou break'st my heart of stone!

HYMN CCCLXXXII.

The Spiritual Chaos; or, the New Creation. Gen. i. 2, 3.

- 1 SUCH is my soul, confus'd and void, With darkness palpable o'erspread, Stript of the living form of God, Fallen, emphatically dead, 'Till the Eternal Spirit move, And raise again the spark of love.
- 2 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove, And brooding o'er my nature's night, Call forth the rays of heavenly love, Let there in my dark soul be light, And fill th' illustrated abyss With glorious beams of endless bliss.
- 3 Let there be light (again command)
 And light there in our hearts shall be,
 We then through faith shall understand
 Thy great mysterious Majesty,
 And by the shining of thy grace
 Behold in Christ thy glorious face.

HYMN CCCLXXXIII.

Divine Compassion; or, Mercy in the midst of Judgment. Gen. iii. 8.

C. WESLEY.

- NoT on the whirlwind's wings he flies, Not in the thunder's voice he speaks, But that the fallen man may rise, The Lord his ruin'd creature seeks:
- 2 Not in the burning blaze of day, (For fury hath no place in him)
 But placid as the evening ray
 He comes, to sentence and redeem.

HYMN CCCLXXXIV.

For increasing Grace; or, for Victory over Sin. Gen. iii. 15.

- 1 HEAVENLY principle within, Shew thine enmity to sin, Whom thou hast in us subdued, Slay the serpent and his brood;
- 2 Crush the head he strives to hide,
 Subtle selfishness and pride,
 Malice, spite, and cruelty,
 All his works destroy in me.

3 Root them out of Adam's race, Spread thy nature in their place, Mary's, God's eternal Son, Reign in all our hearts alone.

HYMN CCCLXXXV.

Acquiescence in the Sufferings of Life, and in the Sentence of Death. Gen. iii. 17—19. 1 Cor. xv. 56, 57.

- MOST righteous God, my doom I bear, My load of guilt, and pain, and care, Inslav'd to base desires, Hard toiling for imbitter'd bread, I mourn my barren soul o'erspread With cursed thorns and briars:
- 2 Death's sentence in myself receive, And dust to dust already cleave, Exil'd from Paradise, Hastening to endless misery, Jesus, if unredeem'd by thee, My soul for ever dies.
- 3 But Jesus hath our sentence borne, He did in our affliction mourn,
 A man of sorrows made,
 A servant and a curse for me;
 He bears the utmost penalty,
 He suffers in my stead.

4 I see him sweat great drops of blood,
I see him faint beneath the load!
The thorns his temple's tear!
He bows his bleeding head and dies!
He lives! He mounts above the skies,
He claims my Eden there!

HYMN CCCLXXXVI.

Triumph in Immortality. Gen. iii. 19. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 I BOW me to my God's decree,
 I own the sentence just,
 (The sentence of mortality)
 And dust return to dust.
- 2 Yet quicken'd by the trumpet's sound This dust again shall rise, Beyond the old creations bound, And shine above the skies.

HYMN CCCLXXXVII.

The Atonement and Righteousness of Christ. Gen. iii. 21. iv. 4.

C. WESLEY.

1 O THOU slaughter'd Lamb of God, From the world's foundation slain, By thy sacrificial blood Wash out all my guilty stain. Cloath my spirit's nakedness
 With a covering from above,
 Put me on my spotless dress,
 Wrap me up in heavenly love.

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII.

Eden, lost in Adam, and restored in Christ. Gen. iii. 24.

- Out of my Maker's presence driven,
 My fallen state I mourn;
 But fondly sigh my Eden lost;
 The flaming sword and angel-host
 Prohibit my return.
- 2 A fallen, sinful child of man,
 By innocence I seek in vain
 That Eden to retrieve.
 I cannot find the blissful place,
 Or banish'd from Jehovah's face,
 Behold my God, and live.
- 3 Then let me die to see my Lord!
 I rush upon the flaming sword
 Which doth the sinner slay:
 But he who by thy justice dies
 By this shut out of Paradise,
 Shall find another way.

4 I find it now: most gracious God, I enter boldly through the blood Of my redeeming Lord, By faith I see the bar remov'd, I teel lost man again belov'd, And Paradise restor'd.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX.

Walking with God. Gen. v. 22. vi. 9. 2 Chron. xvii. 4.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 O THAT I might walk with God!

 Jesus my companion be,

 Lead me to thy blest abode,

 Through the fire, or through the sea.
- 2 Join'd to thee by humble love Nothing I desire beside,Only let me never move,Never stir without my guide.

HYMN CCCXC.

For the Removal of the Curse; or, the New Covenant. Gen. viii. 21.

C. WESLEY.

FATHER, if thou my Father art, If Jesus made my sins his own, Speak it into my listening heart, Assure me that I am thy son, Comfort and rest in Christ restore, And vow to curse this earth no more.

HYMN CCCXCI.

Divine Persuasion. Hos. xi. 4.

C. WESLEY.

- ALMIGHTY to persuade thou art,
 Thou Friend of helpless woe;
 Persuade me with my sin to part,
 To let my misery go.
- 2 Persuade me to repent, believe, Thine easy yoke to prove, And then into thine arms receive, The captive of thy love.

HYMN CCCXCII.

All Nations blessed in Jesus. Gen. xii. 3.

C. WESLEY.

1 COME thou universal blessing,
Abraham's long-expected seed,
Perfect peace, and joy unceasing
Through the ransom'd nations spread,
Devilish pride and brutal passion,
Far from every heart remove,
Bless us with thy full salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

2 Happy is the man forgiven;
This, O let the sinner feel,
Taste in thee his present heaven,
Pant for greater blessings still:
O that we anew created
Might thine image here receive,
Then to Paradise translated
In thy glorious presence live.

HYMN CCCXCIII.

A Sanctified Household. Gen. xviii. 19. Jos. xxiv. 15.

- 1 FAIN would I, Lord, my household lead
 In all the paths of righteousness,
 And train them up, an holy seed,
 To serve thy will, and spread thy praise.
- 2 Implant in me the Patriarch's mind, My sacred cares and toils approve, And bless the church I leave behind, The children of my faith and love.

HYMN CCCXCIV.

Humility in Prayer. Gen. xviii. 27.

C. WESLEY.

DESPICABLE, frail, and dying, Vile before my God I am, On thine only grace relying; Dust and ashes is my name: Fallen and corrupt my nature, Yet I dare address thy throne, Speaking through a Mediator, Him who makes my prayer his own.

HYMN CCCXCV.

Divine Restraint. Gen. xx. 6.

- 1 Is it a moral sense in man, Reason, or pride, or virtue's power, Which doth from passion's rage restrain, And save us in th' unguarded hour?
- No; but a secret force of thine
 O Christ, preserves through ways unknown
 Withheld from sin by grace divine
 I give the praise to God alone.

HYMN CCCXCVI.

Abraham tried; or, Submission to Bereavement in Loss of Children. Gen. xxii. 2.

- 1 TREMENDOUS oracle divine!
 Who can the harsh command obey!
 "That son, that only son of thine,
 That son belov'd, that Isaac slay!"
 Whoe'er the God of Abraham knew,
 Their faith by like obedience prove,
 And offering up their Isaacs' shew,
 The power supreme of Jesus' love.
- 2 Father, thou call'st me by my name,
 Thy sovereign pleasure to fulfil;
 And lo, through grace I ready am
 To answer all thine awful will,
 By faith I climb the mountain top,
 Thy blessings cheerfully resign,
 And yield my dearest comforts up
 A bleeding sacrifice divine.

HYMN CCCXCVII.

The Grave a good Man's only earthly Possession. Gen. xxiii. 20.

C. WESLEY.

Acquiring his first spot of ground, A burying-place the Patriarch found:
May I, like him, a stranger rove,
Heir of the promis'd land above;
The settlement on earth I crave,
The sole possession is—a grave!

HYMN CCCXCVIII.

The Presence of Christ in dying. Gen. xlvi. 4. Job xix. 25—27.

- 1 JESUS I cast my soul on thee Mighty, and merciful to save;
 Thou wilt to death go down with me, And gently lay me in the grave:
- 2 This body there shall rest in hope, This body which the worms destroy; For surely thou wilt bring me up To glorious life, and endless joy.

HYMN CCCXCIX.

For a tranquil Departure. Gen. xl. vi. 4. xlvii. 29.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 A FEW more days preserve me here,
 And when from earth my spirit flies,
 O let a child of thine be near,
 A child of God, to close mine eyes!
- 2 Before it's strong arrest I feel
 Give me my death's approach to see,
 And having liv'd to serve thy will,
 Lord, let me then depart in thee.

HYMN CCCC.

The dying Parent's Recommendation of his Family to God. Gen. xlviii. 16.

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel thee,
 O Jesus, I confess
 Who hast through life delivered me,
 Thou wilt my offspring bless;
- 2 Thou that hast borne my sins away, My children's sins remove, And bring them through their evil day, To sing thy praise above.

- 3 My name be on the children? no:
 But mark them Lord, with thine:
 Let all the heavenly offspring know
 By characters divine;
- 4 Partakers of thy nature make
 Partakers of thy Son,
 And then the heirs of glory take
 To thine eternal throne.

HYMN CCCCI.

Instability confessed and removed. Gen. xlix. 4.

- 1 U NSTABLE, Lord, by nature I, And weak as water am, 'Till thou impower me to rely On thine almighty name;
- 2 Excelling then in holiness I never shall remove; Firm as the Rock of Israel's peace, The Rock of heavenly love.

HYMN CCCCII.

God delivers from Oppression; or, Egyptian Bondage broken. Exod. iii. 7, 8.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 JESUS, thou hear'st thine Israel groan, Our sorrows all to thee are known, (Who struggle from our sins to part, From man's and satan's tyranny) And while thou dost our sufferings see, Thy pitying eye affects thy heart;
- 2 The cruel taskmasters oppress,
 "Till thou our captive souls release,
 With outstretched arm and mighty hand,
 Now, Lord, in our behalf come down,
 Thine arm extend, thy strength put on,
 And bring us to the promis'd land.

HYMN CCCCIII.

The same. Exod. vi. 7.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, to thee I look, Crush'd by my oppressor's yoke; From this grievous slavery Thou alone canst set me free:
- 2 Then, and only then shall I
 Thy redemption testify,
 Lighten'd of my guilty load,
 Know, thou art my Lord, my God!

HYMN CCCCIV.

The Pillar of Cloud and Fire; or, Prudence our Guide. Exod. xiii. 21.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and guide Of all who seek that land above, Beneath thy shadow we abide, The cloud of thy protecting love, Our strength, our grace, our rule thy word, Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By thine unerring spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray,
 The light of man's direction need,
 Or miss our providential way,
 As far from dangers as from fear,
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

HYMN CCCCV.

Unbelief deplored, and Patience intreated. Exod. xvii. 7.

C. WESLEY.

1 NOT all the miracles of love
Which thou hast wrought for me
Can out of this base heart remove
It's incredulity:

One hour without the sweets of grace In peevish haste I mourn,

"The Lord hath left me in distress, And never will return." 2 But O thou patient God, forgive
 A murmuring Israelite;
And teach me how to wait and grieve,
 When thou art out of sight.
By dryness tried, and want, and pain,
 I fain in thee would trust,
 Most present with thy people then
 When thou chastisest most.

HYMN CCCCVI.

The Blessing of the High Priest. Num. vi. 25, 26.

- Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.
 Light in thy light O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.
- 2 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd:
 That all comprising peace bestow
 On me through grace forgiven,
 The joys of holmess below,
 And then the joys of heaven.

HYMN CCCCVII.

The Pillar of Cloud and Fire; or, Providence our Guard. Num. ix. 16.

- WHERE is the Hebrew's God
 Who kept them night and day,
 Where is the heavenly fire and cloud
 Which shew'd thy church their way?
 No symbol visible
 We of the presence find.
 Yet all who would obey thy will,
 Shall know thy Father's mind.
- 2 Father, thou still doth lead
 The children of thy grace,
 The spiritual, believing seed
 Throughout this wilderness;
 Our chart thy written word,
 Thy Spirit is our guide,
 And Christ, the glory of the Lord
 Doth in our hearts reside.
- 3 Thy providential care,
 Lord, we with joy confess,
 Assur'd thou wilt our paths prepare,
 And order all our ways:
 Thy presence shall direct
 Our journeys here beneath,
 And convoy home thine own elect
 Through a triumphant death.

HYMN CCCCVIII.

The Cloud resting; or, Waiting for the Signal. Num. ix. 18.

- 1 WHO in thy word confide
 From nature's haste set free
 Our patient souls by faith abide,
 And fix their eyes on thee:
 Till thou would'st have us go,
 We wait thy Spirit's sign;
 And cannot lose our time, we know,
 By tarrying, Lord, for thine.
- 2 To work for God is good,
 If God our work ordain;
 But stay'd by the incumbent cloud,
 We in our place remain:
 To cease from work is best,
 If after Jesus' will;
 For when at his command we rest,
 We please our Saviour still.
- The awful day unknown,
 To quit our house, this tent of clay,
 And lay our bodies down;
 Expecting from above
 The certain sign we stand
 As ready always to remove
 And die at thy command,

HYMN CCCCIX.

The same; or, Waiting the Will of God. Num. ix. 23.

C. WESLEY.

MOST gracious God, reveal
Thy will concerning me;
Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,
I follow thy decree,
Myself, and all my ways
To thee I still resign,
Led by the Spirit of thy grace,
And by the word divine.

Thy love throughout my breast,
Who did'st thine ancient people lead,
And caused'st them to rest:
While Thou my leader art,
And mak'st me thine abode,
I find the witness in my heart,
That I am born of God,

To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me, and mine:
At thy command I go,
Or quietly attend,
'Till all my rests, and toil below
In rest eternal end.

HYMN CCCCX.

Suspended Labours; or, the Exercise of Patience. Num. xi. 23.

C. WESLEY.

LORD I thy charge obey,
Who bid'st my soul be still,
Whose cloud doth on my body stay,
And stops my active zeal:
But while withheld I am
From labouring in thy cause,
Thou bid'st me suffer for thy name,
And glory in thy cross.

2 Whate'er my God ordain
Contented and resigned,
I wait, I watch, in ease, in pain,
The tokens of thy mind;
To labour on for thee,
If thou appoint, I come;
Or let the cloud remain on me,
And sink me to the tomb.

HYMN CCCCXI.

The Arm of God omnipotent and unaltered. Num. xi. 23.

C. WESLEY.

1 NO, Lord; it cannot shorten'd be, That hand which plagued the Egyptian race,

Which brought thy people through the

sea,

Which led them o'er the wilderness;
Which hath to us so often given
Drink from the rock, and bread from
heaven!

- 2 That hand which open'd wide mine eyes:
 That hand which now by faith I see,
 Measures the floods, and spans the skies,
 And grasps the winds—and covers me!
 It brings the blind through ways unknown,
 It holds, it lifts me to a throne.
- 3 Kept by that hand, I cannot fear
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me
 thence,
 I trample on temptation near,
 Supported by Omnipotence,
 Possest of boundless power divine,
 Of boundless love—for Christ is mine!

HYMN CCCCXII.

Rejoicing in the Multitude of Preachers. Num. xi. 29.

C. WESLEY.

1 SHALL we the Spirit's course restrain,
Or quench the heavenly fire?
Let God his messengers ordain,
And whom he will inspire:
Blow as he list, the Spirit's choice
Of instruments we bless;
And will, if Christ be preach'd, rejoice,
And wish the word success.

2 Can all be prophets then? are all Commission'd from above?
No; but whoe'er the Lord shall call We joyfully approve:

O that the church might all receive The spirit of prophesy,

And all in Christ accepted live, And all in Jesus die!

HYMN CCCCXIII.

The Courage of Caleb; or, Victory over our Enemies to be obtained. Num. xiii. 30.

C. WESLEY.

1 SILENCE, ye unbelieving fears,
Who clamorously deny the word!
The promise on our side appears,
The power and goodness of our Lord:

Let us go up in Jesus' name;
Our sins shall all to Christ submit,
He who for us the world o'ercame,
Shall bruise the fiend beneath our feet.

2 Is any thing too hard for God?

Through Jesus we can all things do;
Who Satan and his works destroy'd,

Shall make us more than conquerors
too:

Let us at once the land possess,
And taste the blessings from above,
The milk sincere of pardoning grace,
The honey of his perfect love.

HYMN CCCCXIV.

The same; or, Jesus leads. Num. xiv. 9.

C. WESLEY.

1 COME on ye faithful souls, come on,
"Tis Joshua cries, " be of good cheer,"
Your leader to the land unknown,
Who knows your hearts forbids your
fear:

Led by almighty truth and grace,
To sure and easy conquest led,
The promise claim, the land possess,
And eat up all your foes like bread.

2 The Lord himself is on our side,
His presence in our camp we have,
And those that in his name confide,
Jesus shall to the utmost save:

Then let us go with boldness up 'Gainst sin, the world, and satan's powers,

And never faint, and never stop, For God, and Christ, and all are ours.

HYMN CCCCXV.

Balaam's Star and Sceptre; or, for the Spread of the Gospel. Num. xxiv. 17.

- 1 FORETOLD by the reluctant seer
 The star is out of Jacob come;
 The King from Israel did appear,
 His church's foes receiv'd their doom:
 And Christ our manifested God,
 Hath satan with his works destroy'd.
- 2 Yet come thou radiant morning star,
 Again in human darkness shine;
 Arise, resplendent from afar,
 Assert thy royalty divine:
 Thy sway o'er all the earth maintain,
 And now begin thy glorious reign.
- 3 Smite down the strength of Moab's pride,
 The sons of Sheth their walls o'erthrow,
 (Whate'er the world and church divide)
 That every soul it's Lord may know,
 Thee, Jesus, King of kings adore,
 'Till time and death shall be no more.

HYMN CCCCXVI.

The same; or, the Empire of Jesus. Num. xxiv. 18.

C. WESLEY.

- Thy Kingdom, Lord, we long to see:
 Thy sceptre o'er the nations shake,
 (T'erect that final monarchy)
 Edom for thy possession take,
 Take, for thou dids't their ransom find,
 The purchas'd souls of all mankind.
- 2 Now let thy chosen ones appear,
 And valiantly the truth maintain;
 O spread thy gracious kingdom here,
 Fly on the rebel sons of men,
 Seize them with faith divinely bold,
 And force the world into thy fold.

HYMN CCCCXVII.

The City of Refuge. Numb. xxxv. 12-27.

C. WESLEY.

1 OUR city of defence, to thee
From the avenger, Lord, we flee,
Who in thy death confide;
Justice divine pursues in vain
The men who Christ himelf have slain,
When shelter'd in his side.

2 From this defence we ne'er shall stray,
Nor justice will the sinner slay,
If thou thy grace bestow:
Then bind our hearts with cords of love,
Secure us for thy courts above,
And never let us go.

HYMN CCCCXVIII.

God approached through the Intercessor. Deut. v. 27—29.

- GRACIOUS Lord, who stand'st between
 God the Judge and sinful men,
 Thee we joyfully will hear;
 Speak, divine interpreter,
 Speak whate'er he speaks to thee,
 Then we shall obedient be,
 Then our answering heart shall prove
 All the law fulfill'd in love.
- 2 Do according to thy will,
 Answer all thy soul's desire;
 Holy principles instill,
 Breathe the awe thou dost require;
 Grant an heart to fear my Lord:
 Take this heart of stone away,
 Let me tremble at thy word,
 Only live thy word t'obey.

HYMN CCCCXIX.

Morning and Evening Song. Deut. vi. 7.

C. WESLEY.

- OFT, as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast,
 While on the bosom of my Lord
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.
- 2 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long,
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart, and fill my tongue;
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to thy church above.

HYMN CCCCXX.

Review of Providence. Deut. viii. 2-16.

C. WESLEY.

1 CAN I forget the wondrous ways
By which thou hast thy servant led
Through a long lonely wilderness!
How strangely kept, how strangely fed,
Tempted, and prov'd by hopes and fears,
I rov'd for many tedious years!

- 2 Provok'd, thou did'st not quite depart,
 But farther yet the spirit tried,
 And shew'd the evil of my heart,
 The stubbornness, deceit, and pride,
 While still I cast thy grace away,
 And would not, when I might, obey.
- 3 Long in a tempted state forlorn
 Thou hast my kind supporter been;
 Yet suffer'd me at times to mourn,
 To feel that all my heart is sin;
 My depth of unbelief to prove,
 And groan beneath thy humbling love.
- 4 I now thy love's design perceive;
 Me to myself that love hath shewn,
 Thou didst in love thy servant leave,
 To come again and claim thine own,
 To save, when all my griefs were past,
 And do me endless good at last.

HYMN CCCCXXI.

The last Sigh.

C. WESLEY.

SAVIOUR, my latter end is come,
Now to my parting soul appear!
The root, the man of sin consume,
And let me sink to nothing here!
Resorb'd into perfection's sea
And lost, for ever lost in thee!

HYMN CCCCXXII.

The Heart yielded. Deut. x. 12, 13. Rev. iii. 20.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, thou dost not sue in vain,

 O take what I can never give:
 Thyself must give the power to man
 His proffer'd Saviour to receive,
 While knocking at the door thou art,
 And pleading with his stubborn heart.
- 2 Come in, thou supplicant divine,
 I hear thy voice and open now:
 Take my poor heart, no longer mine,
 Enter with all thy fulness thou:
 Take my poor heart, ('tis all thine own)
 And never leave this humble throne.

HYMN CCCCXXIII.

Approaching Death. Deut. xxxi. 14-16.

C. WESLEY.

1 FATHER, I know my day is nigh,
And by thy justice doom'd to die,
The sentence I receive:
But e'er I yield my fleeting breath,
O let my soul redeem'd from death
By faith in Jesus live.

2 By mercy seal'd in lasting sleep
Mine eyes shall then no longer weep;
My flesh in hope shall rest
Blended with my forefathers' dust
Till wak'd by him in whom I trust
I mingle with the blest.

HYMN CCCCXXIV.

God our Guide and Preserver. Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

C. WESLEY.

1 THE eagle fond her charge awakes Where in the nest they doze; And while her fluttering plumes she shakes, The way to fly she shows;

She spreads her wings, her young to bear,
Before their own they try;

And takes them up, and cleaves the air, And soars above the sky.

2 'Twas thus in nature's sleep I lay,
When Christ his Spirit shed:
His Spirit stirr'd me up to pray,
And hover'd o'er my head,
Infusing the first gracious hope
He spread his wings abroad,
And train'd his infant-pupil up
To seek the face of God.

3 The object of his kindest care
He never yet forsook,
But did himself my weakness bear,
And all my burthen took;
He bore me up, from earth he bore
On wings of heavenly love,
And taught my unfledg'd soul to soar
To those bright realms above.

4 The Spirit of redeeming grace
Hath been my sure defence,
And through the pathless wilderness
Led on my innocence:
When simple as a little child
All idols I abhor'd,
And saw as my Redeemer smil'd,
My Paradise restor'd.

HYMN CCCCXXV.

Backsliding deplored. Deut. xxxii. 15.

C. WESLEY.

1 AND have I not ungrateful been,
Basely forsook my God for sin,
My God who form'd me man;
Abus'd my Saviour's pardoning grace
And turn'd it into wantonnesss,
And murder'd him again:

E E 2

2 Thee that I may no more forsake, O Rock of my salvation take And keep me in thy side, There in the open clift secure My contrite heart, my spirit poor From sin's dominion hide.

HYMN CCCCXXVI.

Spiritual Solitude. Deut. xxxiii. 28. Ps. cxvi. 7.

- JESUS thyself impart,
 The world and sin t'exclude,
 And let me find it in my heart,
 The long-sought solitude :
- 2 The still sequester'd shade
 For which thy people pine,
 The bower for weary spirits made
 By the celestial vine!
- 3 That secret place afford
 That shelter in thy side,
 And by thy constant presence, Lord,
 My soul for ever hide:
- 4 Secure I then shall dwell,
 Delightfully alone,
 'Till thou thy glorious life reveal,
 And take me to thy throne.

HYMN CCCCXXVII.

The Secret Sin renounced; and, the accursed Thing removed. Josh. vii. 13—21. Heb. xii. 1.

C. WESLEY.

1 THE secret curse, the bosom-sin
Through faith in Jesus I remove,
And sure the victory to win,
And more than conqueror to prove,
'Gainst satan and the world I go,
(My Lord hath both for me o'ercome)
And trample on my latest foe,
And march with Christ triumphant
home.

2 "I saw, and coveted, and took!"
The progress this of every sin:
While death, admitted by a look,
Lets everlasting judgments in:
But if an eye of faith on thee
I turn directed by thy word,
Jesus mine advocate I see,
I see, desire, and take my Lord.

HYMN CCCCXXVIII.

Christ, a Prince and a Saviour. Acts v. 31. Josh. xx. 8.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 THEE, Saviour-Prince our souls adore, Exalted by almighty power
 To succour and forgive!
 We now are to our city come,
 And by thy death returning home,
 We soon in heaven shall live.
- 2 Who to thy wounds for refuge flee, Pardon'd we glory, Lord, in thee With extacies unknown, Fulness of joy in thee possess, And lodg'd within thine arms confess That thou and heaven are one.

HYMN CCCCXXIX.

Christians, the Light of the World. Judg. v. 31. Ps. xix. 4-6. Matt. v. 14-16.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, let all thy people shine
Illustrious as the sun,
And bright with borrow'd rays divine
Their glorious circuit run,

Beyond the reach of mortals, spread Their right where'er they go, And heavenly influence shed On all the world below.

2 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might,
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of horrid night,
As the great sun of righteousness
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

3 Such honour all thy saints receive
Who thee sincerely love;
Dispensers of thy gifts we live,
And general blessings prove;
And when our useful course is run
Enjoy the kingdom given,
Bright as the uncreated sun
In the eternal heaven.

HYMN CCCCXXX.

Strength arising out of Weakness. Judges vii. 2. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

C. WESLEY.

1 Too strong I was to conquer sin
When 'gainst it first I turn'd my face,
Nor know my want of power within,
Nor knew th' omnipotence of grace;

In nature's strength I fought in vain,
For, what my God refused to give,
I could not then the mastery gain,
Or lord of all my passions live.

2 But, for the glory of thy name
Vouchsafe me now the victory;
Weakness itself, thou know'st, I am
And cannot share the praise with thee:
Because I now can nothing do,
Jesus, do all the work alone,
And bring my soul triumphant through,
To wave it's palm before thy throne.

HYMN CCCCXXXI.

The Prayer of Sampson; or, a Cry for Deliverance from the Bondage of Corruption. Judg. xvi. 28.

- 1 HIS anger will the Lord retain,
 A poor dark soul for ever leave?
 Gaul'd by sin's captivating chain,
 After a pardoning God I grieve:
 Mock'd by my foes, imprison'd, blind,
 Of all my gracious vigour shorn;
 Yet lo! a springing hope I find
 That Jesus will at last return.
- 2 Father of Christ, the sinner's Friend,
 My Friend, my Advocate with thee,
 Deliverance to thy servant send,
 And oh! in death remember me

The wretched thrall of satan's host,

To me once more thy spirit give;
The strength which by my sin I lost,
O let me by thy grace retrieve.

HYMN CCCCXXXII.

Ruth's Resolution adopted by the Christian; or, holy Firmness. Ruth i. 16, 17.

- THOU canst not, Lord, a beggar spurn
 That courts thy company,
 Wherefore I never will return
 From following after thee;
 Resolv'd, where'er thou goest, I go,
 In all thy footsteps tread,
 And glad like thee to want below
 A place to lay my head.
- 2 Thy people by the world abhor'd
 I for my people take,
 And serve the servants of my Lord
 For their dear Master's sake:
 Appeas'd and reconcil'd to me,
 Through thine atoning blood,
 Thy Father and thy God shall be
 My Father and my God.
- 3 Determin'd after thee I bear
 My cross to Calvary,
 And come thy bitterest cup to share
 And with my Saviour die:

The place where once thy body lay,
The place it did perfume,
There will I drop my breathless clay
And rest within thy tomb.

4 If now thou dwellest in my heart
And I in thee abide,
Nor life, nor death itself shall part,
Or tear me from thy side:
What sets me from my prison free
In closer bonds shall join
This disembodied soul to thee
Through endless ages mine.

HYMN CCCCXXXIII.

Disappointment guides to Heaven; or, the teaching of Experience. Ruth i. 20, 21. ii. 12.

- 1 TAUGHT as by thorns and briars, we know
 Thy wisely tender love
 Imbitters all the joys below,
 T' endear the joys above.
 - 2 I went out full of youthful hope,
 But empty I return,
 My sanguine confidence give up,
 My blasted comforts mourn:

- 3 A few more days of sad distress
 I travel towards a tomb,
 But trust to reach in final peace
 Mine everlasting home.
- 4 I too have left my worldly home
 My old idolatry,
 And to thy people join'd am come
 To put my trust in thee:
- 5 In thee I seek my full reward
 With all thy saints above:
 And tell me now, thou art my Lord,
 And bless me with thy love.

HYMN CCCCXXXIV.

Jesus our Kinsman. Ruth. iii. 4. 9. Heb. ii. 14--18. iv. 15, 16.

- 1 JESUS, we claim thee for our own, Our Kinsman near allied in blood, Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, The son of man, the son of God, And lo, we lay us at thy feet, Our sentence from thy mouth to meet.
- 2 Partaker of my flesh below,
 To thee, O Jesus, I apply;
 Thou wilt thy poor relations know,
 Thou never canst thyself deny,
 Exclude me from thy guardian care,
 Or slight a sinful beggar's prayer.

- 3 Thee, Saviour, at my greatest need I trust my faithful friend to prove:
 Now o'er thy meanest servant spread
 The skirt of thy redeeming love,
 Under thy wings of mercy take,
 And save me for thy nature's sake.
- 4 Hast thou not undertook my cause, Lord over all, to worms allied? Answer me from that bleeding cross, Demand thy dearly-ransom'd bride, And let my soul, betroth'd to thee, Thine wholly, thine for ever be!

HYMN CCCCXXXV.

The Redeemer. Ruth. ix. 9, 10.

- 1 O JESUS, full of richest grace,
 In pity to our fallen race,
 Thou didst at infinite expense
 Redeem our lost inheritance,
 Thine own inheritance forego,
 A poor afflicted man below,
 For us procure with all thy blood
 The God of heaven, and heaven of God.
- 2 Strangers, and foreigners we were, Who now thy purchas'd people are, Forlorn, abandon'd, and despis'd, Yet by our great Redeemer priz'd:

Patron of friendless poverty,
The widow now betroth'd to thee,
Thy church, with heavenly gifts endow'd,
Is made the glorious spouse of God.

Our dead in sin, and buried race
Thy brethren, Lord, thou dost confess,
Nor sufferest that our name should be
Cut off to all eternity;
Thy nature with our nature join'd
Preserves the half-extinguish'd kind,
Jesus, thy name to mortals given,
Exalts both ours, and us, to heaven.

HYMN CCCCXXXVI.

Life and Death in the Hands of God. 1 Sam. ii. 6. Job xiv. 5, 6. Ps. xc. 3, Rev. 1. 18.

C. WESLEY.

WHEN mortal man resigns his breath, 'Tis God directs the shafts of death, Casual howe'er the stroke appear, He sends the fatal messenger; The keys are in that hand divine; That hand must first the warrant sign, And arm the death, and wing the dart, Which speeds his message to our heart.

Who first inspir'd the breath of lives,
The living kills, the dead revives,
Brings to the margin of the grave,
And shews us thence his power to save:
From hence if thou my body raise,
I'll publish my Restorer's praise,
My life at thy dear hands receive,
And only for thy glory live.

HYMN CCCCXXXVII.

For young Children; or, Infant Baptism. 1 Sam. ii. 26. Luke ii. 40. Acts ii. 38, 39.

- 1 HOLY child, our children take
 With thyself on us bestow'd
 Partners of thy nature make,
 Bless and bring them up for God.
- 2 Give them in thy grace to grow, Favourites of the Deity, Favourites of thy saints below, Perfectly conform'd to thee.

HYMN CCCCXXXVIII.

The small still Voice. 1 Kings xix. 12, 13.

- NoT in the strong impetuous wind Can I my gentle Saviour find; Not in the hurricane of sound Which rends the rocks, and shakes the ground; Not in the heaven-inkindled fire, The fervours of intense desire;
- The fervours of intense desire;
 But I expect him from above,
 In the soft whispering voice of love.
- 2 That voice which speaks Jehovah near,
 That still small voice I long to hear:
 O might it now the Lord proclaim,
 And fill my soul with holy shame!
 Asham'd I must for ever be,
 Afraid the God of love to see,
 If saints and prophets hide their face,
 And angels tremble, while they gaze.

HYMN CCCCXXXIX.

Death overcome; or, Jesus opens a Path to Heaven through Jordan. 2 Kings ii. 8.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 WHEN God receives his servants up,
 At the cold stream of death we stop,
 On Jordan's brink a moment stay,
 But Jesus, our immortal guide
 Did by his death the waves divide,
 And shews our souls an open way.
- 2 Christ and the promis'd land in view,
 His ransom'd pass securely through,
 Howe'er the idle billows roar;
 In our Elijah's mantle clad,
 By his eternal Spirit stay'd,
 We reach with songs the heavenly shore!

HYMN CCCCXL.

The parting Gift; or, the Promise of the Spirit. 2 Kings ii. 9, 10. John xvi. 7. 23, 24.

C. WESLEY.

1 "ASK what ye will," 'tis Jesus' word To all the followers of the Lord, He speaks with confidence divine, "To give the Holy Ghost is mine!"

And thou who didst to glory go, Wilt on thy church that gift bestow, To bless, and sanctify, and seal, And all our souls for ever fill.

2 Hard is the grant, but not for thee Vested with full authority,
Needful for sinners to receive,
'Tis easy for my Lord to give:
Sent down in answer to thy prayer,
O may the promis'd Comforter
Teach me, my Saviour, who thou art,
And shew thy glory to my heart.

HYMN CCCCXLI.

Separation and Reunion; or, the Chariot of Death. 2 Kings ii. 11.

- THAT chariot, in my life's short day
 I oft have seen descend,
 To tear my other self away,
 To part me from my friend:
- 2 But lo, it comes my soul t' uniteWith those that went before,It whirls me to my friends in light,Where we shall part no more.

HYMN CCCCXLII.

Jesus ascending; or, Elijah's Antitype. 2 Kings ii. 11, 12. Ps. xxiv. 7—10. lxviii. 17. Luke xxiv. 50—53. Acts i. 9—11.

- 1 SEE, the true Elijah flies,
 Lord of those unfolding skies!
 Swifter than the whirlwind's wings
 Flies the glorious King of kings,
 Girt with flames of living fire,
 Higher still he soars and higher,
 'Till he gains his bright abode,
 Carries up our hearts to God!
- 2 Jesus, dear departing Lord,
 Hang we on thy latest word,
 Us who can thy word receive,
 Fatherless thou wilt not leave;
 Though we may a moment mourn,
 Yet we look for thy return,
 Now enjoy the earnest given,
 Then ascend with thee to heaven.
 - 3 Lord of hosts, to thee we bow Israel's car and horsemen thou! Shall we not thy loss deplore, Whom we see on earth no more? Ever mindful of thine own, Thou for us to heaven art gone, Gone but to prepare our place, Room for all the ransom'd race.

HYMN CCCCXLIII.

Death improved; or, Inquiries suggested by the Departure of Christians. 2 Kings ii. 14.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 WHEN saints forsake our mean abode Our hearts should after them ascend. Inquire, Where is Elijah's God, The God of my translated friend?
- 2 His God, and mine, for ever lives, Giver of immortality, And who but now my friend receives, Shall send the chariot soon---for me!

HYMN CCCCXLIV.

The Diseases of the Heart healed. 2 Kings ii. 21.

- 1 JESUS, thy salvation bring, Cast the salt into the spring, In my heart thy love reveal Nature's bitter waters heal:
- 2 Let the principle of grace Bring forth fruits of righteousness: Then the barren curse is o'er. Sin and death are then no more.

HYMN CCCCXLV.

The sure Defence of our Country; for a day of Public Humiliation. 2 Kings xiii. 14.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 CAN all her fleets and armies save Britannia from her foes? No confidence in these we have, When hostile powers oppose:
- 2 What is it then that stands between, Our nation's sure defence? The prayers of a few righteous men, Back'd with Omnipotence!

HYMN CCCCXLVI.

A Standing Ministry; or, the Removal of an eminent Saint. 2 Kings xiii. 20.

- 1 BUT lo, the lord for ever lives, And freely still his Spirit gives, Who never ties to one his grace Can other faithful prophets raise:
- 2 He doth his labourers remove, Yet carries on his work of love, By whom he will, delights to send, And bless his church, 'till time shall end.

HYMN CCCCXLVII.

For true Repentance. 2 Kings xxii. 19, 20.

- Which bows before the Lord,
 Acknowledges how just thou art,
 And trembles at thy word!
 O for those humble contrite tears
 Which from repentance flow,
 That consciousness of guilt, which fears
 The long suspended blow!
- 2 Saviour, to me in pity give
 The sensible distress,
 The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
 And bid me die in peace!
 Wilt from the dreadful day remove
 Before the evil come,
 My spirit hide with saints above,
 My body in the tomb.

HYMN CCCCXLVIII.

David's last Blessing; or, Ascription of all Glory to God. 1 Chron. xxix. 10-13.

C. WESLEY.

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King,
Thy sovereign greatness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing;
By the victory is given,
Thou Majesty divine,
And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven,
And all therein is thine.

2 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high on thine eternal throne
O'er men and angels reign:
Riches as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honour give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thine hand receive.

3 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd
Thy greatness to proclaim,
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name;
Thy glorious name and nature's powers
Thou hast to man made known,
And all the Deity is ours
Through thine incarnate Son.

HYMN CCCCXLIX.

Christian Loyalty. 1 Chron. xxix. 20. Rom. xiii. 1--7. 1 Tim. ii. 1--3. Tit. iii-1, 2. 1 Pet. ii. 13--17. Mark xii. 17.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 WHOE'ER the King of kings adore
 Must reverence his vicegerent here,
 Not earth and hell with all their power
 Can separate loyalty and fear:
- 2 And hence the man set up by thee, Great God, thy faithful people own, In him thy royal image see, And bow before the British throne.

HYMN CCCCL.

Life resigned; or, Waiting to depart. 1 Chron. xxix. 28. Job viii. 16. Phil. i. 23.

C. WESLEY.

1 O 'TIS enough! I ask no more, Full of a few and sinful days, Sated with life, 'till life is o'er, I languish to conclude my race, And silently resign my breath, And sink into the shades of death. 2 This earth without regret I leave, Impatient for my heavenly rest; Saviour, my weary soul receive, Take a sad pilgrim to thy breast, I only live, and die, to be Restor'd, resorb'd and lost in thee.

HYMN CCCCLI.

Ministerial Holiness; or, a Prayer for General Purity. 2 Chron. vi. 41.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 JESUS, the word of mercy give
 And let it swiftly run,
 And let the priests themselves believe,
 And put salvation on:
- Cloth'd with the grace of holiness
 May all thy people prove
 The plenitude of gospel-grace,
 The joy of sacred love.

HYMN CCCCLII.

Christian Vigilance and Caution. Nehem. v. 9. Phil. iii. 17---21. Heb. xiii. 18.

C. WESLEY.

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye

Who load us with reproach and shame, As servants of the Lord most high, As zealous for his glorious name We ought in all his paths to move,

With holy fear, and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And shew them how the christians live.

HYMN CCCCLIII.

Mercy implored; or, the Golden Sceptre. Esth. v. 2.

- 1 IMMORTAL King, with pity see,
 And hear a suppliant sinner groan,
 Mercy extend to me, to me
 Who venturing on a God unknown,
 Prostrate before thy footstool lie,
 And by thy sentence live or die.
- 2 Thy sceptre of redeeming love
 Reach out my trembling soul to raise,
 My dread of endless death remove,
 'To magnifying thy pardoning grace,
 And make, in honour of thy Son
 A beggar partner of thy throne.

HYMN CCCCLIV.

Thanks for a pious King, and a good Government. Esth. x. 3.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 ALL thanks to heaven let Britain pay
 For kings to Britain sent,
 Who bless us with their gracious sway
 And gentlest government:
- 2 Promote the public happiness
 With fatherly delight:
 And bid their children live in peace,
 And serve our God aright.

HYMN CCCCLV.

Resignation. Job i. 9. 1 Tim. vi. 7.

- Naked I out of it shall go, And soon this perishable frame With kindred earth shall rest below:
- 2 But O! my soul, if born again With glory cloth'd upon shall rise, A place among the saints obtain, And find it's Father in the skies.

- 3 I cannot lose what is not mine, I may to God restore his loan; And cheerfully I would resign, When justly he revokes his own:
- 4 Ah, give me, Lord, with all to part; And when thou dost my soul require, To bless thee for a broken heart, And calmly in thine arms expire.

HYMN CCCCLVI.

Impatience of Life reproved. Job iii. 21, 22.

C. WESLE1.

- 1 WHY should I seek what cannot save?
 I have no joy to find a grave,
 Unless, before I hence depart,
 I find a Saviour in my heart!
- 2 Then would I gladly die, to see
 The man who lays so low for me,
 Out of his tomb secure to rise,
 And follow Jesus to the skies!

HYMN CCCCLVII.

The Advantages of Divine Chastisement. Job v. 19. Heb. xii. 5---12.

C. WESLEY.

1 HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above!
Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
Chastiz'd by omnipotent love:

The Author of all his distress
He comes by affliction to know,
And God he in heaven will bless
That ever he suffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God;
With nearer access to his throne
My burthen of folly confess
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction bestow,
A power of applying to thee,
A sanctified use of my woe:
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit,
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus's love:
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above I sit down,
Receive an eternal reward
And glory obtain in a crown.

HYMN CCCCLVIII.

Life renounced. Job vii. 16. Phil. i. 23.

C. WESLEY.

- No; I would not always live,
 Always sin, repent, and grieve,
 Always in my dungeon groan,
 Always serve a God unknown;
 Or if thou appear'st to me,
 Darkly through a glass I see,
 Know in part, and deeper mourn
 'Till I to thy arms return.
- 2 Pardon'd, still for sin I grieve,
 Never can myself forgive;
 Weeping, though my heart were pure,
 Would I to the end endure,
 Still lament and daily die,
 'Till my Saviour from the sky
 Wipe the gracious tear away,
 Bear me to eternal day.

HYMN CCCCLIX.

Pleading for Mercy and Direction, under Sorrow. Job x. 2.

C. WESLEY

CUT me not off, almighty Lord, But use thy rod, and not thy sword; The cross no longer I decline, But save me from the curse divine; Let sorrow break this wretched heart, Let pain my soul and body part, But suffer not my soul to be For ever separate from thee.

Why dost thou this affliction send,
Why with a feeble worm contend?
Unneeded pain thou canst not give,
Or causelessly thy children grieve:
Father in kind compassion shew
What means this providential blow:
O may I here thy mercy see,
And all the good design'd for me.

HYMN CCCCLX.

God the Infinite and Incomprehensible.
Job xi. 7, &c.

C. WESLEY.

1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man

Beyond archangels go,
The great almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate Seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot number'd be,
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity;

Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line In vain we strive to sound, Or stretch our labouring thought t' assign Omnipotence a bound.

3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below;
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow;
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

HYMN CCCCLXI.

Submission and Faith. Job xiii. 15.

- 1 AND let my body languish,
 (So/He my soul redeem)
 Or fail through mortal anguish,
 Yet I will trust in him:
- 2 Destruction as a blessing
 At Jesus' hand I meet,
 And calmly die embracing
 My dear Destroyer's feet!

HYMN CCCCLXII.

Waiting for Death and for Glory. Job xiv. 13, 14, 15.

- HIDE me in my Saviour's grave 'Till thy wrath is all o'er past;
 Now appoint a time to save,
 Think on me for good at last;
 Brought out of thy secret place
 Pure in heart to see thy face.
- 2 For this only thing I wait,
 Wait with fervent patient hope,
 Rais'd to an eternal state
 I shall after God wake up,
 Glorious in thine image shine,
 Fill'd with life and love divine.
- 3 Summon'd to my heavenly home,
 Then I shall with joy reply,
 Answering to thy call I come,
 Gladly get me up and die,
 Made, and bought by grace divine,
 Thine I am, for ever thine.

HYMN CCCCLXIII.

The Sufferings of Saints, and the Grief of the Saviour. Job xvi. 16. Is. lii. 14.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 MY mournful face is foul with tears Until the man of grief appears, And chases mine away; The shade of death hangs o'er my eyes, Till thou the Sun of heaven arise, To bring the gospel-day.
- 2 Thy visage marr'd to me reveal, Deform'd with pangs unspeakable, With sweat and tears and blood! Thou light of life eternal shine, And through that mangled form of thine I see my Lord, my God!

HYMN CCCCLXIV.

Waiting the appointed Time of Dissolution. Job xvi. 22. xvii. 1. 11.

C. WESLEY:

1 I WAIT a few sorrowful years,
And then I no longer shall mourn,
But flee from the valley of tears
A way I shall never return:

From earth I shall quickly remove
To sure everlasting abodes,
And sing with the spirits above,
And triumph with angels and gods.

2 My days are extinguished and gone,
My time as a shadow is fled,
And gladly I lay myself down
To rest with the peaceable dead:
The dead ever-living attend,
Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
And many a glorified friend
Is ready to welcome me home.

3 My days are all vanish'd away,
Broke off the designs of my heart,
No longer on earth I delay,
Or linger as loth to depart
Resolv'd in my Lord to abide,
This purpose, I know, shall remain,
And trust to be found at his side,
And Jesus eternally gain.

HYMN CCCCLXV.

Death desired. Job xvii. 13.

C. WESLEY.

1 READY for my earthen bed, Let me rest my fainting head; Welcome life's expected close, Sink in permanent repose: Jesus' blood to which I fly Doth my conscience purify, Signs my weary soul's release, Bids me now depart in peace.

2 Thus do I my couch prepare;
O how soft, when Christ is there!
There my breathless Saviour laid
Turns it to a spicy bed:
Resting in his power to save
Looking now beyond the grave,
Calm I lay my body down,
Rise to an immortal crown.

HYMN CCCCLXVI.

True Wisdom; or, the Fear of the Lord desired. Job xxviii. 28.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude;
 Superior sense may I display
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be given;
 And let me through thy Spirit know
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heaven.

HYMN CCCCLXVII.

Christ, a King and a Comforter. Job xxix. 25. Heb. i. 8. ii. 18.

C. WESLEY.

THOU man of affliction and love,
All power and dominion is thine:
Thy throne is establish'd above,
Thy throne upon earth is divine:
Thy word with authority give,
Prescribe to thy people their way;
Thy law we attend to receive,
And cheerfully bow to thy sway.

2 The sway among men to maintain,
Compassion and righteousness meet;
Thy reign is a peaceable reign,
Thy seat is a merciful seat!
Great King of an army of saints,
The friend of affliction thou art,
The life of a sinner that faints
The joy of my comforted heart.

HYMN CCCCLXVIII.

The Inspiration of the Spirit, essential to Spiritual Knowledge. Job xxxii. 8. John xiv. 6. c. WESLEY.

¹ THE world may boast their knowledge vain.

But what can human learning do? The Spirit we from God obtain, The way to God alone can shew;

Th' Almighty's own immediate breath Wisdom and truth divine imparts,

Expels the wisdom from beneath, And fills with heaven our peaceful

hearts.

2 Come, Jesus, come, my heart inspire, Wisdom and power of God appear, Kindle the pure celestial fire,

Be thou my life eternal here: The way, the truth, the life divine

Each moment thee I long to prove, Each moment to receive of thine,

Each moment feel, that God is love.

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HYMN CCCCLXIX.

For Self-knowledge. Job xxxiv. 32.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 TEACH me what I never can
 Without thy instruction see,
 Thou who knowest what is in man,
 Shew me, Lord, what is in me,
 Depths of unbelief reveal,
 Self and pride unsearchable.
- 2 Manifested by the light
 That I may my darkness know,
 Shine into my nature's night,
 Night profound as that below,
 Chase this fearful gloom away,
 Shine unto the perfect day.

HYMN CCCCLXX.

Confession and Prayer, arising out of Affiction. Job xxxvi. 8. 10.

C. WESLEY.

1 FAST bound with the fetters of woe,
By cords of affliction detain'd;
The gracious intention I know,
The secret of heaven explain'd;

My Father in mercy reproves,
Instructs me by sorrow and smart,
The veil by correction removes,
And shews me the ground of my heart.

2 Now, Lord, I arrested attend:
My countless offences make known,
My follies and sins without end
Whate'er I of evil have done:
To thee that I fully may turn,
The sin of my nature display,
And give me a spirit to mourn,
And give me an heart to obey.

HYMN CCCCLXXI.

The good Pasture desired. Ps. xxiii. 2.

C. WESLEY.

1 BEAR me to the sacred scene,
The silent streams and pastures green!
Where the crystal waters shine,
Springing up with life divine!

morning and a market of the last of the la

Where the flock of Israel feed, Guided by their Shepherd's tread, And every sheep delights to hide Under the tree where Jesus died!

HYMN CCCCLXXII.

The Hiding-place; or, Sacred Solitude. Ps. lxiv. 2.

C. WESLEY.

THE quiet solitary place,
For which I all my life have pin'd,
The still sequester'd wilderness
O might I in thy presence find!

2 Then shall I rest whom God doth hide, Unconscious then, that in the whole Creation ought exists beside My Saviour, and my happy soul!

HYMN CCCCLXXIII.

For the Close of Life. Ps. lxxi. 8.

- THOU who so long hast sav'd me here,
 A little longer save,
 Till freed from sin, and freed from fear,
 I sink into the grave;
- 2 'Till glad I lay this body down,
 Thy servant, Lord, attend,
 And O! my life of mercies crown
 With a triumphant end!

HYMN CCCCLXXIV.

For the King. Ps. cii. 15.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 NOW let our monarch see
 Thy brighter majesty,
 Now the royal promise seal,
 True and gracious as thou art,
 Jesus, Sun of heaven, reveal
 All thy glories in his heart.
- 2 Give him in thee to view
 Th' eternal God and true;
 Thou the Lord, the Lord most high,
 Thou the only God supreme,
 Fulness of the Deity,
 Reign, for ever reign in him!

HYMN CCCCLXXV.

The Universal Hallelujah. Ps. cl. 6.

C. WESLEY.

BREATHE in praise of your Creator,
Every soul his honours raise,
Magnify the Lord of nature,
Magnify the God of grace,
Hallelujah,
Fill the universe with praise!

HYMN CCCCLXXVI.

The Vanity of Earth; or, Satisfaction in Christ alone. Eccles. i. 2.

- 1 TAUGHT by long experience, Lord, By thy Spirit taught I see
 True is thy severest word,
 All on earth is vanity,
 Empty all our bliss below,
 Seeming bliss, but real woe.
- 2 Turning then from earth away, Seek my soul the joys above, Solid joys without allay; Saviour, in thy heartfelt love Heavenly comfort I possess, True, substantial happiness.
- 3 Now I find the good of man,
 Now I answer thy design,
 All in thee alone obtain,
 Plenitude of grace divine,
 Plenitude of glory too,
 Thee when face to face I view!

HYMN CCCCLXXVII.

The Voice of the Beloved. Sol. Song, ii. 8. 11. 16.

- THE voice of my Beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills!
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 "Rise, my love, and come away."
- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last, The rain is gone, the winter past, The lovely vernal flowers appear, The warbling quire enchant the ear; Now with sweetly pensive moan Coos the turtle-dove alone.
- Jesus, my love, my life, my peace,
 Jesus is mine, and I am his,
 His bride, his dear-bought property,
 Who lov'd, and gave himself for me,
 Joy and glory of my soul,
 While eternal ages roll!

HYMN CCCCLXXVIII.

Leaving the Wilderness. Sol. Song. viv. 5.

C. WESLEY.

- WHO is this we see ascend From the thorny wilderness, Leaning on her bosom friend, Weeping 'till his face she sees! Scattering all her griefs and fears, Lo, he lays the veil aside, Wipes away his church's tears, Shews her his unspotted bride.
- 2 Thus, out of it's state forlorn
 Every soul on Christ reclin'd,
 Shall with him at last return,
 Leave it's cares and sins behind:
 Thus by Jesus' arm sustain'd
 I shall with my Lord be blest,
 Rise into that holiest land,
 Perfect love's eternal rest.

HYMN CCCCLXXIX.

Pardon through the Blood of Christ. Is. i. 18.

C. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, to thy wounds I fly, Purge my sins of deepest die, Lamb of God, for sinners slain, Wash away my crimson stain. 2 Plunge me in the sacred flood, In that fountain of thy blood; Then thy Father's eye shall see No one spot of guilt in me.

HYMN CCCCLXXX.

For Humility. Is. xxviii. 9.

- 1 LORD, that I may learn of thee, Give me true simplicity, Wean my soul, and keep it low, Willing thee alone to know;
- 2 Let me cast myself aside
 All that feeds my swelling pride,
 Not to man, but God submit,
 Lay my reasonings at thy feet:
- 3 Of my boasted wisdom spoil'd, Docile, helpless, as a child, Only seeing in thy light, Only walking in thy might.
- 4 Then infuse the teaching grace God of truth and righteousness, Knowledge, love divine impart Life eternal to my heart.

HYMN CCCCLXXXI.

The broken Cisterns forsaken; or, Trust in Creatures renounced. Jer. ii. 13.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 AH! Lord, with late regret I own,
 I have the double evil done,
 Forsook the spring of life and peace,
 And toil'd for earthly happiness:
 But what in them I sought with pain,
 I could not from the creatures gain,
 The cisterns which my folly hew'd
 Would not contain one drop of good.
- 2 Now for my double sin I grieve,
 Again the broken cisterns leave,
 Again I after thee would go,
 And gasp thy only love to know:
 Fountain of true felicity,
 Eternal God, spring up in me
 And fill'd with life, and love, and power,
 My heart shall never wander more.

HYMN CCCCLXXXII.

The returning Backslider. Jer. xxxi. 20.

C. WESLEY.

1 FATHER, for Jesus' sake alone
Tell me that thou art reconcil'd,
And own a rebel for thy son,
Thy son belov'd, thy pleasant child;

Thy justice spake the afflicting word;
But now with yearning pity see,
With bowels of compassion stirr'd,
And still for good remember me.

2 Mercy I ask in Jesus' name, (Who bought the grace for lost mankind)

Forgiveness through his blood I claim,
Forgiveness through his blood I find:
For mercy and redeeming grace
Still on my Saviour I depend,
Till in his strength I win the race,
And through his wounds to heaven

HYMN CCCCLXXXIII.

ascend.

The dying Father; or, for the Widow and Fatherless. Jer. xlix. ii.

- 1 O THOU faithful God of love,
 Gladly I thy promise plead,
 Waiting for my last remove,
 Hastening to the happy dead,
 Lo, I cast on thee my care,
 Breathe my latest breath in prayer.
- 2 Trusting in thy word alone,
 I to thee my children leave;
 Call my little ones thine own,
 Give them all thy blessings give,

Keep them while on earth they breathe, Save their souls from endless death.

- 3 Whom I to thy grace commend
 Into thine embraces take,
 Be her sure immortal Friend,
 Save her for my Saviour's sake;
 Free from sin, from sorrow free,
 Let my widow trust in thee.
- 4 Father of the fatherless,
 Husband of the widow prove:
 Me and mine persist to bless,
 Tell me, we shall meet above,
 Seal the promise on my heart,
 Bid me then in peace depart.

HYMN CCCCLXXXIV.

Waiting to depart; or, Hope in the Resurrection. Dan. xii. 13.

C. WESLEY.

1 DISMISS'D, I calmly go the way
Which leads me to the tomb,
And rest in hope of that great day
When my desire shall come:
Happy, with those that first arise,
Might I my lot obtain,
When Christ descending from the skies
Begins his glorious reign.

2 An end of all these earthly things
Shall I not wake to see?
And wilt not thou, O King of kings,
Appoint a throne for me?
I lay me down at thy command,
But soon to life restor'd,
I trust on that new earth to stand
Before my heavenly Lord,

HYMN CCCCLXXXV.

Jonah's Gourd. Jon. iv. 6, 7.

- 1 OUR joy in a created good How soon it fades away, Fades (at the morning hour bestow'd) Before the noon of day:
- 2 Joy by it's violent excessTo certain ruin tends,And all our rapturous happinessIn hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
 A momentary shade;
 It rises like the prophet's gourd,
 And wither's o'er my head:
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possest
 No more for earth I pine,
 Secure of everlasting rest
 Beneath the heavenly vine.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVI.

Giving God the Glory. Mat. iii. 6.

C. WESLEY.

LORD, with joyful lips and heart
We own thee gracious still;
Love, and only love thou art,
And love unchangeable:
Wherefore unconsum'd, we give
To thee the glory of thy grace,
Monuments eternal live
Of thine eternal praise.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVII.

Tribulation welcomed; or, the Servant not greater than his Lord. Matt. x. 22. 25.

C. WESLEY.

1 MASTER, I would no longer be
Lov'd by the world that hated thee,
But patient in thy footsteps go,
And treated like my Lord below:
I would (but thou must give the power)
With meekness meet the fiery hour,
The shame despise, the cross abide;
For thou wast scourg'd and crucified!

Welcome, my Saviour's word to me,
The cross and crown annex'd I see,
And suffer on, till pain is past
With life, and I am sav'd at last,
I wait, in death to hear him say
Arise, my love, and come away,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
Safe landed on the heavenly shore.

HYMN CCCCLXXXVIII.

For Children, and for the Administration of Infant Baptism. Mark x. 16.

C. WESLEY.

1 WHO is this tender-hearted Friend,
That doth for helpless children care,
That doth my little ones defend,
And in his gentle bosom bare?
The arms, within whose soft embrace
With joy my sleeping babes I see,
The measure uncreated space
And comprehend eternity.

2 Thy hands upon our children lay,
And bless them in thy service here,
Into their tender hearts convey
A principle of pious fear;
Thee by a life of holy love
Long may they live to glorify,
Or innocent from earth remove,
And spotless to thy bosom fly.

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HYMN CCCCLXXXIX.

For Pardon and Assurance. Luke x. 20.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I listen for thy voice
 Which certifies my sins forgiven:
 O speak, and bid my heart rejoice,
 To know my name enroll'd in heaven:
- 2 Thy heavenly name might I but prove, Thy holiest name inscrib'd on me, I'd triumph in thy perfect love, I'd sing through all eternity.

HYMN CCCCXC.

Rejoicing in Hope; or, Heaven freely bestowed. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 Is it not the Shepherd's voice?

 Jesus, I thy word embrace,

 Fearful I in hope rejoice,

 I shall gain the crowning grace.
- I the kingdom shall receive,
 By my Father's pleasure given,
 Triumph in thy smile, and live
 High-inthron'd with God in heaven.

HYMN CCCCXCI.

Children devoted to God; or, Infant Baptism.

Mark x. 14.

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, kind, inviting Lord, We with joy obey thy word, In their earliest infancy Bring out little ones to thee.
- 2 Born they are, like us, in sin,
 Touch th' unconscious lepers clean;
 Purchase of thy blood they are,
 Save them by thy dying prayer.

HYMN CCCCXCII.

Jesus the Mediator; or, the parting Blessing. Luke xxiv. 51.

C. WESLEY.

PARTED in the act of blessing, Never shall his blessings stop: Still for us he prays unceasing, Still his hands are lifted up! First the Comforter is given Proof of his continued prayer; Then he prays us up to heaven, Blesses us for ever there.

HYMN CCCCXCIII.

For Peace in Believing. John xiv. 1.

C. WESLEY.

- ¹ CALMER of my troubled heart, Bid my unbelief depart, Speak, and all my sorrows cease, Speak, and all my soul is peace;
- 2 Comfort me whene'er I mourn, With the hope of thy return, And till I thy glory see, Bid me still believe in thee.

HYMN CCCCXCIV.

For the Saviour's promised Return. John xvi. 22.

- 1 RETURN, most gracious Lord, return
 Our heart's supreme delight,
 Our hearts, that in thine absence mourn,
 Shall triumph in thy sight;

HYMN CCCCXCV.

Tribulation welcomed. John xvi. 33.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 YES, the promis'd tribulation,
 Saviour, in the world we find,
 Find the pledge of sure salvation,
 In a patient, cheerful mind;
- We on all our foes shall trample
 Sharers of thy victory;
 Followers of thy great example
 Conquerers of the world through thee.

HYMN CCCCXCVI.

Lawful Sorrow; or, the Removal of Christian Friends and of faithful Ministers. Acts viii. 2.

C. WESLEY.

1 FROM their bleeding bosom rent, Might they not a saint lament? From the flock by violence torn, Might they not a Shepherd mourn?

- 2 Free from nature's fond excess
 Thus may we our grief express,
 Thus a parted friend deplore,
 Griev'd for them, that grieve no more.
- 3 Chiefly when the Lord of all Doth his instruments recall, Miss we our instructors here, Mourn a ravish'd minister:
- 4 Deeply, justly sensible, Then the general loss we feel, Testify our grateful love, Weep for one who sings above.

HYMN CCCCXCVII.

Rejoicing in the Stability of the Word of God.

Mark xiii. 31.

- 1 VANISH then this old creation, Still the promise must remain, At the general restoration, We shall see our Lord again:
- 2 Pass away this earth and heaven, Truth can never be o'erthrown, Stands the word by Jesus given Firm as his eternal throne.

HYMN CCCCXCVIII.

Believers risen with Christ. Col. iii. 1, 2.

- 1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with Him ye are,
 Superior to the joys below,
 His resurrection's power declare,
 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
 By actions shew your sins forgiven,
 And seek the glorious things above,
 And follow Christ your Head to heaven.
- 2 There your exalted Saviour see,
 Seated at God's right hand again,
 In all his Father's majesty,
 In everlasting pomp to reign:
 To Him continually aspire,
 Contending for your native place,
 And emulate the angel quire,
 And only live to love and praise.

HYMN CCCCXCIX.

Moderate Sorrow; or, Hope in the midst of Mortality. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 IF death my friend and me divide, Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide, Or frown, my tears to see: Restrain'd from passionate excess Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
 Which bear my mournful spirit up
 Beneath it's mountain-load:
 Redeem'd from death, and grief and pain,
 I soon shall find my friend again
 Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
 And death the blessing shall restore
 Which death hath snatch'd away;
 For me thou wilt the summons send,
 And give me back my parted friend
 In that eternal day.

HYMN D.

For the Victory over Death. 2 Tim. i. 10.

C. WESLEY.

- AH, grant me, Lord, in death to find,
 That death is swallowed up in thee,
 While on thy loving breast reclin'd,
 I gasp for immortality,
 Purchas'd by thine expiring groan,
 And feel it in my heart made known.
- 2 Ah, Saviour, now in me reveal
 Th' eternal life thou dost bestow,
 And when my mortal foe I feel,
 I'll trample on my mortal foe,
 Into thine hands my spirit give,
 And long as my Redeemer live.

HYMN DI.

Pastoral Anxiety and Tenderness. For an Ordination. Philemon 12.

- 1 WHO can a pastor's heart express Th' unutterable tenderness; Beyond what fondest mothers prove The yearning pangs of softest love?
- 2 He only comprehends, who knows
 Whence every grace and blessings flows,
 Who feels, but never can explain
 The bowels of the Son of man.

HYMN DIL

Hope, a sure Anchor. Heb. vi. 19.

C. WESLEY.

LET the wind blow and billows roll, Hope is the anchor of the soul: But can I by so slight a tie, An unseen hope, on God rely? Stedfast and sure it cannot fail, It enters deep within the veil, It fastens on a land unknown, And moors me to my Father's throne!

HYMN DIII.

The Death of Christ a perfect and a sanctifying Sacrifice. Heb. x. 14.

- 1 HIS mournful days of flesh are o'er,
 Accomplish'd is his sacrifice,
 Who suffer'd once, he dies no more,
 Nor adds to that stupendous price,
 Which purchas'd for the faithful race
 Pardon, and peace, and holiness.
- 2 The souls whom separate for his, Out of an evil world he takes, He renders meet for endless bliss, Partakers of his nature makes, And crowns with all the joys above Their patient faith and humble love.

HYMN DIV.

Chastisement and submission. Heb. xii. 5, &c.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 CHASTIS'D by an indulgent God
 I would the kind chastisement feel,
 But never faint beneath the rod,
 Nor desperate, nor insensible;
- 2 From each extreme divinely kept,
 The trouble coming from above
 I would with thankful awe accept,
 And bless with tears my Father's love.

HYMN DV.

Lord save me! 1 Pet. iv. 18.

C. WESLEY.

1 WHEN all thy waves and storms are past
Shall I, shall I, be saved at last?
Then let my Lord conceal his face,
Withhold the knowledge of his grace,
Leave me in doubts, in darkness leave;
But at my latest hour forgive.

2 Deliver from the wrath to come, And scourge me, Saviour, to the tomb, I to thy righteous will submit, And weep unanswer'd at thy feet; But when my dying head I bow, Assure me then, thou heard'st me now!

HYMN DVI.

The aged Christians Prayer. 2 Pet. i. 14.

C. WESLEY.

- I TOO, forwarn'd by Jesus' love, Must shortly lay my body down; But e'er my soul from earth remove, O let me put thine image on!
- 2 Saviour thy meek and lowly mind, Be to thine aged servant given, And glad I'll drop this tent, to find Mine everlasting house in heaven.

HYMN DVII.

The aged Pastor's Prayer. 3 John 4.

C. WESLEY.

1 JESUS, to me the joy impart,
Which fills a faithful pastor's heart,
While I my children see
Walk as the heirs to joys above,
Walk in the truth of holy love,
And genuine piety.

2 Then would I cheerfully resign
My soul into the hands divine,
And sing at my release,
Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart according to thy word,
In everlasting peace.

HYMN DVIII.

Ministerial Humility; for a Meeting of Ministers. 3 John 9.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 JESUS, out of our hearts remove The bane of self-preferring love, Which odious in thy saints appears, Most odious in thy ministers:
- 2 Let each confess with humble shame I nothing have, I nothing am:
 The least of saints with pity see,
 The chief of sinners save in me!

HYMN DIX.

Perseverance and Victory in Christ. Rev. ii. 26, 27.

C. WESLEY.

¹ **J**ESUS, the Son of God, in thee, I trust for that last victory,

And kept by my eternal Friend, I keep thy works, 'till life shall end, Obedient unto death endure, And find thy richest promise sure.

2 So when thou shall on earth appear,
To fix thy heavenly kingdom here,
I shall with my Redeemer join,
Partake the victory divine,
And cloth'd with thy resistless power
The Conqueror of the world adore.

HYMN DX.

Chastisement received with Humility. Rev. iii. 19.

- IT is the Lord, who doth not grieve
 Or needlessly reprove;
 Saviour I thankfully receive
 The tokens of thy love.
- 2 The tokens of thy love I prize,
 By answering thine intent,
 By listening to thy word that cries,
 "Be zealous and repent."

HYMN DXI.

Jesus our Refuge; or a Song of Triumph. Is. xxvi. 1—3.

- 1 THE day, the Gospel Day draws near When sinners shall their voices raise, Sing the New Song with Heart sincere Triumphant in the Land of Praise.
- 2 Glory to God! they all shall cry:
 Who is so great a God as Our's!
 We have a City strong and high,
 Salvation is for Walls and Towers.
- 3 Secure from danger, as from dread,
 We never shall be put to shame
 Who hither have for refuge fled;
 For Jesus is our City's name.
- 4 Open the gates, and open wide
 Let every faithful soul go in;
 Open for all the justified,
 Who keep the truth that frees from sin.
- 5 Who thee remember in thy ways,
 And follow after holiness,
 Because on thee his mind he stays,
 Him thou wilt keep in perfect peace.

HYMN DXII.

Trust in the Lord! Is. xxvi. 4, 5.

- 1 TRUST in the Lord ye sons of men, The Lord Almighty to redeem; Your faith in him shall not be vain, He saves whoever trusts in Him.
- 2 His saving power no limit knows
 In strength and goodness infinite;
 Satan and sin his arm o'erthrows,
 And bruises them beneath our feet.
- 3 He brings them down who dwell on high, Humbles each vain aspiring boast, Bulwarks and towers that threat the sky, He fells, and levels with the dust.
- 4 He lays the lofty city low,
 O'erturns and brings it to the ground;
 His hands destroys the inbred foe,
 And all the strength of sin confound.

HYMN DXIII.

God overthrows Falsehood, and establishes his own Truth. Is. xliv. 24—26.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 O ISRAEL, hear, thy God hath said,
 The voice of thy Creator own,
 I am the Lord, who all things made,
 And still stretch out the heavens alone.
- 2 I hung the earth on empty space,
 And still in equal poise sustain;
 I make, and marr, pull down and raise,
 And Lord of my creation reign.
- 3 I overrule the sons of men,
 Their tokens and their schemes o'erthrow,

Render their strength, their wisdom vain, On all their blasted projects blow.

- 4 I the diviner's skill confound,
 From sinners I their purpose hide,
 Level their Babels with the ground,
 And torture and distract their pride.
- 5 I stop the wise and drive them back, Cross and defeat their surest aim, Their knowledge, foolishness I make, And turn their glory into shame.
- 6 But I my servants word fulfil,
 My messengers divine I own;
 Who shew the counsel of my will,
 Their word shall stand, and their's alone.

HYMN DXIV.

The persecuted delivered, and Persecutors • threatened; or, Jerusalem restored.

Is. li. 17, 23.

C. WESLEY.

1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
Thou that hast drunk the trembling
cup,

The slumber from thy spirits shake, Beneath thy mighty woes stand up.

- 2 Thou that hast drunk the deadly wine Of pain, astonishment, and fear, The last sad dregs of wrath divine; Awake and see thy Saviour near.
- 3 Famine and sword have laid thee waste, Sin the destroying Angel's sword Throughout thy desolate land hath past, Join'd with a famine of the word.
- 4 Wherefore to thee the Lord hath said,
 (Opprest and drunk with wrath divine)
 The Lord thy God, who deigns to plead
 His people's desperate cause and thine;
- 5 Lo! I thy soul have freely lov'd,
 I have display'd my mercy's power,
 The cup out of thy hands remov'd,
 And thou shalt never taste it more.

6 Mine indignation's dreadful cup
The portion of thy foes shall be,
They, they shall all the dregs drink up,
The cup of blessing is for thee.

HYMN DXV.

Latter Day Glory; or, the Conversion and Restoration of the Jews, earnestly desired. Is. lxii. 1---3.

- 1 FOR Sion's sake I will not cease
 In agony of prayer to cry,
 No never will I hold my peace,
 'Till God proclaim salvation nigh:
- 2 Worthy is her great Saviour's worth 'Till Sion doth illustrious shine,And as a burning lamp goes forth The blaze of righteousness divine.
- 3 Thy righteousness the world shall see,
 And Gentiles on thy beauty gaze,
 And all the kings of earth agree
 In wondering at thy glorious grace.
- 4 Thy glorious grace what tongue can tell?
 The Lord shall a new name impart,
 Th' unutterable name reveal,
 And write it on his people's heart.

5 Sion, for thee thy God shall care,
And claim thee as his just reward,
Thee for his crown of glory wear,
The Royal Diadem of thy Lord.

HYMN DXVI.

Missionary Exertions; or, Christ proclaimed to the World. Is. lxii. 10--12.

C. WESLEY.

1 GO through the gates ('tis God commands)
Workers with God, the charge obey,

Remove whate'er his work withstands
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

- 2 Lift up for all mankind to see The standard of their Saviour-God, And point them to the shameful tree The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 3 Sion, thy suffering Prince behold,
 Thy Saviour and Salvation too,
 He comes, he comes, so long foretold,
 Cloath'd in a vest of bloody hue.
- 4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,
 Breaks and binds up, and wounds and
 heals,

A mystic death and life imparts, Empties the full, the emptied fills. 5 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd
With him all needful grace is given,
Himself is here their great reward,
Their future and their present heaven.

HYMN DXVII.

Reflection of Middle Age; or, the Night cometh. John ix. 4.

- 1 AND have I measur'd half my days,
 And half my journey run,
 Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
 Nor yet my work begun?
- The morning of my life is past,The noon almost is o'er,The night of death approaches fast,When I can work no more.
- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
 Thyself unseen unknown,
 Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And melt the heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long-sought blessing give,
 And bid me, at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.

5 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love Shed in my heart abroad, The middle wall of sin remove, And let me see my God.

HYMN DXVIII.

Waiting for Pardon. Ps. lxxvii. 7---10.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 How long, thou hidden God unknown
 Wilt thou thy mournful creature see,
 Distrest, and dark; yet wandering on,
 And blindly feeling after thee?
 Thee, whom I cannot yet attain,
 Thee, whom I seem to seek in vain!
- 2 An outcast from thy blissful face
 Stranger to peace, and faith, and power,
 I ask, nor have thy pardoning grace,
 I knock at faith's unopen'd door,

Nor can I yet admitted be, But still the door is shut to me.

3 What is it makes my Saviour stay,
So strong, so ready to redeem?
Not Jesus wills the unkind delay,
Nor casts out those who come to Him;
His grace the secret bar must move,
Or I shall still reject his love.

4 He will, I dare believe, He will
His way into my heart prepare;
But let me wait his leisure still,
My passionate complaints forbear,
And give my rash impatience o'er,
And murmur for relief no more.

5 When my relief shall most display
Thy glory in thy creature's good,
Then, Saviour, take the veil away,
Sprinkle me with th' atoning blood,
The power of living faith impart
And breathe thy love into my heart.

HYMN DXIX.

The unsearchable Love of Christ. Ephes. iii. 17—19.

- OLOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee!
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove,
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
 - 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 It's riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain it's depth to see,
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height,

- 3 O that I could for ever sit,
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice,
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 O that I could with favour'd John Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
 My everlasting rest.

HYMN DXX.

For the Sick. James v. 14, 15.

C. WESLEY.

1 OLORD, our strength and righteousness,

Our hope, and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour, and our God,
See here, an helpless sinner see,
Sick, and in pain he gasps to thee,
And waits to feel thy blood.

2 In sickness make thou all his bed, Thy hand support his fainting head, His feeble soul defend; Teach him on thee to cast his care, And all his grief and burthen bear, And love him to the end. 3 If now thou wilt his soul require,
O sit as a refiner's fire,
And purge it first from sin;
Thy love hath quicker wings than death,
The fulness of thy spirit breathe,
And bring thy nature in.

4 If in the vale of tears thy will Appoints him to continue still,
O sanctify his pain,
And let him patiently submit
To suffer as thy love sees fit,
And never once complain.

O let him look to Thee alone,
(That all thy will on him be done His only pleasure be)
Alike resign'd to live or die,
As most thy name may glorify
To live or die to Thee.

HYMN DXXI.

The Dying Sinner's Prayer; or, the Prayer of old Age.

C. WESLEY.

OTHOU that dost in secret see, Regard a dying sinner's prayer, Out of the deep I cry to thee Save, or I perish in despair.

- 2 Weeping to Thee I lift mine eyes, Mine eyes which fail with looking up, For Thee my heart laments and sighs Sick with desire and lingering hope.
- 3 O that I could but surely know
 If I at last shall mercy find!
 For what am I reserv'd below?
 Tell me, thou Saviour of mankind!
- 4 Let others walk with thee in light,
 But bless me with one parting ray,
 And e'er I close mine eyes in night,
 Give me to see thy perfect day.

HYMN DXXII.

The broken Heart; or, the Sinner's Plea.

- 1 WILL the pardoning God despise A poor mourner's sacrifice, One who brings his all to thee, All his sin and misery?
- 2 Saviour, see my troubled breast, Heaving, panting after rest, Jesus, mark my hollow eye, Never clos'd and never dry.
- 3 Listen to my plaintive moans, Deep uninterrupted groans, Keep not silence at my tears, Quiet all my griefs and fears.

- 4 Good physician, shew thine art, Bind thou up my broken heart; Aches it not for thee, my God, Pants to feel the healing blood?
- 5 Jesus, answer all thy name, Save me from my fear and shame, Sunk in desperate misery, Sinner's friend, remember me!

HYMN DXXIII.

Patient in Tribulation; or, waiting the Divine Will.

C. WESLEY.

I N patient distress,
My soul I possess,
'Till life and affliction together shall
cease:

'Till the anguish and smart Hath broken my heart,

And the mourner is suffered in peace to depart.

2 'Till then I forego,
All my comfort below,
And no other companion but sorrow will
know:

My companion and guide, With me shall abide,

And only in death shall be torn from my side.

Accepting my pain
I no longer complain,
But wait, 'till at last I the haven obtain;
'Till the storms are all o'er,
And afflicted no more,
On a plank of the ship I escape to the
shore.

HYMN DXXIV.

Misery confessed, and Jesus received. Rev. iii. 17, 18.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 A GUILTY soul by sin opprest,
 Weary of wandering after rest,
 Wretched, and bare, and poor, and blind,
 I now my want of all things find.
- 2 All things I want, but one is nigh, My want of all things to supply: Pardon, and peace, and liberty, Jesus, I all things have in thee.

HYMN DXXV.

The Backslider's Hymn.

C. WESLEY.

 SAVIOUR, Prince, enthron'd on high Penitence and peace to give,
 Cast, O cast a pitying eye,
 Breathe and these dry bones shall live; I shall at thy word repent,
Let but thy good Spirit blow
My hard heart shall then relent
Water from the rock shall flow.

2 Look with that soul-piercing look (Full of goodness as thou art) Look as when thy pity broke Poor unfaithful Peter's heart! Kindly for my sin upbraid, Me who have my Lord denied, Him, who suffer'd in my stead; Him, who for his murderer died.

Infinite thy mercies are,
Let me be again restor'd,
Once again thy blessing share,
Near thyself the wanderer keep,
Rather than my Lord deny,
While beneath thy feet I weep,
Let me love, believe—and die!

HYMN DXXVI.

Peter on the Water. Matt. xiv. 29-31.

C. WESLEY.

1 HE bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the water go,
To him my God, and Lord,
I walk in life's tempestuous sea,
For he who lov'd and died for me,
Hath spoke the powerful word.

- 2 Secure on liquid waves I tread,
 Nor all the storms of passion heed,
 While to my Lord I look;
 O'er every fierce temptation bound,
 The billows yield a solid ground,
 The wave is firm as rock.
- 3 But if from him I turn mine eye,
 And see the raging floods run high,
 And feel my fears within,
 My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
 Reason and unbelief prevail,
 And sink me into sin.
- 4 Lord, I my unbelief confess,
 My little spark of faith increase,
 And I shall doubt no more;
 But fix on Thee my steady eye,
 And on Thine outstretch'd arm rely,
 'Till all the storm is o'er.

HYMN DXXVII.

Sanctified Affliction; or, kissing the Rod. Heb. xii. 5—12. Rev. iii. 19.

C. WESLEY.

1 GLORY to the righteous God, Righteous, yet benign to me! Still in his paternal rod His paternal love I see; Let him tenderly chastise,
Let him graciously reprove,
Father, all within me cries
All thy ways are truth and love.

3 Taught obedience to my God
By the things I have endur'd,
Meekly now I kiss the rod,
Wounded by the rod and cur'd;
Good for me the grief and pain,
Let me but thy grace adore,
Keep the pardon I regain,
Stand in awe, and sin no more.

HYMN DXXVIII.

For a Birth Day.

C. WESLEY.

1 GOD of my life to thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return
And bless the day, that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul, and all it's powers,
Thine, wholly thine shall be,
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live,
To thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to thine image now restore
And I shall praise thee evermore.

HYMN DXXIX.

God's Grace sufficient. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

C. WESLEY.

1 LIGHT of the world, thy beams I bless;
On the bright sun of righteousness,
My faith has fixt it's eye;
Guided by thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For thou art always nigh.

- 2 Ten thousand snares my path beset, Yet will I, Lord, the work complete, Which thou to me hast given; Superior to the pains I feel, Close by the gates of death and hell I urge my way to heaven.
- 3 Still will I strive, and labour still,
 With humble zeal to do thy will,
 And trust in thy defence;
 My soul into thy hands I give,
 And if he can obtain thy leave,
 Let satan pluck me thence.

HYMN DXXX.

The Cup of Sorrow welcomed. John xviii. 11. Mark x. 38, 39.

- 1 AND shall I, Lord, the cup decline
 So wisely mixt by love divine,
 And tasted first by thee?
 The bitter draught thou drankest up,
 And but this single, sacred drop
 Hast thou reserv'd to me!
- 2 Lo! I receive it at thy hand,
 And bear by thy benign command
 The salutary pain;
 With thee to live, I gladly die—
 And suffer here, above the sky
 With my dear Lord to reign.

- 3 Here only can I shew my love,
 By suffering my obedience prove;
 But when my heaven I share,
 I cannot mourn for Jesus' sake,
 I cannot there my cup partake,
 I cannot suffer there.
- 4 Full gladly then for thee I grieve,
 The honour of thy cross receive,
 And bless the happy load:
 Who would not in thy footsteps tread,
 Who would not bow like Thee, his head,
 And sympathize with God!

HYMN DXXXI.

The Father's Prayer for a Sick Child.

- JESUS, great healer of mankind,
 Who dost our sorrows bear,
 Let an afflicted parent find
 An answer to his prayer.
- 2 I look for help in Thee alone,
 To Thee for succour fly;
 My son is sick, my darling son,
 And at the point to die.

- 3 By deep distress a suppliant made, By agony of grief, Most justly might thy love upbraid My lingering unbelief.
- 4 Surely, if thou pronounce the word,
 If Thou the answer give,
 My dying son shall be restor'd,
 And to thy glory live.
- 5 O save the father, in the son,
 Restore him, Lord, to me;
 My heart the miracle shall own,
 And give him back to thee.

HYMN DXXXII.

Resignation under the Loss of a Child. 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23. Job i. 21.

C. WESLEY.

1 WHEREFORE should I make my moan.

Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to Paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own;
Surely what He wills is best,
Happy in his will I rest.

3 Faith cries out, it is the Lord!

Let him do as seems him good;
Be thy holy name ador'd,

Take the gift awhile bestow'd,

Take the child no longer mine,

Thine he is, for ever thine.

HYMN DXXXIII.

Resigning a dying Child. Gen. xxii. 2, 3.

- FATHER, thy will be done, not mine,
 Thy only will be done!
 To thee my Isaac I resign,
 I render up my son.
- Without a murmuring wish I give
 The child thou gav'st to me;
 O let him to thy glory live,
 Or let him die to thee.
- 3 I dare not deprecate the cross, Or of my loss complain, Assur'd my momentary loss Is his eternal gain.
- I hear the providential word,
 I bless the will divine;
 Remove him from my bosom, Lord,
 And take him up to thine.

HYMN DXXXIV.

The Minister's Prayer.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, if thou indeed Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed, (Thy meanest servant, me)
 O may I all their burthens share,
 And gently in my bosom bear
 The lambs redeem'd by thee.
- 2 Thy spirit send me from above,
 Spirit of meek, long-suffering love,
 Of all-sufficient grace;
 Indue me with thy constant mind,
 So good, so obstinately kind
 To our rebellious race.
- 3 A faithful steward of my Lord,
 Give me to minister thy word,
 And in thy steps to tread;
 By every sore temptation tried,
 By sufferings fully qualified
 Thy ailing flock to lead.

HYMN DXXXV.

At the Introduction of a Minister; or, his Restoration from Sickness; or, his Return from a Journey.

C. WESLEY.

GLORY, Lord, to thee we give,
Who hear'st thy people's prayer,
Thankful at thy hands receive
Thy welcome messenger:
Thee we praise, on thee we call,
Jesus, with thy servant come,
Fix in him, in us, in all
Thy everlasting home.

HYMN DXXXVI.

Missionary Encouragements; or, the Fields white to the Harvest. John, iv. 35, 36.

- 1 LIFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Triumphant with my Lord, and me,
 Look on the fields and see them white,
 Already white to harvest see.
- 2 Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,
 The sinners to their Saviour turn,
 Their hearts are all as one inclin'd,
 Their hearts are bow'd as waving corn.

- 3 The Reaper too receives his hire, Fill'd with unutterable peace; But farther still his hopes aspire, And labour for eternal bhss.
- 4 The ripest fruit he gathers there,
 The fulness of his vast reward,
 Ordain'd the Sower's joy to share,
 And reign triumphant with his Lord.

HYMN DXXXVII.

At the Departure or Removal of a Minister of a Parish; or, a Ministerial Farewell. Ruth i. 11.—Act xx. 25. 36—38. xxi. 13.

- 1 TURN again, my children turn,
 Wherefore would you go with me?
 O forbear, forbear to mourn,
 Jesus wills it so to be:
 Why, when God would have us part,
 Weep ye thus, and break my heart?
- 2 Go in peace, my children go, Only Jesus' steps pursue: He shall pay the debt I owe, He shall kindly deal with you; He your sure reward shall be, Bless you for your love to me.

3 Surely you have kindly dealt
With the living, and the dead;
You have oft my burthen felt,
When my tears were all my bread:
Jesus lull you on his breast,
Jesus give you endless rest.

HYMN DXXXVIII.

For the universal Reign of Christ: a Missionary Hymn. Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 COME, Divine Emmanuel come, Take possession of thy home, Now thy Mercy's wings expand, Stretch throughout the happy land.
- 2 Carry on thy victory,
 Spread thy rule from sea to sea,
 Call in all the ransom'd race,
 Save us, save us, Lord, by grace.
- 3 Take the purchase of thy blood, Bring us to a pardoning God; Give us eyes to see our day, Hearts the glorious truth t' obey;
- 4 Ears to hear the gospel-sound Grace doth more than sin abound, God appeas'd, and man forgiven, Peace on earth and joy in heaven.

- 5 O that every soul might be Totally subdu'd to Thee!
 O that all in Thee might know Everlasting life below.
- 6 Now thy mercy's wings expand, Stretch throughout the happy land; Take possession of thy home, Come, Divine Emanuel, come!

HYMN DXXXIX.

Submission; or, the Example of Christ. John xviii. 4-13. Luke xxii. 50, 51. 1 Pet. ii. 21, 22, 23.

- 1 COME, O my soul, the call obey,
 Take up the burthen of the Lord!
 His practice is thy living way,
 Thy guide his pure unerring word:
 The lovely perfect pattern read,
 And haste in all his steps to tread.
 - 2 Here, then, my calling I discern,

 ('Tis written in affliction's book)

 My first and latest lesson learn,

 For nothing here but sufferings look;
 I bow me to the will divine,

 To suffer with my Lord be mine,

- When nature sunk beneath her load,
 Would he the dreadful cup decline?
 Prostrate and bruis'd and sweating blood,
 "Father, thy will be done, not mine:"
 He speaks and meets his enemies,
 And gives them power Himself to seize.
- 4 He chides his rash disciple's zeal,
 Accepts nor man's nor angel's aid:
 Vouchsafes his wounded foe to heal:
 The hands that had his murtherers
 made
 He stretches out, He lets them bind
 The hands that could unmake mankind.
- 5 O that I might like him withstand;
 Like him mine innocency clear;
 Like Him resist the ruffian-band;
 Like Him refuse the cross to bear;
 Like Him the persecutor fly;
 Like Him submit to live and die!

HYMN DXL.

Tribulation; from the Example and Word of Christ. Matt. xvi. 24. Mark viii. 34. Luke ix. 23. John xvi. 33.

- 1 HOW long thou suffering Son of God,
 Shall sinners take thy name in vain,
 Start from the thorny, narrow road
 Of sacred, salutary pain.
 Fondly presume to call thee---Lord,
 But tremble to obey thy word?
- 2 The man that will thy follower be,
 Thou bidst him still himself deny,
 Take up his daily cross with Thee,
 Thy shameful death rejoice to die,
 And choose a momentary pain,
 A crown of endless life to gain.
- 3 But who the dreadful word receive,
 Or gladly take thy burthen up?
 We dare not, Lord, the truth believe,
 But sooth'd with a self-flattering hope,
 To feeble man for succour run,
 The crown-assuring cross to shun.
- 4 Fools that we are, and slow of heart,
 Our richest portion to refuse,
 The patient Saviour's better part,
 The labour and reward to lose:
 The fairest prize to sufferers given,
 The largest recompence in heaven.

5 O let us here on Tabor stop,
Thy glorious face awhile to see,
Or climb yon adverse mountain's top,
The height of rugged Calvary;
To Calvary we with joy repair,
And die to find our Saviour there.

HYMN DXLI.

Father, thy will be done. Luke xxii. 42.

- 1 TO do, or not to do; to have,
 Or not to have, I leave to Thee:
 To be, or not to be, I leave;
 Thy only will be done in me:
 All my requests are lost in one,
 Father, thy only will be done.
- 2 Suffice that for the season past
 Myself in things divine I sought,
 For comforts cried with eager haste,
 And murmur'd when I found them not:
 I leave it now to Thee alone,
 Father, thy only will be done.
- Or selfishly thy grace require,
 An evil heart to varnish o'er;
 Jesus the giver I desire:
 After the flesh no longer known:
 Father, thy only will be done.

4 Welcome alike the crown or cross;

Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death; but ever groan,
Father thy only will be done.

HYMN DXLII.

For Courage in Persecution; and for the Grace of Perseverance. Acts iv. 29. 2 Thess. i. 4---7.

- 1 HEAD of thy patient church beneath,
 Attend the faithful prayer we breathe
 In thy own Spirit's power;
 And by thy grace, protect and keep,
 Thy little flock of helpless sheep,
 In every trying hour.
- 2 Our brethren, and companions dear, Who suffer in thy kingdom here, Preserve in their distress; Support us by that glorious hope, And bring, O bring us quickly up Out of the wilderness.
- 3 But above all thy power display,
 To screen us in our evil day,
 And from ourselves defend;
 Subdue, destroy our foes within,
 And save the tempted soul from sin,
 And save us to the end,

The dire reproach, the guilty shame,
The cursed thing avert,
In all th' assaults of sense and pride,
Continue on thy people's side,
And guard the feeble heart.

HYMN DXLIII.

Holding Heaven in view. 1 Pet. i. 9. Rev. vii. 17. Heb. xii. 22-24.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel,
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond the vale of tears,
 To the celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that happy place,
 The saint's secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 See, where the Lamb in glory stands,
 Incircled with his radiant bands,
 And join th' angelic powers;
 For all that height of glorious bliss,
 Our everlasting portion is,
 And all that heaven is our's.

4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our head.

HYMN DXLIV.

At a Prayer-Meeting, for a Spirit of Prayer. Rom. viii. 26, 27.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 JESUS, thou sovereign Lord of all,
 The same through one eternal day,
 Attend thy feeblest followers call,
 And O! instruct us how to pray:
 Pour out the supplicating grace,
 And stir us up to seek thy face.
- We cannot think a gracious thought,We cannot feel a good desire,'Till Thou who call'dst a world from nought

The power into our hearts inspire; And then we in thy Spirit groan, And then we give Thee back thy own.

3 Lost in a labyrinth of sin,

Long have we wander'd to and fro,

The wilderness has shut us in,

And only faith the way can show; And only prayer can lend the clue, And guide our weary footsteps through. 4 Jesus, regard the joint complaint
Of all thy tempted followers here,
And now supply the common want,
And send us down the Comforter,
The grace of fervent prayer impart,
And fix thine Agent in our heart.

HYMN DXLV.

Disappointment ends in Heaven. Rev. xxi. 4.

C. WESLEY.

1 DISCONSOLATE tenant of clay,
In solemn assurance arise,
Thy treasure of sorrow survey,
And look through it all to the skies:
That heavenly house is prepar'd
For all who are sufferers here,
And wait the return of their Lord,
And long for his day to appear.

2 There all the tempestuous blast
Of bitter affliction is o'er,
The spirit is landed at last,
And sorrow and shame are no more;
Temptation and trouble are gone,
The trial is all at an end—
And there I shall cease to bemoan
The loss of my brother and friend.

3 'Tis there I shall meet him again. Whose burthen through life I must bear.

No longer the cause of my pain, No longer a fugitive there:

Here only the world could divide, Here only the tempter could part,

And turn the unwary aside, And poison the innocent heart.

4 Then let me with meekness attend. The word that shall summon me home. The days of my pilgrimage end, And bury my griefs in the tomb; The tears shall be wip'd from my eyes, When him I behold with the blest; Who hasten'd my soul to the skies, And follow'd me into my rest.

HYMN DXLVI.

Unfaithful Friends, and a faithful Saviour. Prov. xvii. 18. xviii. 24.

C. WESLEY.

1 O MY best, my only Friend, Ever constant, kind, and true, Let my days of mourning end, Let me bid the world adieu, For it's vice and vanity, Take, O take me up to Thee.

L L 2

Weary of my friends below,
Friends that quickly melt away,
Friends that faint to share my woe,
Friends that promise and betray;
Let me quit the faithless kind,
Truth in Thee alone to find.

3 Jesus, Lord, when shall it be?
End of all my wishes Thou,
Set my struggling spirit free,
Hasten to my rescue now:
Bid me to the mountain fly,
Get me up this hour and die.

HYMN DXLVII.

The Gourd withering. Jonah iv. 6, 7.

- 1 WHERE is the gourd, that sudden rose
 To screen a weary pilgrim's head,
 T' assuage the violence of my woes,
 And bless me with it's cooling shade.
 Make all my cares and sorrows cease,
 And turn my anguish into ease?
- 2 A worm hath smote my verdant bower,
 And lo! how soon it fades away!
 It could not stand the morning hour,
 Or bear the scorching heat of day:
 My wither'd joy, alas is fled,
 My fence is gone—my hope is dead.

3 O'tis enough! my God, my God,
Thy hand withhold, thy wrath forbear;
Spare, for I hear the speaking rod,
Thy prodigal in mercy spare,
And in thy gracious arms embrace,
And kiss the sorrow from my face.

4 My every idol I resign,

By thy afflicting love compell'd,

Jesus, the victory is thine,

Hardly at last I yield, I yield,

With every creature good to part

I give thee all this worthless heart.

With solemn dread my life, my fame,
My all I on the altar lay,
All human help and hope disclaim,
And meekly wait the welcome day,
That shall my weary soul release,
And lull me in eternal peace.

HYMN DXLVIII.

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Desiring to depart. Ps. lv. 6. Phil. i. 23.

C. WESLEY.

WHEN shall I lay down my head
On my last, my earthen bed,
Have the rest, I fain would have,
Sink into the quiet grave!

- 2 When shall I my haven find, Leave my cares and griefs behind, Gain the good for which I weep, Close mine eyes in lasting sleep!
- 3 Might I now escape away, Quit the tenement of clay, Take my unsuspected flight, Steal into the world of light!
- 4 Only this do I desire, Change, ere thou, my soul require; Come, my Lord, my Saviour come, First prepare, then take me home.

HYMN DXLIX.

The dying Christian. Deut. xxxii. 49, 50.

- 1 JESUS, help thy fallen creature!
 Conqueror of the world thou art,
 Stronger than the foe, and greater
 Than this poor rebellious heart:
 Power I know to thee is given,
 Power to sentence or release,
 Power to shut or open heaven:
 Thou alone hast all the keys.
- Open, then, in great compassion,
 Open mercy's door to me,
 Out of mighty tribulation
 Bring me forth thy face to see;

O cut short my days of mourning Quickly to my rescue come, Let me joyfully returning Reach my everlasting home.

3 Here me, Lord, myself bemoaning,
Banish'd from my native place,
Languishing for God, and groaning
To appear before thy face:
From this bodily oppression
Set my earnest spirit free,
Give me now the full possession,
Let me now thy glory see.

4 If thou ever didst discover
To my faith the promis'd land,
Bid me now the stream pass over,
On that heavenly border stand,
Now surmount whate'er opposes
Into thine embraces fly;
Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses
Bid me, get me up, and die.

HYMN DL.

The same. A Funeral Hymn. Acts vii. 55, 56. Num. xii. 2.

C. WESLEY.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,

Lo! the Saviour stands above,

Shews the purchase of his merit,

Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN DLI.

Funeral; or, Sorrow chastened by Hope. John ix. 35. 1 Thess. iii. 13, 14.

- 1 WHILE angel choirs their harps employ
 Strung with everlasting joy
 A stranger to receive,
 Our joy with sorrow mixt we find
 The widow'd friends he left behind
 And innocently grieve.
- 2 Stript of her choicest blessing here Nature drops a blameless tear, From all impatience kept: Calm we bewail our friend remov'd, As Jesus mourn'd for his belov'd; He died, and Jesus wept!

- 3 Our loss we solemnly deplore,
 Not like men who hope no more
 Their ravish'd friend to see,
 Sure to o'ertake the parted soul,
 In grief, in death our hope is full
 Of immortality.
- 4 Superior to ourselves we rise,
 Struggle after to the skies,
 And antedate the day,
 When coming in the clouds we shall
 The Judge of quick and dead with all
 His glorious saints survey.
- 5 Amidst that bright ethereal train We shall find our friend again,
 Distinguish'd in the throng
 Our spirits shall his spirit know,
 And sing with all we lov'd below
 The Lamb's eternal song.

HYMN DLII.

The dying Christian; or, Death swallowed up in Victory. Acts vii. 55--60. 1 Cor. 54--57.

C. WESLEY.

1 THRICE happy soul! by special grace
So highly favour'd here,
To sound in death the Saviour's praise,
And breathe the Comforter:

On earth t' enjoy the blissful sight
To dying Stephen given,
And see his Lord enthron'd in light
And see his opening heaven.

2 That heavenly bliss, when language fails,
His every look displays,
And every smile divinely tells
The raptures of the place.
The glory, while he lays it down,
Shines through the sinking clay,
And lo! without a parting groan,

HYMN DLHI.

The soul ascends away!

For more Grace. Ephes. iii. 14--21. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

C. WESLEY.

OTHOU our Husband, Brother, Friend, Behold a cloud of incense rise, The prayers of saints to heaven ascend, Grateful, unceasing sacrifice.

- 2 Regard our prayers for Sion's peace,
 Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
 Thy gifts abundantly increase,
 Enlarge and fill us all with God.
- 3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go, And guide into thy perfect will; Cause us thy hallow'd name to know The work of faith with power fulfil.

HYMN DLIV.

Desertion. Sol. Song. iii. 1---4. v. 6. Lam. i. 12. iii. 1.

- 1 I, I AM the man that have known
 Distress by the stroke of his rod,
 And still through the anguish I groan
 And pine for the absence of God:
 The happy in Jesus, may sleep
 But O'till in me he appears,
 Be this my employment to weep
 And water my couch with my tears.
- 2 Ye watchmen of Israel, declare
 If ye my Beloved have seen,
 And point to that heavenly fair,
 Surpassing the children of men:
 My Lover and Lord from above,
 Who only can quiet my pain,
 Whom only I languish to love,
 O where shall I find him again?
- The joy and desire of mine eyes,
 The end of my sorrow and woe,
 My hope and my heavenly prize
 My height of ambition below;
 Once more if he shew me his face,
 He never again shall depart,
 Detain'd in my closest embrace,
 Eternally held in my heart,

HYMN DLV.

Sacred Sorrow: for a Funeral.

- 1 WEEP ye common mourners, weep,
 Tell aloud your shallow woe,
 Silent all my griefs, and deep,
 In an even current flow,
 'Till they reach the peaceful sea,
 Lost in calm eternity.
- 2 Wisely let me mourn my dead, Live according to his will, In the Saviour's footsteps tread, All my calling's works fulfil, Act through life the decent part Give to God my broken heart.
- 3 Teach me, O my Guide, my Friend,
 Heavenly Counsellor divine,
 To thy secret purpose bend
 This obedient heart of mine,
 Make thine utmost pleasure known,
 All thy will on me be done.
- 4 Lead me into every deed,
 Which thou hast for me prepar'd,
 Me with all thy children lead,
 To my infinite reward,
 To my Friend that waits above,
 To my throne of glorious love.

HYMN DLVI.

Funeral; or, the Example of the Saints. Heb. vi. 12. Rev. xiv. 13. Heb. xii. 1.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 YE happy souls no longer tost,
 Like us on life's tempestuous sea,
 Who cannot now be shipwreck'd, lost,
 Safe-landed in eternity,
 Are mortals banish'd from your mind,
 Or think ye of your friends behind?
- 2 'Tis Jesus, bids us keep in view
 Your active faith and patient hope
 As ye your Lord, we follow you,
 And wait for him to take us up,
 Our closest fellowship t' improve,
 Our fellowship with saints above.
- 3 'Till then we hold your memory dear Which now relieves our drooping heart:

Like us ye mourn'd and suffer'd here, Like us ye languish'd to depart, And labour'd on with painful strife, And drag'd the heavy load of life.

4 But, oh! your evil day is past,
Accomplish'd is your warfare here,
And more than conquerors at last,
Our sad desponding hearts ye chear;
Ye bid us still your steps pursue,
And we shall more than conquer too.

5 Encompast with so great a cloud
Of witnesses, who speak though dead,
We cast aside our every load,
And follow where our Lord hath led,
With patience run th' appointed race,
And die to see his glorious face.

HYMN DLVII.

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 18.23.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Honour the means enjoin'd by Thee, Make good our Apostolic boast, And own thy glorious ministry.
- We now thy promis'd presence claim, Sent to discipline all mankind, Sent to baptize into thy name, We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father in these reveal thy son,
 In these for whom we seek thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us Thou always art,
 Establish now the sacred sign,
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless thine ordinance Divine.

- 5 Spirit divine, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou,
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now.
- 6 Oh! that the souls baptiz'd herein,
 May now thy truth and mercy feel;
 Arise, and wash away their sin—
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

HYMN DLVIII.

The Parent's Prayer; or, a Baptismal Hymn. Gen. xvii. 18. 1 Sam. i. 26---28.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose sovereign will Hath call'd thy servant to fulfil
 The tender parent's part;
 With gifts and graces from above,
 With calmest care, and wisest love,
 Instruct my simple heart.
- 2 Oh! may I every moment see,
 The end for which alone to me,
 Thou hast my children given;
 A blessed instrument divine,
 Through Thee to make, and keep them
 thine,
 And train them up for heaven.

- 3 My first concern their souls to rear,
 And principled with godly fear
 In virtue's paths to lead;
 The hunger after Thee t' excite,
 And stir them up with all their might
 To seek the living bread.
- 4 Thou, Lord, my every wish prevent,
 And guard whom Thou to me hast lent,
 And guide them by thine eye;
 Convert---or to Thyself receive,
 And let them to thy glory live,
 Or innocently die!

HYMN DLIX.

Desiring to depart. Ps. iv. 6. Phil. i. 23. Micah ii. 10. John xiv. 31.

C. WESLEY.

1 FLUTTERING soul, what dost thou here

Pinion'd with a load of clay?
Poor, afflicted sojourner,
Shake thy wings and fly away:
From the mournful valley fly,
Break the cage, and reach the sky.

What doth this low earth afford,
Worthy an Immortal mind?
Man, its miserable Lord,
Can he here his equal find?
Fallen, yet in ruins great,
Sinks the world beneath his weight.

3 Oh! that all the pain were past,
Never, never to return!
Might I but escape at last,
Cease at once to live and mourn,
Grasp through death th' immortal prize,
Meet my God in Paradise.

HYMN DLX.

Expectation and Faith. Phil. iii. 20, 21. Tit. ii. 13.

- 1 AWAY my needless fears,
 And doubts no longer mine!
 A ray of heavenly light appears,
 A messenger divine:
 Thrice comfortable hope,
 That calms my stormy breast,
 My Father's hand prepares the cup,
 And what he wills is best.
- 2 He knows whate'er I want,
 He sees my helplessness,
 And always readier is to grant
 Then I to ask his grace:
 My fearful heart he reads,
 Secures my soul from harms,
 And underneath his mercy spreads
 It's everlasting arms.

I at his foot-stool bow,
Who tells my soul THE HAND OF FATE
IS ON THE CURTAIN NOW!
His will the veil withdraws,
And while I lift my eyes,
Discovers there a glorious cross,
And raps me to the skies.

HYMN DLXI.

The Church of Christ, it's Changes and Glory. Sol. Song, vi. 10. Rev. xii. 1. &c.

C. WESLEY.

1 LO, the Church with gradual light,
Her opening charms displays,
After a long dreary night
Looks forth with glimmering rays,
Scarce perceptible appears,
Until the day-spring from on high,
All the face of nature cheers,
And gladdens earth and sky.

2 Fair as the unclouded moon,
With borrow'd rays she shines,
Shines—but ah! she changes soon,
And when at full, declines!
Frequent, long eclipses feels,
"Till Jesus drives the shades away,
All her doubts and sins dispels,
And brings the perfect day.

[3 Now she without spot appears,
For Christ appears again,
Sun of righteousness, he clears
His church from every stain;
Rising in full majesty,
He blazes with meridian light:
All th' horizon laughs to see
The joyous, heavenly sight.

4 Bright with lustre not her own,
The woman now admire,
Cloth'd with that eternal Sun,
Which sets the worlds on fire!
Bright shall she for ever shine,
Enjoying like the Church above,
All the light of truth divine,
And all the fire of love.

To perfect love restor'd,
Stands the church divinely great,
The army of the lord,
Wide his bloody sign displays;
And lo, the hosts of Satan fall!
Terrible in holiness,
She more than conquers all.

Of her Redeemer's power?

Jesus, come—no more delay,

Thy kingdom to restore!

Or, if first to rest I go,

Yet let me in that day appear,

Meanest of thy Saints below—

Thy Saints triumphant here!

HYMN DLXII.

Glorying in the Lord alone. Jer. ix. 23, &c.

C. WESLEY.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight;
The rush of numerous years beats down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God,
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood;
The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of
grace,
In Christ, through endless ages, mine

HYMN DLXIII.

For the King and the Royal Family. Rom. xiii. 1—7. 1 Tim. ii. 1—3. 1 Pet. ii. 13—17.

- LORD, thou hast bid thy people pray For all that bear the sovereign sway,
 And thy Vicegerent's reign,
 Rulers, and Governors, and Powers—
 And lo, in faith, we pray for our's,
 Nor let us pray in vain!
- 2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threatening danger ward,
 From his anointed head:
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
 And through the path of heavenly peace,
 To life eternal lead.
- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
 Defeat their dire malicious aim,
 Their baffled hopes destroy:
 But shower on him thy blessings down,
 Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
 And everlasting joy.
- 4 In hoary age be thou his God— Late may he see that high abode. Late to his heaven remove; Of virtues full, and happy days, Accounted worthy, by thy grace, To fill a throne above.

- 5 And when thou dost his soul receive,
 O give us, in his offspring, give
 Us back our king again!
 Preserve them, Providence divine!
 And let their long, illustrious line,
 To latest ages reign!
- 6 Secure us of his royal race,
 A man to stand before thy face,
 And exercise thy power;
 With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
 Our nation, and thy church, to bless,
 Till time shall be no more!

HYMN DLXIV.

For the King.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all; whose will ordains
 The powers on earth that be;
 By whom our rightful monarch reigns,
 Subject to none but thee:
- 2 Stir up thy power, appear, appear, And for thy servant fight;Support thy great vicegerent here, And vindicate his right.
- 3 Lo! in the arms of faith and prayer,
 We bear him to thy throne,
 Receive thine own peculiar care,
 The Lord's anointed one.

- 4 With favour look upon his face,
 Thy love's pavilion spread;
 And watchful troops of angels place,
 Around his sacred head.
- 5 Guard him from all who dare oppose,
 Thy delegate and thee;
 From open, and from secret foes,
 From force and perfidy.
- 6 Let us for conscience-sake, revere
 The man of thy righthand:
 Honour and love thine image here,
 And bless his mild command.
- [7 Thou only didst the blessing give; The glory, Lord, be thine! Let all with thankful joy receive The benefit divine.
- 8 To those, who thee in him obey,
 The smiles of peace impart:
 His dear, his sacred burden lay
 On every loyal heart!
- 9 Still let us pray, and never cease—Defend him, Lord, defend!'Stablish his throne in glorious peace, And save him to the end!]

HYMN DLXV.

Convinced Sinners. Is. 1x. 9.

- 1 WHO are these that come from far, Swifter than a flying cloud?
 Thick as flocking doves they are, Eager in pursuit of God;
 Trembling as the storm draws nigh, Hastening to their place of rest;
 See them to their windows fly,
 To the ark of Jesus' breast!
- 2 Who are these but sinners poor, Conscious of their low estate, Sin-sick souls, who for their cure On the good Physician wait, Fallen, who bewail their fall, Proffer'd mercy who embrace, Listening to the gospel-call, Longing to be sav'd by grace.
- 3 For his mate the turtle moans,
 For his God the sinner sighs;
 Hark, the music of their groans,
 Humble groans that pierce the skies!
 Surely God their sorrows hears,
 Every accent, every look;
 Treasures up their gracious tears,
 Notes their sufferings in his book.

4 He who hath their cure begun,
Will he now despise their pain?
Can he leave his work undone,
Bring them to the birth in vain?
No; we all, who seek, shall find,
We, who ask, shall all receive,
Be to Christ in spirit join'd,
With him ever, ever live.

HYMN DLXVI.

Looking for Christ's coming. Rev. iv. 1-3.

- 1 SINNERS, look up, by grace forgiven, Behold an open door in heaven; Attend, ye souls in Jesus found, The Saviour's voice, the trumpet's sound: Hither come up, He cries, and see The secrets of eternity!
- 2 Rise, in the Spirit's rapture, rise,
 To you bright throne above the skies,
 To Him, who sits sublime thereon,
 In colour like a sardine stone,
 And scatters, as the jasper's rays,
 The glories of his awful face.
- 3 Tremble; yet O! with love draw near,
 The showery bow forbids your fear,
 The throne it quite encircles round,
 (And grace on every side is found)
 In colour like an emerald seen,
 Delightful, and eternal green.

4 Turn as he will, the eyes divine
Must ever meet that sacred sign,
Sign of his covenanted grace,
Confirm'd to all the ransom'd race;
Who sing the great Redeemer's love,
Triumphant with that host above.

HYMN DLXVII.

Alarm for Conflict. Col. vi. 10-12.

PART I.

C. WESLEY.

1 HARK! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound;
Stand to your arms! the foe is nigh!
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

2 Go up with Christ your head,
Your Captain's footsteps see:
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory:
All power to him is given:
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

3 Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail:
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell:
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule the lower world.

HYMN DLXVIII.

Conflict and Victory.

PART II.

- A NGELS our march oppose,
 Who still in strength excel,
 Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
 Countless, invisible:
 With rage that never ends,
 Their cruel arts they try:
 Legions of dire, malicious fiends,
 Who fell from thrones on high.
- 2 On earth th' usurpers reign,
 Exert their baneful power;
 O'er the poor fallen sons of men,
 They tyrannize their hour:
 But shall believers fear?
 But shall believers fly?
 Or see the bloody cross appear,
 And all their powers defy?

Jesus' tremendous name
Puts all our foes to flight!
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight:
By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And conquering them through Jesus'
blood,
We still to conquer go.

4 Our Captain leads us on:
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:

" Be faithful unto death;

" Partake my victory;

"And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath.

" And thou shalt reign with me."

HYMN DLXIX.

Ministerial Love. Job xxix. 2-4.

C. WESLEY.

O THAT I was as heretofore,
When first sent forth in Jesus' name,
I rush'd through every open door,
And cried to all, "behold the Lamb!"
Seiz'd the poor trembling slaves of sin,
And urg'd the outcast to come in.

- 2 The God who kills and makes alive,
 To me the quickening power impart;
 Thy grace restore, thy work revive,
 Retouch my lips, renew my heart;
 Forth with a fresh commission send,
 And all thy servant's steps attend.
- [3 Give me the faith which can remove,
 And sink the mountain to a plain;
 Give me the childlike praying love,
 That longs to build thine house again;
 The love which once my heart o'erpower'd,
 And all my ardent soul devour'd.]
- 4 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,
 To spend, and to be spent for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe to breathe thy love.
- 5 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord, Into thy blessed hands receive; And let me live to preach thy word, And let me for thy glory live, My every sacred moment spend, In publishing the sinner's Friend.
- 6 Inlarge, enflame, and fill my heart,
 With boundless charity divine;
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like thine;
 And lead them to thine open side,
 The sheep for whom their shepherd died.

[7 Or if, to serve thy Church and thee,
Myself be offer'd up at last;
My soul, brought through the purple sea,
With those beneath the altar cast,
Shall take the palm to martyrs given,
And occupy a throne in heaven.]

HYMN DLXX.

I pray thee shew me thy Glory. Exod. xxxiii. 18.

C. WESLEY.

1 OGOD, my hope, my heavenly rest,
My all of happiness below,
Grant my importunate request,
To me, to me, thy goodness show;
Thy beatific face display,
The brightness of eternal day.

2 Before my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
Make all thy gracious goodness pass!
Thy goodness is the sight I prize;
O may I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

3 There in the place beside thy throne,
Where all that find acceptance stand,
Receive me up into thy Son;
Cover we with thy mighty hand:

Set me upon the rock, and hide My soul in Jesus' wounded side.

4 O put me in the cleft; empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!
Descend in this accepted hour;
Pass by me, and thy name declare:
Thy wrath withdraw, thy hand remove,
And show thyself the God of love.

HYMN DLXXI.

Missionary Prospects; or, Gradual Increase of Grace. 1 Kings xviii. 44. Zach. iv. 10.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace!
 Jesus' love the nations fires,
 Sets the kingdoms on a blaze!
 To bring fire on earth he came;
 Kindled in some hearts it is;
 O that all might catch the flame,
 All partake the glorious bliss!
- 2 When he first the work begun, Small and feeble was his day: Now the word doth swiftly run, Now it wins it's widening way: More and more it spreads and grows, Ever mighty to prevail; Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows, Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorify'd;
Jesus mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love!

HYMN DLXXII.

Submission to the Cross. Rev. iii. 19.

C. WESLEY.

1 GOD of my life, how good, how wise Thy judgments on my soul have been! They were but mercies in disguise, The painful remedies of sin:

How different now thy ways appear, Most merciful, when most severe!

- 2 Since first the maze of life I trod,
 Hast thou not hedg'd about my way,
 My worldly, vain designs withstood,
 And robb'd my passions of their prey,
 Withheld the fuel from the fire,
 And cross'd my every fond desire?
- 3 How oft didst thou my soul withhold, And baffle my pursuit of fame, And mortify my lust of gold, And blast me in my surest aim; Withdraw my animal delight, And starve my grovelling appetite?
- 4 Thou wouldst not let the captive go,
 Or leave me to my carnal will;
 Thy love forbad my rest below,
 Thy patient love pursu'd me still,
 And forc'd me from my sin to part,
 And tore the idol from my heart.
- 5 But can I now the loss lament,
 Or murmur at thy friendly blow?
 Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent,
 From every seeming good below;
 Thrice happy loss, which makes me see
 My happiness is all in THEE.

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HYMN DLXXIII.

New Year's Day. Luke xiii. 6-9.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise:
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground:
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord,
 Cried, "Let it still alone:"
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space:
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN DLXXIV.

Faith prevailing over Fear; or, Hope in Famine. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

C. WESLEY.

1 AWAY my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place!
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No—in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield!

2 Although the vine it's fruit deny;
Although the olive yield no oil;
The withering fig-tree droop and die;
The field illude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford;
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here:
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
Whose matchless grace can reach to
me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim:
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name;
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh:
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN DLXXV.

Invitation. Is. lv. 1, &c.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh, 'Tis God invites the fallen race; Mercy and free salvation buy, Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come! Sinners obey your Maker's voice; Return, ye weary wanderer's home, And in redeeming love rejoice.

- 3 See, from the Rock, a Fountain rise!
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money he need not bring, nor price,
 Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give, Leave all ye have, and are, behind! Freely the gift of God receive, Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

HYMN DLXXVI.

Christian Union; A Hymn at parting.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
 That will not let us part;
 Our bodies may far off remove,
 We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one Spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him!
 And nothing know beside,
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
 But Jesus crucified!
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave To his belov'd embrace; Expect his fullness to receive, And grace to answer grace.

- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death, can part!
- 6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore,
 When death shall all be done away,
 And Christians part no more!

HYMN DLXXVII.

Hymn to the Creator.

S. WESLEY.

- 1 Source of light,
 With unfading beauties bright;
 Thee, when morning greets the skies,
 Blushing sweet with humid eyes;
 Thee, when soft declining day;
 Sinks in purple waves away;
 Thee, O Parent, will I sing,
 To thy feet my tribute bring.
- 2 Yonder azure vault on high,
 Yonder blue, low, liquid sky;
 Earth on it's firm basis plac'd,
 And with circling waves embrac'd;
 All, creating power confess,
 All, their mighty Maker bless;
 Shaking nature with thy nod
 Earth and heaven confess the God.

- 3 Source of light, thou bid'st the sun,
 On his burning axles run:
 Stars like dust around him fly,
 Strew the area of the sky;
 Fills the queen of solemn night,
 From his vase, her orb of light
 Lunar lustre, thus we see,
 Solar virtue, shines by thee.
- 4 Father, King, whose heavenly face, Shines serene upon our race; Mindful of thy guardian care, Slow to punish, prone to spare; We, thy majesty adore, We, thy well-known aid implore, Not in vain thine aid we call, Nothing want, for THOU ART ALL!

HYMN DLXXVIII.

Providence. Ps. civ. 13, &c.

J. WESLEY.

1 GENIAL showers at God's command Satisfy the barren land;
Labouring with parent throes,
See! the teeming hills disclose
A new birth: See cheerful green,
Transitory, pleasing scene,
O'er the smiling landscape glow,
O'er the gladden'd vale below.

2 On the mountain's craggy brow,
Amiably dreadful now,
See the clasping vine dispread
Rising high, her verdant head;
See the purple grape appear,
Kind relief of human care;
Whom but God should I proclaim,
God from whom these blessings came!

HYMN DLXXIX.

The Attributes of God.

PART I.

J. WESLEY.

- O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
 Thee to perfection who can know!
 O height immeuse! What words suffice
 Thy countless attributes to show?
- 2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
 O plunge me in thy mercy's sea:
 Void of true wisdom is my heart!
 With love embrace, and cover me!
- 3 While thee, All-infinite, I set
 By faith, before my ravish'd eye,
 My weakness bends beneath the weight!
 O'erpower'd I sink, I faint, I die.
- 4 Eternity thy fountain was,
 Which, like thee, no beginning knew:
 Thou wast ere time began it's race,
 Ere glow'd with stars th' ethereal blue!

5 Greatness unspeakable is thine, Greatness whose undiminish'd ray, When short-liv'd worlds are lost, shall shine,

When earth and heaven are fled away.

6 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord, Essential life's unbounded sea; What lives, and moves, lives by thy word:

It lives, and moves, and is from thee.

HYMN DLXXX.

The same.

PART II.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 THY parent-hand, thy forming skill,
 Firm fix'd this universal chain;
 Else empty, barren;—darkness still
 Had held his unmolested reign.
- 2 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,
 Or shuns, or meets, the wandering thought,

Escapes, or strikes the searching eye, By thee was to perfection brought!

3 High is thy power above all height,
Whate'er thy will decrees, is done;
Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
Only to thee, O God, is known!

- 4 Heaven's glory is thy awful throne,
 Yet earth partakes thy gracious sway:
 Vain man! thy wisdom folly own,
 Lost is thy reason's feeble ray:
- 5 What our dim eye could never see,
 Is plain and naked to thy sight:
 What thickest darkness veils, to thee
 Shines clearly as the morning-light:
- 6 In light thou dwell'st; light, that no shade,

No variation ever knew.

Heaven, earth, and hell, stand all display'd,

And open to thy piercing view.

HYMN DLXXXI.

The same.

PART III.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 THOU, true and only God, lead'st forth Th' immortal armies of the sky: Thou laugh'st to scorn the gods of earth; Thou thunderest, and amaz'd they fly!
- With downcast eye th' angelic choir
 Appear before thy awful face;
 Trembling they strike the golden lyre,
 And through heaven's vault resounds
 thy praise.

- 3 In earth, in heaven, in all, thou art:
 The conscious creature feels thy nod,
 Whose forming hand on every part
 Impress'd the image of it's God.
- 4 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, thine alone:
 Justice and truth before thee stand:
 Yet nearer to thy sacred throne
 Mercy withholds thy lifted hand.
- 5 Each evening shews thy tender love, Each rising morn thy plenteous grace; Reluctant wrath does slowly move, Thy willing mercy flies apace.
- 6 To thy benign, indulgent care,
 Father, this light, this breath we owe;
 And all we have, and all we are,
 From thee, great source of being, flow.

HYMN DLXXXII.

The same.

PART IV.

J. WESLEY.

- 1 PARENT of good, thy bounteous hand Incessent blessings down distils;
 And all in air, or sea, or land,
 With plenteous food and gladness fills.
- 2 All things in thee live, move, and are,
 Thy power infus'd doth all sustain;
 Ev'n those thy daily favours share,
 Who thankless spurn thy easy reign.

3 Thy sun, thou bid'st, his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
On all who hate, or bless, thy sway,
Thou bid'st descend the fruitful shower.

4 And, when thy foes, who scorn'd thy might,
Shall find thee a consuming fire,

Shall find thee a consuming fire, How sweet the joys, the crown how bright Of those, who to thy love aspire!

- 5 All creatures praise th' eternal name! Ye hosts that to his court belong, Cherubic choirs, scraphic flames, Awake the everlasting song!
- 6 Thrice holy! thine the kingdom is,
 The power, Omnipotent! is thine!
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine!

HYMN DLXXXIII.

The Refuse.

c. wesley, (supposed).

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 Every good in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile, and full of sin, I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

ROSCOMMON.

HYMN DLXXXIV.

The Creator praised. Ps. cxlviii. 1, &c.

ROSCOMMON.

1 AZURE vaults! O crystal sky! The world's transparent canopy! Break your long silence, and let mortals know. With what contempt you look on things

below.

O Light, thou fairest first of things, From whom all joy, all beauty springs; O praise the Almighty ruler of the globe, Who useth thee for his imperial robe.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray 3 Rules the bright empire of the day; O praise his name, without whose purer light,

Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense, By God's command, your influence; Resign to him, as your Creator due, That homage which man's folly pays to you.

- Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
 And ye who through the concave blow;
 Swift executors of his holy word,
 Whirlwinds and tempests! praise the Almighty Lord.
- 6 Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
 The God of gods, the God of grace;
 Who will above the stars your empireraise,
 And with his gloryrecompence your praise.

HYMN DLXXXV.

The Day of Judgment.

ROSCOMMON

- 1 THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations underground.
- 2 Nature and death shall with surprise, Behold the pale offender rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes.
- 3 Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred mystic book be read, To try the living and the dead.
- 4 The Judge ascends his awful throne: He makes each secret sin be known, And all with shame confess their own.

- 5 O then, what interest shall I make, To save my last important stake, When the most just have cause to quake?
- 6 Thou mighty, formidable King, Thou mercy's unexhausted spring, Some comfortable pity bring!
- 7 Forget not what my ransom cost, Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost, In storms of guilty terror tost.

HYMN DLXXXVI.

For Mercy.

PART. II.

ROSCOMMON.

- 1 THOU for me didst feel such pain, Whose precious blood the cross did stain, Let not those agonies be vain!
- 2 Thou whom avenging powers obey, Cancel my debt (too great to pay) Before the last accounting day.
- 3 Surrounded with amazing fears, Whose weight my soul with anguish bears, I sigh, I weep—accept my tears.
- 4 Thou who wert moved with Mary's grief, And, by absolving of the thief, Hast given me hope, now give relief:

- 5 Reject not my unworthy prayer; Preserve me from that dangerous snare, Which death and gaping hell prepare.
- 6 Give my exalted soul a place, Among the chosen right-hand race, The sons of God and heirs of grace.
- 7 Prostrate my contrite heart I rend, My God, my Father, and my Friend, Do not forsake me in my end!

ADDISON.

HYMN DLXXXVII.

The Starry Heavens. Ps. vii. & xix.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale; And, nightly to the list ning earth, Repeats the story of her birth:

Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball:
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN DLXXXVIII.

Providence.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd;
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd,
 To form themselves in prayer.

- 4 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
 From whence those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
 It clear'd my dubious way:
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 O how shall words with equal warmth,
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravish'd heart;
 But thou canst read it there.

HYMN DLXXXIX.

Praise.

- TEN thousand times ten thousand gifts,
 My daily thanks employ:
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 2 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 Thy glorious theme renew.

- 3 When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 4 Through all eternity, to thee,
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN DXC.

The Travellers' Hymn.

- 1 HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence!
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.
- 3 Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
 In all it's horrors rise.
- 4 [Confusion dwelt on every face,
 And fear in every heart:
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.]

- 5 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord! Thy mercy set me free; Whilst in the confidence of prayer, My soul took hold on thee.
- 6 [For though in dreadful whirls we hung, High on the broken wave, I knew thou wert not slow to hear. Nor impotent to save!
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd, Obedient to thy will; The sea that roar'd at thy command, At thy command was still!
- 8 In midst of dangers, fears and death, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.
- 9 [My life, if thou preserv'st my life, Thy sacrifice shall be; And death, if death must be my doom, Shall join my soul to thee!

HYMN DXCL

Judgment anticipated, and mercy implored. ADDISON.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear, see my Maker face to face-O how shall I appear!

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- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought:
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd In Majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!
- 4 Then, see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And let my Saviour's dying groans,
 Give all those sorrows weight!
- 5 For never shall my soul despair,Thy mercy to procure,Who knows thy only Son has died,To make that pardon sure!

HYMN DXCII.

The Divine Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

- To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wandering steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way.
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

LOGAN.

HYMN DXCIII.

The Prayer of Jacob.

Gen. xxviii. 20—22. xxxii. 9—12.

LOGAN.

1 O GOD of Abraham! by whose hand, Thy people still are fed; Who, through this weary pilgrimage, Hast all our fathers led:

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present, Before thy throne of grace; God of our fathers, be the God Of their succeeding race!
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life, Our wandering footsteps guide: Give us by day our daily bread, And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings abroad, Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's lov'd abode, Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer, Thy mercy we implore; Then, with the grateful voice of praise, Thy goodness will adore!

HYMN DXCIV.

Frailty of Life.
Job xiv. 1 & 2. Gen. iii. 19.

PART I.

LOGAN.

1 FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "dust thou art,
"And shalt to dust return!"

- 2 Determin'd are the days that fly, Successive o'er thy head; The number'd hour is on the wing, That lays thee with the dead.
- 3 Gay is thy morning; flattering hope Thy sprightly steps attends; But soon the tempest howls behind, And the dark night descends!
- 4 Before it's splendid hour, the cloud Comes o'er the beam of light;
 A pilgrim in a weary land,
 Man tarries but a night!

HYMN DXCV.

The same. 1 Chron. xxix. 15. Zech. i. 5.

- 1 WHEN chill the blast of winter blows, Away the summer flies; The flowers resign their sunny robes, And all their beauty dies.
- 2 Nipt by the year, the forest fades, And, shaking to the wind, The leaves toss to and fro, and strew The wilderness behind.
- 3 The winter past, reviving flowers
 Anew shall paint the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.

- 4 But man departs this earthly scene, Ah! never to return! No second spring of life revives The ashes of the urn!
- 5 Where are our Fathers? Whither gone The mighty men of old? The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings, In sacred books enroll'd?
- 6 Gone to the resting place of man, His long, his silent home; Where ages past have gone before, Where future ages come!

HYMN DXCVI.

The same. Ps. xc. 5 & 7. Is. xxx. 33.

PART III.

- 1 THE mighty flood that rolls along It's torrents to the main,
 The waters lost can ne'er recall,
 From that abyss again.
- 2 The days, the years, the ages dark, Descending down to night, Can never, never be redeem'd, Back to the gates of light.
- 3 So man departs the living scene,
 To night's perpetual gloom;
 The voice of morning ne'er shall break
 The slumbers of the tomb.

- 4 Thus nature pours the wail of woe; In answer to her cry, Attend the voice of sovereign grace, That wispers from the sky:
- 5 "When mortal man resigns his breath, And falls a clod of clay, The soul immortal wings it's flight, To never-setting day.
- 6 "Prepar'd of old for wicked men, The bed of torment lies; The just shall enter into bliss, Immortal in the skies!"

HYMN DXCVII.

Trust in Providence. Ps. lxx. 17, 18.

- ¹ ALMIGHTY Father of mankind, On thee my hopes remain; And when the day of trouble comes, I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years thou wast my guide, And of my youth the friend; And as my days began with thee, With thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,
 The arm on which I lean;
 He will my Saviour ever be,
 Who has my Saviour been.

- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope, When life began to beat; And when a stranger in the world, Didst guide my wandering feet:
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age And evil days descend; Thou wilt not leave me in despair, To mourn my latter end:
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to thee, In death I will adore: And after death will sing thy praise, When time shall be no more.

HYMN DXCVIII.

Heavenly Wisdom. Prov. viii. 10, 11, 18—21, & 33—36.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears Instruction's warning voice; And who celestial wisdom makes His early, only choice.
- 2 For she has treasures greater far, Than east or west unfold; And her reward is more secure Than is the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view, A length of happy years; And in her left, the prize of fame And honour bright appears.

- 4 She guides the young with innocence, In pleasure's path to tread;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise, So her rewards increase; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.

HYMN DXCIX.

Latter Day Glory. Mic. iv. 1-5. Is. ii. 2-5.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord, In latter days shall rise Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.
 - 2 To this, the joyful nations round, All tribes and tongues shall flow; "Up to the hill of God," they'll say, "And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill Shall lighten every land;
 The King who reigns in Zion's towers, Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
 Or mar the peaceful years;
 To ploughshares soon they beat their
 swords,
 To pruning hooks their spears.

- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts, Their millions slain deplore: They hang the trumpet in the hall, And study war no more.
- 6 Come then--O come from every land, To worship at his shrine; And walking in the light of God, With holy beauties shine.

HYMN DC.

The Divine Missionary. Is. xlii. 1-4.

- 1 BEHOLD! th' ambassador divine, Descending from above, To publish to mankind the law Of everlasting love!
 - 2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd, The heavenly dew descends: And truth divine he shall reveal, To earth's remotest ends.
 - 3 No trumpet-sound, at his approach, Shall strike the wondering ears;
 But still and gentle breathe the voice In which the God appears.
 - 4 By his kind hand, the shaken reed Shall raise it's falling frame;
 The dying embers shall revive,
 And kindle to a flame.

5 The onward progress of his zeal, Shall never know decline; Till foreign lands and distant isles, Receive the law divine!

HYMN DCI.

Messiah's Kingdom.
Is. lv. 12, 13. xxxv. 6, 7.

- 1 MESSIAH! at thy glad approach, The howling wilds are still; Thy praises fill the lonely waste, And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
 Their sacred stores unlock;
 Loud in the desert, sudden streams
 Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends Upon the morning gale; Red o'er the hill the roses bloom, The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
 A robe of beauty wears;
 And in new heavens a brighter sun,
 Leads on the promis'd years.
- 5 The kingdom of Messiah come
 Appointed times disclose;
 And fairer in Emmanuel's land
 The new creation glows.

6 Let Israel to the prince of peace, The loud hosanna sing! With hallelujahs, and with hymns, O Zion, hail thy King!

HYMN DCII.

The great High Priest. Heb. iv, 14-16.

- 1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great high priest our nature wears,
 The patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He, who for men in mercy stood, And pour'd on earth his precious blood, Pursues in heaven his plan of grace, The Guardian of the human race.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high, He bends on earth a brother's eye; Partaker of the human name, He knows the frailty of our frame!
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains A fellow-feeling of our pains; And still remembers in the skies, His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart, The man of sorrows had a part; He sympathizes in our grief, And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne, Let us make all our sorrows known; And ask the aids of heavenly power, To help us in the evil hour!

HOYLAND.

HYMN DCIII.

God the Creator. Ps. civ.

PART I.

HOYLAND.

- ARISE, my soul, in hallow'd lays!
 Arise, the King of heaven to praise!
 My God! thy glories shine
 In never-fading beauty bright:
 How art thou rob'd in radiant light,
 And majesty divine!
- 2 He, as a curtain, stretch'd on high
 The vast cerulean canopy,
 And gave the fires to glow:
 'Twas he, tremendous potentate,
 Built on the waves his hall of state,
 Wide as the waters flow.
- 3 He walks upon the wings of wind,
 And leaves the rapid storms behind:
 Their monarch's awful will
 Seraphs await in dread suspense;
 And swifter than the lightning's glance,
 His mighty word fulfil.

4 Earth's base he deeply laid, to bear
The shocks of elemental war,
While time itself shall last;
He had to move the vast profound,
And o'er the solid mass around
A liquid mantle cast.

5 At thy rebuke the tides recede,
Each growing hill upheaves it's head
From the deep gulph below;
The thunder of thy voice they hear,
And to their caverns, smit with fear,
Precipitately flow.

6 Now up the hill they labouring creep,
Now down the vales tumultuous sweep,
For such is thy command:
Their tyrant rage thy wisdom bounds,
Lest, madly rushing o'er their mounds,
They whelm the ruin'd land.

HYMN DCIV.

God the Benefactor. Ps. civ.

PART II.

HOYLAND.

GOD feeds with springs the lucid rills,
That, tinkling down the shrubby hills,
In wild meanders rove;
Where beasts to cool their thirst repair,
Where sing the choristers of air
Within the shady grove.

2 He bids the clouds their treasures shed,
On the bleak mountain's singed head;
Reviving meadows smile;
Hence, earth the tender herbage pours
For lowing herds; hence genial stores,
To bless the tiller's toil.

3 The vines with purple clusters glow,
And, swell'd with nobler juices, flow,
The drooping heart to cheer;
See, vats with olive tides abound,
See, fields with golden harvests crown'd
Frail nature to repair.

4 He bids the spiry firs arise,
The cedars vigorous pierce the skies
From Lebanon's chill brow;
Fearless, amid conflicting storms,
The towering stork his cradle forms,
High on the sounding bough.

HYMN DCV.

Evening and Morning. Ps. civ.

PART III.

HOYLAND.

1 EACH creature knows his safe abode, And treads the path assign'd by God; Far in the western skies The punctual sun, at evening hour, Sinks in the sea; with feeble power The moon his place supplies. 2 But when the sable hand of night
Has quench'd the sickly rays of light,
Fierce through the devious wood
The lion, gaunt with hunger, scours;
The desert trembles as he roars,
Invoking heaven for food.

3 But soon as springs the roseate dawn,
To gild with light the verdant lawn,
The growling monsters fly:
Heaven-taught, they shun the ways of
men,

And stretch'd along th' ensanguin'd den, In horrid slumbers lie.

4 Renew'd with sleep the labourer spies
The blushes of the morning skies;
New toil to rest succeeds,
Till the departing beams refuse
Their kindly warmth, and evening dews
Impearl the flowery meads.

HYMN DCVI.

The God of Providence by Sea and Land. Ps. civ.

PART IV.

HOYLAND.

1 THY wisdom, Lord the land displays,
Thy power informs the spacious seas
With vivifying soul;
There whales enormous stem the main,
Who, kings of the tempestuous reign,

In awkward gambols roll.

2 'Tis there the pilot, o'er the tides, Secure the tilting vessel guides: The scaly tribes that move In myriads through the watery waste, Thy gracious providence attest, Thy kind, paternal love.

3 To thee they raise th' imploring eye,
From thee expect a sure supply;
In thy sustaining breath
They live; thy face but turn away—
They die: Thou will'st—the quickening clay
Instinctive springs from death!

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

HYMN DCVII.

The Messiah.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

HAIL, Lord of nature, hail! to thee belong

My song, my life—I give my life, my

song:

Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone, Confess thy love, and pour out all my own. 2 From eastern realms, where first the infant light

Springs into day, and streaks the fading

night,

Nations shall own before the morning-rise;

A purer morning trembles from thine eyes.

- 3 In vain the sun with light his orb arrays, Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze; Through his transparent fallacy we see, And own the sun is but a star to thee.
- 4 Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies, Your glories lessen as his glories rise: His radiant word with gold the sun attires,

The moon illumes, and lights the starry fires.

5 Ye gardens, blush with never-fading flowers,

For ever smile, ye meads,—and blow, ye bowers:

Bleat, all ye hills, be whiten'd all ye plains,

O earth, rejoice! th' Eternal Shepherd

reigns!

HYMN DCVIII.

In a Time of Sickness.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

- 1 O LORD! to thee I lift my soul,
 To thee direct mine eyes,
 While fate in every vapour rolls,
 And sickening nature sighs.
- 2 My sins wide-staring in my face, In ghastly guise alarm; The pleasing sins of wanton youth, In many a fatal charm.
- 3 O may I feel thy saving health, Let rapture fill my heart: So shall a train of bliss succeed, And all my fears depart.
- 4 Though mortal pangs this feeble frame
 To dissolution bring,
 Pale death in vain shall hurl his dart,
 And point in vain his sting;
- 5 If gracious heaven at that sad hour
 It's guardian hand extend;
 If Jesus sooth my parting soul,
 And save me at my end.
- 6 O Lord, or let me live or die,
 Thy holy will be done!
 But let me live alone to thee,
 And die in thee alone!

MOORE.

HYMN DCIX.

The Voice of the Beloved. Sol. Song, ii. 8.11.

MOORE.

- 1 AS music steals along the air,
 Hark! my Beloved's voice I hear!
 'Arise, my love, and come away,
 Behold the spring of heavenly day!
- ² 'Bleak winter's gone, with all his train Of chilling frosts and dropping rain: Amid the verdure of the mead The primrose lifts her velvet head:
- 3 'The warbling birds the woods among, Salute the season with a song; The cooing turtle in the grove Renews his tender tale of love:
- 4 'The vines their infant tendrils shoot, The figtree bends with early fruit; Then welcome in the genial ray, Arise, my love, and come away!'
- 5 O take me, stamp me on thy breast, Deep let the image be imprest! All earthly pleasures vain must prove, Worthless the world—without thy love!

MICKLE.

HYMN DCX.

The Ascension. Ps. lxviii. 17, 18.

MICKLE.

- 1 THOUSANDS of angels at thy gate,
 And great archangels stand,
 And twenty thousand chariots wait,
 Great Lord! thy dread command!
- 2 Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
 With god-like honours clad,
 Captivity in captive chains
 Triumphing thou hast led:
- 3 That thou might'st dwell with men below,
 And be their God and King;
 From this low world, this land of woe,
 Shalt thou thy people bring.
- 4 To heavenly mansions, high and fair, Our Captain's gone before, Shall for his host the way prepare, And they shall faint no more.
- 5 How bright, O thou that hearest prayer,
 How mild thy mercies shine!
 A mother's love, a father's care,
 But ill resemble thine!

SCOTT.

HYMN DCXI.

God's Dominion, and Man's sovereignty in it. Ps. viii.

SCOTT.

1 ALMIGHTY power! amazing are thy ways,

Above our knowledge, and above our

praise,

How all thy works thy excellence display! How fair, how great, how wonderful are

they;

2 Thy hand you wide-extended heaven uprais'd,

Yon wide-extended heaven with stars

emblaz'd,

Where each bright orb, since time his course begun,

Has roll'd a mighty world, or shone a

sun!

3 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race!

A point, an atom, in the field of space! Yet ev'n to us, O Lord, thy care extends, Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends! 4 To feeble men, as delegates of thee, Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea; Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air;

Whate'er of life the watery regions bear;

5 All these are our's—and for th' extensive claim,

We owe all homage to thy sacred name! Almighty power! how wondrous are thy ways,

How far above our knowledge and our

praise!

HYMN DCXII.

The God of the Seasons. Ps. lxv. 8--13.

SCOTT.

1 PRAISE to th' Almighty Lord of heaven, arise!

Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread

the skies;

Who o'er his works extends paternal care, Whose kind protection all the nations share!

2 From the glad climes where morn in beauty dress'd,

Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west; On him alone their whole dependance lies,

And his rich mercy every want supplies!

3 O thou, great Author of th' extended whole,

Revolving seasons praise thee as they

By thee, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, rise.

Thou giv'st the frowning, thou, the smil-

ing, skies!

4 By thy command the softening shower distils

Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills:

Then favouring sunshine o'er the clime extends,

And, bless'd by thee, the verdant blade

ascends.

5 How soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,

And bids thy harvest crown the fruitful

year!

Thus all thy works conspicuous worship

raise,

And nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.

BLACKMORE.

HYMN DCXIII.

Praise to the Creator.

BLACKMORE.

¹ HAIL, King Supreme! of power immense abyss!

Father of light! exhaustless source of

bliss!

Thou uncreated, self-existent cause, Control'd by no superior being's laws!

2 Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray, Smil'd heavenly sweet, and tried to kindle day;

Ere the wide fields of ether were dis-

play'd,

Or silver stars cerulean spheres inlaid;

3 Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,

Or verdant pride young nature did adorn; Thou art! and didst eternity employ,

In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy!

2 Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;

Then in the dark and undistinguish'd

space,

Thy compass mark'd this planet's destin'd place.

3 Then didst thou through the fields of barren night

Go forth, collected in creating might; From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,

Thou for each part materials didst select.

4 Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,

Advance the mountains, and the vales

extend;

People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,

And store with scaly colonies the flood.

5 Last man arose at thy creating word, Of thy terrestrial realms vice-gerent lord; Ennobled by thy image spotless shone— And still to thee aspires, and shares thy throne.

PITT.

HYMN DCXVI.

The eighth Psalm.

PART I.

PITT.

- 1 O KING eternal and divine!
 The world is thine alone;
 Above the stars thy glories shine,
 Above the heavens thy throne.
- 2 How far extends thy mighty name!
 Where'er the sun can roll,
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
 Thy deeds from pole to pole.
- 3 The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
 And vindicate thy laws;
 The tongue that never spoke before,
 Shall labour in thy cause.
- 4 For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
 And view the heavens around,
 You stretching waste of azure skies,
 With stars and planets crown'd;
- 5 Who in their dance attend the moon,
 The empress of the night,
 And pour around her silver throne
 Their tributary light:

2 Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;

Then in the dark and undistinguish'd

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 The tongue that never spoke before,

Shall labour in thy cause.

- 4 For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
 And view the heavens around,
 You stretching waste of azure skies,
 With stars and planets crown'd;
- 5 Who in their dance attend the moon,
 The empress of the night,
 And pour around her silver throne
 Their tributary light:

6 Lord! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

HYMN DCXVII.

Human Dignity; or

PART II.

PITT.

- NEXT to the bless'd angelic kind, The Lord created man, And this inferior world assign'd, To dignify his span.
- 2 Him all revere, and all obeyHis delegated reign,The flocks that through the valley stray,The herds that graze the plain.
- 3 The furious tiger speeds his flight, And trembles at his power; In fear of his superior might, The lions cease to roar.
- 4 Whatever horrid monsters tread
 The path beneath the sea,
 Their king at awful distance dread,
 And sullenly obey.
- 5 O Lord, how far extends thy name!
 Where'er the sun can roll,
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
 Thy deeds from pole to pole!

HYMN DCXVIII.

Psalm the Twenty-fourth; or, the Christian.

PART I.

PITT.

- 1 FAR as the world can stretch it's bounds,
 The Lord is King of all,
 His wondrous power extends around
 The circuit of the ball.
- 2 For he within the gloomy deeps
 It's dark foundations cast,
 And rear'd the pillars of the earth
 Amid the watery waste.
- 3 Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
 And see Jehovah there?
 Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe,
 The sacrifice of prayer?
- 4 He only whose renewed soul
 Fair virtue's paths has trod,
 Who with clear hands and heart regards
 His neighbour and his God.
- 5 On him shall his indulgent Lord
 Diffusive bounties shed,
 From God his Saviour shall descend
 All blessings on his head.
- 6 Of those who seek his righteous ways,
 In this the chosen race;
 Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
 And flourish in his grace.

HYMN DCXIX.

The Ascension of Christ; or

PART II.

PITT.

- LIFT up your stately heads, ye doors, With hasty reverence rise, Ye everlasting doors that guard The passes of the skies.
- 2 Swift from your golden hinges leap, Your barriers roll away. Now throw your blazing portals wide And burst the gates of day.
- 3 For see! the King of glory comes Along th' ethereal road: The cherubs through your folds shall bear The triumph of your God.
- 4 Who is this great and glorious King? Oh! 'tis the Lord, whose might Decides the conquest, and suspends The balance of the fight.
- 5 Swift from your golden hinges leap, Your barriers roll away, Now throw your blazing portals wide, Ye gates of heavenly day.

HYMN DCXX.

Calvary.

PITT.

1 A MINGLED sound from Calvary I hear. And the loud tumults thicken on my ear, The shouts of murderers that insult the slain,

The voice of torment, and the shrieks of pain.

2 The Saviour's wide-extended arms I see Transfix'd with nails and fasten'd to the tree;

I see my King with purple cover'd round His own rich blood that streams from every wound.

3 I see with grief the thorny circle red, The guilty wreath that blushes round his head;

And with that rage the bloody scourge applied.

Curls round his limbs, and ploughs his sacred side.

4 At such a sight let all my anguish rise, Break up, break up, ye fountains of mine eyes!

Here let my tears in gushing torrents flow, Here would I pause and give a loose to woe!

5 While such a spectacle of woe appears Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears;

Canst thou ungrateful man! his torment see,

Nor weep for him who shed his blood for thee?

BROOME.

HYMN DCXXI.

The Vanity of Life.

BROOME.

- O LIFE, frail offspring of a day!
 Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
 Swift as the short liv'd flower it flies,
 It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies!
- 2 With cries we draw our earliest breath, And groans announce approaching death, While round stern ministers of fate, Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait!
- 3 When youth and strength in age are lost,
 Man seems already half a ghost;
 Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
 A walking hospital of woes.
- [4 O happiness, thou empty name! Say, art thou bought by gold or fame? For what is gold, but shining earth? And what are time's applauses worth?]
- Jook round on all that man below Idly calls great, and all is show!—
 All to the coffin from our birth
 In this vast toy-shop of the earth!
- 6 Come, Jesus, come—the sinner's friend, Be thou my guide, my way, my end; Cheerful, yet serious, I pursue
 Thy steps—and bid the world, adieu!

HYMN DCXXII.

Death; or, our Father's, where are they?

BROOME.

¹ VAIN man! wouldst thou escape the common lot,

To live, to suffer, die and be forgot?

Look back on ancient times, primeval years,

All, all are past! a mighty void appears! Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame

Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!

2 The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,

Mix with the meanest in congenial dust! Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,

Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God!

And thou—wouldst thou the general sentence fly?

Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die!

3 Blest is the man whom gracious heaven has led

Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead!

Who, safely landed on the blissful shore, Nor human folly feels, nor frailty, more! Soft is his sleep, and undisturb'd his rest, Serenely pillow'd on his Saviour's breast.

4 What though the path be dark that must be trod,

Though man be blotted from the works of God,

Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear

To earth's extremes through all th' expanse of air;

Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,

He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

5 So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,

Extinct his splendours in the whelming main,

A trainsient night, earth, air, and heaven invades.

Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades, But soon emerging with a fresher ray, He starts exultant, and renews the day!

WALTER HARTE.

HYMN DCXXIII.

The Poverty and Wrongs of Christ.

W. HARTE.

1 NOR wealth, nor plenty, did he ever taste,

The moss his pillow, oft his couch the ground!

The poor man's bread completed his repast,

Home he had none, and quiet never found,

For fell reproach pursued, and aim'd the wound:

The wise man mock'd him, and the learned scorn'd;

Th' ambitious worldling other patrons tried;

The power that judg'd him every foe suborn'd,

He wept unpitied, and unhonour'd died!

2 Such was the Saviour—hence draw thy relief,

Here learn submission, passive dutiés learn:

Here drink the calm oblivion of thy grief, Avoid each danger, every good discern, And win the prize thy Saviour died to earn! Reflect, my soul, on his stupendous love, His simpathy divine, his tender care! Spirit of truth, this stony heart remove, While at his feet I drop contrition's tear!

POPE.

HYMN DCXXIV.

The Messiah; or, his Birth and Reign. Is. xi. 1. xiv. 8. xxv. 4. ix. 7. xl. 4.

PART I.

POPE.

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FROM Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,

Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:

Th' ethereal spirit o'er it's leaves shall move,

And on it's top descends the mystic Dove.

2 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!

The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

3 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;

Returning justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,

And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend.

4 Swift fly the years—behold the expected morn

At length appears—th' auspicious babe is born;

See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,

Withall the incense of the breathing spring.

5 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;

Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, rise!

With heads inclin'd, ye cedars, homage pay,

Be smooth ye rocks—ye rapid floods give way!

HYMN DCXXV.

The Messiah; or, Miracles. Is. xi. 3. xliii. 18. xxxv. 5, 6. xxv. 8.

PART II.

POPE.

1 HARK! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers!

Prepare the way! a God, a God, appears!

A God! a God! the vocal hills reply; The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity!

2 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;

Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,

And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day!

3 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,

And bid new music charfn th' unfolding ear!

The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,

And leap exulting, like the bounding roe!

4 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,

From every face he wipes off every tear! In adamantine chains shall death be bound, And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

HYMN DCXXVI.

The Messiah; or, Latter Day Glory.

Is. xl. 11. ix. 6. ii. 4. lx. 3, 4—19, 20. li. 6. liv. 10.

PART III.

POPE.

1 AS the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,

Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air, Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs.

By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

2 The tender lambs he raises in his arms, Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms,

Thus shall mankind the guardian care engage

Of HIM, the Father of th' eternal age.

3 No more shall nation against nation rise, Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd

The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

4 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,

Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.

5 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,

Nor evening moon shall fill her silver horn;

But in thy courts, THE LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine

Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

6 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,

Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;

But fix'd his word, his saving power remains—

Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

HYMN DCXXVII.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

POPE.

1 VITAL Spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say, "Sister spirit, come away!"
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits draws my breath?—
 Tell me, my soul! can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring!—
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

HYMN DCXXVIII.

Universal Prayer for Obedience and Gratitude. Rom. ii. 15. Is. xlv. 15. Job, xi. 7--9. Eccles. ii. 24. Acts ii. 46.

PART I.

POPE.

- 1 THOU Great First Cause, least understood,
 - Who all my sense confin'd To know but this, that thou art good, And that myself am blind:
- 2 Yet gave me in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will!

- 3 What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do;
 This---teach me more than hell to shun,
 That---more than heaven pursue.
- 4 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives—
 T' enjoy is to obey.

HYMN DCXXIX.

The same.

For Christian Charity and Contentment. Matt. vii. 1---5. Rom. xiv. 4. 1 Cor. xiii. 4-8. Acts x. 34, 35. Phil. iv. 11. Heb. xiii. 5.

PART II.

POPE.

- 1 NOT to this earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round!
- Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

3 Where I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
Where I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find the better way!

4 Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious discontent, At aught thy wisdom has denied, Or aught thy goodness lent.

HYMN DCXXX.

The same.

For Pardon, Protection, and Daily Provision. Heb. xiii. 3. Matt. vi. 10---15. 1 Tim. vi. 8. Prov. xxx. 7—9. Ps. cl. 6.

PART. III,

POPE,

- 1 TEACH me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 Mercy may I to others show,
 Show mercy, Lord, to me!
- 2 Mean though I am, not wholly so, Since quicken'd by thy breath;O lead me, whereso'er I go, Through this day's life or death!
- 3 This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done!

4 To THEE, whose temple is all space!
Whose altar—earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

DR. S. JOHNSON.

HYMN DCXXXI.

For Divine Illumination. Ps. xxxvi. 9.

JOHNSON.

1 O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,

Whose voice created, and whose wisdom

guides,

On darkling man in pure effulgence shine, And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast, With silent confidence, and holy rest; From thee, great God! we spring---to thee we bend, Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End!

THOMSON.

HYMN DCXXXII.

Anxious Cares discouraged; or, our Lord's Appeal to Nature. Matt. vi. 25--30.

THOMSON.

[1 WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,

And o'er my cheek descends the falling

tear;

While all my warring passions are at strife,

Oh, let me listen to the words of life!]

2 "Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,

Is spread at once upon the sparing board; Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,

While on the roof the howling tempest

bears;

3 What further shall this feeble life sustain!
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again!

Say---does not life it's nourishment ex-

ceed?

And the fair body it's investing weed?

4 Behold! (and look away your low de-

spair!)

See the light tenants of the barren air! To them nor stores, nor granaries, belong, Nought, but the woodland and the pleasing song!

5 Yet your kind, heavenly Father, bends his eye On the least wing that flits along the sky; He hears the gay, and the distressful call, And with unsparing bounty fills them all!

6 Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,--Observe the various vegetable race; They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,

Yet see how warm they blush! how bright

they glow!

7 If ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds.

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he

spreads,

Will he not care for you, ye faithless! sav?

Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?"

PARNELL.

HYMN DCXXXIII.

Death leads to Immortality.

PARNELL.

- 1 DEATH'S but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God:
 A port of calms, a state of ease,
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.
- 2 As men who long in prison dwell, With lamps that glimmer round the cell, Whene'er their suffering years are run, Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
- 3 Such joy, though far transcending sense, Have pious souls at parting hence! On earth, and in the body plac'd, A few, and evil years, they waste;
- 4 But when their chains are cast aside, See the bright scene unfolding wide, Clap the glad wing, and tower away, And mingle with the blaze of day

HYMN DCXXXIV.

Man, the Tongue of the Creation; or, all thy Works praise thee.

PARNELL.

- 1 THE sun that walks his airy way,
 To light the world, and give the day;
 The moon that shines with borrow'd light,
 The stars that gild the gloomy night;
- 2 The seas that roll unnumber'd waves, The wood that spreads it's shady leaves; The field whose ears conceal the grain, The yellow treasure of the plain.
- 3 The whole of these, and all I see,
 Ought to be sung, and sung by me:
 They speak their Maker as they can,
 But want, and ask, the tongue of man!

YOUNG.

HYMN DCXXXV.

The Day of Battle; or, the British Sailor's Hymn.

YOUNG.

1 THE day's arriv'd, the fatal hour, Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power! Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight:

Now war's important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is wisdom and how weak is
might!

2 From out the deep to thee we cry,
To thee, at nature's helm on high!
Steer then our conduct, dread Omnipotence!

To thee for succour we resort, Thy favour is our only port; Our only rock of safety thy defence!

3 O thou! to whom the lions roar,
And not unheard, thy boon implore!
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

Thou canst arrest the flying ball,
Or send it back and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the
thunder broke.

4 Britain in vain extends her care
To climes remote for aids in war;
Still further must it stretch to crush the
foe:

There's one alliance, one alone, Can crown her arms, or fix her throne, And that alliance is not found below.

5 Ally Supreme! we turn to thee; We learn obedience from the sea; With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil:

Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
To rouse or hush the martial storm,
And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

6 Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown;
Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death
to free,

to free,
To turn aside his levell'd dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:
There we cast archor, we confide in
thee!

HYMN DCXXXVI.

Resignation.

YOUNG.

- 1 THE days how few, how short the years,
 Of man's too rapid race!
 Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
 A shorter in it's place!
- 2 Since vain all here, all future---vast,
 Embrace the lot assign'd;
 Heaven wounds to heal, it's frowns are friends,
 It's strokes severe, most kind.

- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
 By strong and endless ties,
 And every sorrow cuts a string,
 And urges us to rise.
- 4 When heaven would kindly set us free,
 And earth's enchantment end,
 It takes the most effectual means,
 And robs us of a friend:
- 5 Resign—and all the load of life
 That moment you remove;
 It's heavy tax, ten thousand cares
 Devolve on one above;
- 6 Who bids us lay our burden down
 On his Almighty hand,
 Softens our duty to relief,
 To blessing a command!

HYMN DCXXXVII.

The All-seeing God.

YOUNG.

- IN passing through this chequer'd life, God's awful voice I hear,
 And, conscious of my nakedness,
 Would hide myself for fear:
- 2 But where the trees, or where the clouds,
 Can cover from his sight;
 Naked the centre to that eye,
 To which the sun is night.

3 As yonder glittering lamps on high,
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they
shine,
Chase darkness from my soul!

4 My soul, which reads his hand as clear,
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

5 And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

6 A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere!

HYMN DCXXXVIII.

The Wisdom of God's Providence.

YOUNG.

- 1 FOUNTAIN profuse of every bliss!
 Good-will immense prevails;
 Man's line can't fathom it's profound;
 An angel's plummet fails.
- 2 When backward with attentive mind,
 Life's labyrinth I trace,
 I find him far myself beyond
 Propitious to my peace:

3 Through all the crooked paths I trod, My folly he pursu'd; My heart astray, to quick return Importunately woo'd.

4 Sometimes he led me near to death,
And pointing to the grave,
Bade terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

5 O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death!

6 O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels strike the lyre!

HAWEIS.

HYMN DCXXXIX.

Easter Day.

RECITATIVE.

HAWEIS.

1 THE day-spring dawns; the awful hour is come,
Big with the fate of all the sons of men!
Eternity depends!—Say, silent tomb!
Can this cold corpse of Jesus rise again?

SYMPHONY. STROPHE.

Hark! what sounds of joy I hear!
Lo! from heaven the herald near!
Bright his face as mid-day sun!
How the guards affrighted run!
Back the ponderous rock he roll'd!
Wide the gates of death unfold
To their victor Lord the way,
Up to life and endless day!

ANTISTROPHE.

He comes! all hail! see, from the dead The mighty conqueror come! Sin, death, and hell, are captive led! The victory is won!

CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky,

"Risen indeed!" the angels cry!

Earth re-echoes back the sound,

"Risen!"—the ransom'd shout around!

SEMI-CHORUS.

He that suffer'd in our stead, Jesus Christ is risen indeed!

CHORUS.

Acclamations rend the sky-"Risen!" the universal cry. Amen!
Hallelujah!

HYMN DCXL.

Remember me, O my God, for good. Neh. xiii. 31.

HAWEIS.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!

I lift my heart to thee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes, Dear Lord! remember me!

When groaning, on my burden'd heart,My sins lie heavily,My pardon speak, new peace impart,

In love remember me!

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way, And ills I cannot flee;

O give me strength, Lord! as my day; For good remember me!

4 Distress'd with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see;

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief; Hear, and remember me!

5 If on my face, for thy dear name, Shame and reproaches be; I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,

If thou remember me!

6 The hour is near---consign'd to death,
I own the just decree:
Saviour! with my last, parting breath.

I'll cry—Remember me!

HYMN DCXLI.

Spring.

HAWEIS.

- 1 THE winter is over and gone,
 The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
 The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
 The lark mounts and warbles away.
- 2 Shall every creature around,
 Their voices in concert unite,
 And I, the most favour'd, be found,
 In praising, to take less delight?
- 3 Awake, then, my harp, and my lute!
 Sweet organs, your notes softly swell!
 No longer my lips shall be mute,
 The Saviour's high praises to tell!
- 4 His love in my heart shed abroad,
 My graces shall bloom as the spring;
 This temple, his Spirit's abode;
 My joy, as my duty, to sing.

HYMN DCXLII.

A Missionary embarking.

HAWEIS.

1 FAREWELL! ye scenes of sweet delight!
Vanish'd as visions of the night:
Onward, by duty urg'd, I go,
My course to finish here below.

- 2 The cloud and pillar mark the road Which leads to glory's bright abode; And every step on him I lean, Whose strength is in my weakness seen.
- 3 I know my habitation's bound; Predestin'd, love encircles round; The desert smiles, the darkness flies; His presence makes it Paradise.
- 4 Glory to God in every place, Who by us manifests his grace; And from the earthen vessel's store His excellence displays the more.
- 5 Oh, make me faithful unto death,
 Thy witness with my latest breath,
 To tell the glories of the Lamb,
 Him whom I serve, and whose I am!

HYMN DCXLIII.

Morning Hymn.

HAWEIS.

THE day-spring dawns; with ruddy streaks
The rosy-finger'd morn

Upon my opening eye-lids breaks;
Another sun is born!
Death's lesser mysteries past, I rise
To pay my morning sacrifice!

- 2 Bless'd be the Saviour's guardian care
 That watch'd my sleeping hours,
 Gave rest refreshing, to repair
 Nature's exhausted powers:
 To thy lov'd bosom, Lord! I flee;
 When I awake, I'm still with thee!
- 3 The life preserv'd, I would devote
 To thee, and thee alone;
 I know the hour is not remote,
 When, all my labours done,
 Up to the temple I shall soar,
 Where night and sleep are known no
 more!

HYMN DCXLIV.

Humility; or, the lowest Room.

HAWEIS.

- 1 ABHORRED pride! first-born of hell!
 Far from my bosom flee;
 And, in it's place, descend and dwell,
 Meek-ey'd humility!
- 2 Invited to the gospel-feast,
 My proper place I know;
 Number'd among the last and least,
 I'll to the lowest go.
- 3 But if acceptance I shall meet, O Lord! before thy face, And thou point to a higher seat, Advanc'd in gifts and grace;

4 Conscious from whence my all I drew,
Let me the lower lie;
Ascribe the glory where 'tis due,
Still less than nothing I.

HYMN DCXLV.

God our Hiding-place. Ps. xxxii. 7.

HAWEIS.

- 1 WHEN lowering clouds deform the sky
 And darkness thickens round,
 Sudden the forked lightnings fly,
 Loud thunders rock the ground.
- 2 The howling blasts impetuous sweep
 The desolated plain,
 The frighted beasts to covert creep,
 Home flies the trembling swain!
- 3 But louder thunders o'er my head,
 My heart with terror fill,
 And storms of wrath divine I dread,
 Which soul and body kill!
- 4 See on the whirlwind's rapid wing,
 The king of terrors ride,
 And with him desolation bring!
 Myself where can I hide?
- 5 "Haste, sinner! haste"—the Saviour cried,

"Behold my wounded form!

"The cleft of my deep-pierc'd side "Shall hide thee from the storm!"

HYMN DCXLVI.

Come and welcome! John vii. 37.

HAWEIS.

- 1 FROM the cross uplifted high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melodious sounds I hear, Bursting on my ravish'd ear!
 - "Love's redeeming work is done!
 - "Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,

"Why beneath thy burdens groan?

"On my pierced body laid,

"Justice owns the ransom paid:

"Bow the knee, and kiss the son,

- "Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 3 "Spread for thee, the festal board,
 - "See with richest dainties stor'd;
 "To thy Father's bosom press'd,
 - "Yet again, a child confess'd;
 - "Never from his house to roam:
 - "Come and welcome, sinner, come!
- 4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
 - " Lo! I come! your Saviour, Friend-
 - "Safe your spirits to convey
 - "To the realms of endless day,
 - "Up to my eternal home!
 - "Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

HYMN DCXLVII.

Good Friday. Luke xxii. 39-46.

HAWEIS.

1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;

On which the Lord was laid; His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down; In agony he pray'd;

- 2 "Father! remove this bitter cup, "If such thy sacred will;
 - "If not, content to drink it up, "Thy pleasure I fulfil!"
- 3 Go to the garden, sinner! see
 These precious drops that flow!
 The heavy load he bore for thee—
 For thee he lies so low!
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear,
 Thy Father's will obey;
 And when temptations sore draw near,
 Awake to watch and pray!

HYMN DCXLVIII.

The same.

HAWEIS.

1 HARK! the loud cry! O sun! thy golden locks

Why dipt in blood? Tell me ye rending rocks!

Thou labouring earth! why from your centre quake

Ye yawning graves! why thus with hor-

ror shake?

2 "Behold that cross!" affrighted nature cries;

"In anguish there the God of nature

dies!

"Then ask no more why the sun hides his head,

Earth quakes, rocks rend, the grave gives up her dead."

3 I look'd-- O sight of woe! the wounds still bled,

As on his bosom fell his sacred head!

Upon his brow the crown of thorns he bore.

And down his body flow'd the crimson gore!

4 His lifeless corpse, low bending forward, swung,

As on his dislocated arms, it hung!

The livid stripes his furrow'd shoulders show;

Wide gapes the side, the blood and water flow!

5 Say, heart of stone! canst thou behold, unmov'd,

This scene of sorrow? 'Twas because he lov'd

Wretches like thee! to save them from the grave,

Sin, death, and hell—himself he cannot save!

6 Look to him, sinners! till the sight imparts

True godly sorrow to your pierced hearts! Then---body, spirit, yield to his control---And let him see the travail of his soul!

HYMN DCXLIX.

The God of the Sea. Jer. v. 22.

HAWEIS.

- 1 WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
 Beneath the billows roar;
 And breaking on the coral strand,
 Whiten with foam the shore:
- 2 Thee, in thy works, my God, I see--Thou said'st, and it is done!
 Bound by th' unchangeable decree,
 "Proud waves---no farther come!"
- 3 Though tempests rear your curling head, And mingle sea and skies, Smooth as the mirror ye shall spread, If "peace, be still!" he cries.
- 4 Shall winds and waves their God obey, And I refuse to hear? Shall he who bounds the flowing sea, Not bind me with his fear?

- 5 O thou, who rulest seas and skies, Corruption's flood control, Nor let the waves of passion rise Within my troubled soul!
- 6 Then I within thy sacred mound,
 With calm obedience blest,
 Shall, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
 And wait eternal rest.

HEGINBOTHOM.

HYMN DCL.

On a New Year.

- 1 GOD of our life! thy various praise Let mortal voices sound, Thy hand revolves our fleeting days, And brings the seasons round.
- 2 To thee, shall annual incense rise,Our Father and our Friend;While annual mercies from the skiesIn genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care, In every age, we see; And constant as thy favours are, So let our praises be.

- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
 To every age appear;
 And let the same compassion deign
 To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine From anxious passions free, Teach me each comfort to resign, And trust my all to thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring My wandering soul to God; And in affliction I shall sing, If thou wilt bless the rod.
- 7 [This year, perhaps the hand of Death
 May snatch my soul away;
 That awful hand may stop my breath
 Before the opening day.
- 8 Father in heaven, thy will be done,
 I cheerfully resign;
 Make me in life, in death, thine own;
 This year, for ever thine.]

HYMN DCLI.

For a New Year.

HEGINBOTHOM.

1 GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thy hand, from which my being came.

- 2 Seasons and moons still rolling round, In beauteous order, speak thy praise; And years, with smiling mercy crown'd, To thee successive honours raise.
- 3 To thee I raise the annual song,
 To thee the grateful tribute give;
 My God doth still my years prolong,
 And 'midst unnumber'd deaths, I live.
- 4 He bids each season on my soul
 It's sweetest, kindest influence shed;
 And all the periods, as they roll,
 Shower countless blessings on my head.
- 5 My life, my health, my friends, I owe All to thy vast, unbounded love; Ten thousand precious gifts below, And hope of nobler joys above.
- 6 Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
 Till sense and language are no more,
 And, after death, thy boundless grace,
 Through everlasting years, adore.

HYMN DCLII.

The Young Person's Prayer. 2 Chron. 1. 7-12.

HEGINBOTHOM.

1 HARK! 'tis your heavenly Father's call, How soft the charming accents fall; "Ask and receive, my Sons," he cries, With loving heart and melting eyes.

- 2 Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace, I come to seek my Father's face: Nor will he turn his ear away Who taught my heart and lips to pray.
- 3 One thing I ask, and wilt thou hear, And grant my soul a gift so dear? Wisdom, descending from above, The sweetest token of thy love:
- 4 Wisdom, betimes to know the Lord,
 To fear his name, and keep his word,
 To lead my feet in paths of truth,
 And guide and guard my wandering
 youth.
- 5 Then, shouldst thou grant a length of days,
 My life shall still proclaim thy praise;
 Or early death my soul convey
 To realms of everlasting day.

HYMN DCLIII.

The watchful Servant. Luke, xii. 38 & 39.

HEGINBOTHOM.

1 AWAKE, awake, my sluggish soul, Awake, and view the setting sun; See how the shades of death advance, E'er half the task of life is done.

- 2 Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound; O let it wake the slumbering ear! Apace the dreadful conqueror comes, With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Soon will he close thy drowsy eyes,
 Nor shalt thou hear these warnings
 more;

Soon will the mighty judge approach, E'en now he stands before thy door.

- 4 To day attend his gracious voice;
 This is the summons that he sends:
 "Awake, for on this transient hour
 "Thy long eternity depends."
- 5 Blest Jesus! let these awful scenes
 Be ever present to my view:
 Teach me to gird my loins about,
 And trim my dying lamp anew:
- 6 Then, when the King of Terror comes,
 My soul will hail the happy day:
 Then come my Saviour, from above,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay.

HYMN DCLIV.

The Second Appearing of Christ. 2 Thes. i. 10.

HECINBOTHOM.

¹ COME, Saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,

To him, your grateful tribute bring, Let angels hear the notes you raise, And strike their golden harps and sing.

- 2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
 And laid his splendid robes aside,
 Put all our mortal weakness on,
 And groan'd and labour'd, wept and
 died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains, High let your ardent passions soar: See, where the great Redeemer reigns, And all the host of heaven adore.
- 4 Again he comes,---a mighty cloud
 Bears him in sacred triumph down;
 The trumpet sounds, it summons loud;
 And angels shout his high renown.
- 5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
 The saints, in countless millions, rise;
 While seraphs stand admiring round,
 And view the change with vast surprise.

- 6 Hail, mighty Prince! thy kingdom now,
 Thy bliss and triumph are complete;
 To thee the ransom'd myriads bow,
 And lay their glories at thy feet.
- 7 O could I hope my guilty soul
 Might share the honours of that day,
 Then, let thine awful chariot roll,
 I'll fly to meet thee on thy way.

HYMN DCLV.

Beholding Transgressors with Grief. Luke, xix. 41---42.

- 1 U NHAPPY city! hadst thou known,
 Then were thy peace secure;
 But now the day of grace is gone,
 And thy destruction sure.
- 2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls,
 As near their gates he stood,
 His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
 And wept a sacred flood.
- 3 And can mine eyes, without a tear, A weeping Saviour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groan'd and died for me?
- 4 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine Subdue each stubborn foe; Come, fill my heart with love divine, And bid my sorrows flow.

5 But vain will all my sorrows prove,And what avails my pain!O, let thy gentle bowels move,They cannot move in vain.

HYMN DCLVI.

For the Fifth of November; or, a Hymn for Great Britain.

- 1 SEE, mighty God! before thy throne Britons, with pious reverence, bow: Our souls, with joy and wonder, own, That Britain is thine Israel now.
- 2 Around our coasts, by thy command,
 The seas, a dreadful bulwark, roar;
 Our strongest bulwark is thy hand;
 'Thy hand defends the favour'd shore.
- 3 Thrice happy nation! where the Lord The banners of his love displays, Reveals the secrets of his word, And gives the blessings of his grace.
- 4 [In vain did Rome and Hell combine,
 In vain the thickest shades of night;
 Thine eye observ'd the dark design,
 And brought their cruelty to light.

5 This day, with double mercy crown'd,
Thy double honours shall proclaim;
And Britain, through her coasts, shall
sound
The various glories of thy name.]

6 Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we, with grateful hearts, adore,
Nor ever leave his chosen isle,
Till time and nature are no more.

HYMN DCLVII.

For a Day of public Humiliation.

- 1 HARK! the loud trumpet of our God Sounds an alarm of war: Attend, O Earth! ye Nations, hear And tremble from afar!
- With humble reverence, and with awe,
 We hear the sacred word;
 And, trembling, own the sentence just
 Which dooms us to the sword.
- 3 Not ev'n in war would we repine
 The murdering sword to view,
 Might the same stroke that waste the
 land,
 Destroy it's vices too.

- 4 But we shall hail the happy day
 Which ends the painful doom;
 When earth shall, like the world above,
 In peace and virtue bloom.
- 5 Still let our songs declare his name
 Who guards the British race;
 The God of justice we adore,
 And bless the God of grace.

HYMN DCLVIII.

A good Conscience. Acts, xxiv. 16.

- SWEET peace of conscience, heav'nly guest!
 Come fix thy mansion in my breast,
 Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
 And heal the anguish of my soul.
- 2 Come, smiling Hope, and Joy sincere, Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor Sin compel you to depart.
- 3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine, O, make these sacred pleasures mine! Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the tokens of thy love.
- 4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear, See death, with all his terrors near;
 My heart should then in Death rejoice,
 And raptures tune my faltering voice.

- 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall, And flames surround this earthly ball, Ev'n then, my soul, without dismay, The mighty ruin would survey.
- 6 Yes, for beyond these lower skies
 New worlds salute my longing eyes;
 Blest worlds! where Peace her throne
 maintains,
 And everlasting glory reigns.

HYMN DCLIX.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

HEGINBOTHOM.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies:

Phantoms of bliss no more obscure Our long deluded eyes.

- 2 Then the tremendous arm of Death
 It's fatal sceptre shews;
 And nature, faints beneath the weight
 Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tottering frame of mortal life Shall crumble into dust; Nature shall faint; but learn, my Soul, On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose pious heart is fix'd On his all-gracious God,
 From every frown may draw a joy,
 And kiss the chast'ning rod.

5 Nor him shall death itself alarm; On heaven his soul relies; With joy he views his Maker's love, And with composure dies.

KELLY.

HYMN DCLX.

" Himself he cannot save." Mat. xxvii. 42.

- 1 "HIMSELF he cannot save."
 Insulting foe, 'tis true:
 The words a gracious meaning have,
 Though meant in scorn by you.
- 2 "Himself he cannot save."
 This is his highest praise.
 Himself for others' sake he gave,
 And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part
 For him the cross to fly;
 But love to sinners fill'd his heart,
 And made him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
 The deep mysterious cause,
 Why he, who all the world upholds,
 Hangs upon yonder cross.

HYMN DCLXI.

" Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." Isa. liii. 4.

- 1 "STRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,"
 See him dying on the tree!
 "Tis the Christ by man rejected!
 Yes, my soul, 'tis he! 'tis he!
 "Tis the long expected prophet,
 David's son, yet David's Lord;
 Proofs I see sufficient of it:
 "Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning, Was there ever grief like his? Friends through fear his cause disowning, Foes insulting his distress: Many hands were rais'd to wound him, None would interpose to save; But the awful stroke that found him, Was the stroke that justice gave.
- Nor suppose the evil great;
 Here may view it's nature rightly,
 Here it's guilt may estimate.
 Mark the sacrifice appointed!
 See who bears the awful load;
 'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
 Son of man, and Son of God.

4 Here we have a firm foundation:
Here's the refuge of the lost:
Christ's the rock of our salvation:
His the name of which we boast:
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on him their hope have built.

HYMN DCLXII.

"The Lord is risen indeed." Luke xxiv. 34.

- 1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"
 And are the tidings true?
 Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw him living too.
- 2 "The Lord is risen indeed," Then Justice asks no more; Mercy and Truth are now agreed, Who stood oppos'd before.
- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed"
 Then is his work perform'd;
 The captive surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
 Then hell has lost his prey;
 With him is ris'n the ransom'd seed,
 To reign in endless day.

5 "The Lord is risen indeed,"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord,
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

HYMN DCLXIII.

The Mountain of the Lord's House; or, latter Day glory. Is. ii. 2. &c.

- 1 SEE that mountain high exalted:

 'Tis the mountain of the Lord:

 Much expos'd and oft assaulted;

 Lov'd of God, by man abhorr'd;

 Now it stands above the hills:

 Now it's destin'd place it fills.
- 2 O ye mountains, strong and towering,
 Boast no more, nor triumph now:
 Zion's head sublimely soaring,
 Leaves your summits far below:
 Know ye, this is God's own hill:
 Here Jehovah loves to dwell.
- 3 Hark, a cry among the nations!

 "Come, and let us seek the Lord:

 "Vain our former expectations;

 "Vain the idols we ador'd:

"Zion's King is God alone:
"Let us bow before his throne."

4 See! from every quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round:
Love in every heart is glowing;
Praise is heard in every sound,
While Jehovah shews his face;
Glory fills the sacred place.

5 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace.
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease.
Jesus reigns—the earth is still,
All the nations do his will.

HYMN DCLXIV.

"God our Saviour!" Titus, iii. 4. Rev. xix. 16.

- 1 LO, the infant Saviour lies!
 Angels call him only wise;
 To his name they join the words—
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- See, he stands at Pilate's bar!
 Most despis'd of all by far;
 Still to him belong the words--" King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns, He whom man reviles and scorns, Claims exclusively the words— "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same:
 Never does he yield his claim:
 Clear his title to the words—
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 5 Past the conflict of his love;
 See, he takes his place above!
 On his vesture shine the words—
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 6 O, ye bright seraphic choirs,
 Strike anew your golden lyres!
 While ye gaze, proclaim the words—
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 7 Join, ye Saints, with heaven agree,
 Let the name of Jesus be
 Still united to the words,
 "King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

HYMN DCLXV.

FOR THE JEWS.

" By whom shall Jacob rise?" Amos vii. 2.

KELLY.

1 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
For Jacob's friends are few:
And, (what should fill us with surprise,)
They seem divided too.

- 2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
 For Jacob's foes are strong,
 I read their triumph in their eyes,
 They think he'll fail e'er long.
- 3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
 Can any tell by whom?
 Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,
 Again revive and bloom?
- 4 Lord thou canst tell---the work is thine,
 The help of man is vain,
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

HYMN DCLXVI.

" So he brought them unto their desired Haven." Psalm evii. 30.

- 1 THE christian navigates a sea
 Where various forms of death appear;
 Nor skill, alas! nor power has he,
 Aright his dang'rous course to steer.
- 2 Sometimes there lies a treacherous rock
 Beneath the surface of the wave;
 He strikes, but yet survives the shock,
 For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 3 But hark, the midnight tempest roars!
 He seems forsaken and alone:
 But Jesus, whom he then implores,
 Unseen preserves and leads him on.

- 4 On the smooth surface of the deep,
 Without a fear he sometimes lies:
 The danger then is lest he sleep,
 And ruin seize him by surprize.
- 5 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,
 And thinks his toils will soon be o'er;
 Expects some favourable breeze
 Will waft him quickly to the shore.
- 6 But sudden clouds obstruct his view, And he enjoys the sight no more; Nor, does he now believe it true, That he had ever seen the shore.
- 7 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,
 He'll reach the port for which he's
 bound;
 For James heldered with a hele

For Jesus holds and guides the helm, And safety is where he is found.

HYMN DCLXVII.

" For here have we no continuing City, but we seek one to come." Heb. xiii. 14.

KELLY.

1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"
 Sad truth were this to be our home:
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear;
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here;"
 We seek a city out of sight:
 Zion it's name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
 - Had I the pinions of the dove, I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
 The time my God appoints is best:
 While here, to do his will be mine;
 And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN DCLXVIII.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Zech. xiii. 1.

KELLY.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain, Streams of living water flow: God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed,
Who it's sov'reign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O, ye nations!
Hail the long expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes:
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose,
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

HYMN DCLXIX.

" I will sing of Mercy." Psalm ci. 1.

KELLY.

I HEAR a sound that comes from far:
It fills my soul with joy and love:
Not seraph's voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.

- 2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear, From Calvary it sounds abroad; It soothes my soul and calms my fear: It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 3 And is it true that many fly
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
 And rather choose with fools to die,
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?
- 4 Alas, for those! The day is near,
 When mercy will be heard no more:
 Then will they ask in vain to hear
 The voice they would not hear before.
- 5 With such I own, I once appear'd,
 But now I know how great their loss;
 For sweeter sounds were never heard
 Than Mercy utters from the cross.
- 6 But let me not forget to own
 That if I differ ought from those,
 'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
 That oft selects it's proudest foes.

HYMN DCLXX.

"I go to prepare a Place for you." John xiv. 2. Matt. x. 22.

KELLY.

1 AND art thou gracious master gone,
A mansion to prepare for me?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee?

Then let the world approve or blame, I'll triumph in thy glorious name.

2 Should I to gain the world's applause,
Or to escape it's harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause,
And make thy people's lot my own;
What shame would fill me in that day,
When thou thy glory wilt display!

3 And what is man, or what his smile?
The terror of his anger what?
Like grass he flourishes a while,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Through fear of such an one shall I
The Lord of Heaven and Earth deny?

- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if they will:
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still:
 For thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content if I can call thee mine.
- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart, When thou my worthless name wilt own;

When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find it's rest in thee.

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

HYMN DCLXXI.

" Cry aloud, spare not." Is. lviii. 1.

- 1 MEN of God, go take your stations;
 Darkness reigns throughout the earth,
 Go proclaim among the nations,
 Joyful news of heavenly birth:
 Bear the tidings
 Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
- 2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
 As "the power of God to save,"
 Go where Christ was never named;
 Publish freedom to the slave!
 Blessed freedom!
 Such as Zion's children have.
- 3 What though earth and hell united,
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan?
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted:
 Fear ye not the face of man:
 Vain their tumult;
 Hurt his work they never can.
- 4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend:
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend:
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

HYMN DCLXXII.

" Let the Earth hear." Is. xxxiv. 1.

KELLY.

- ¹ O 'TIS a sound should fill the world!
 The sound of mercy through the Lamb:
 Lo Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
 Unable to withstand his name!
 From heaven like lightning see him fall!
 Struck by the arm that conquers all.
- 2 Lord give the word!—and wak'd by thee, Let many tongues thy victory tell! That hopeless sinners now may see, That thou hast vanquish'd Death and Hell:

Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad! Let sinners now draw nigh to God?

3 And thou victorious Lord, all hail!
Immortal honours shade thy brow!
When Death and Hell thy friends assail,
They find in thee a refuge now:
Thy name shall furnish them with arms,
And free their souls from all alarms.

HYMN DCLXXIII.

" How beautiful upon the Mountains are the Feet of him who bringeth good Tidings." Isai. lii. 7.

KELLY.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?

All thy friends unfaithful prov'd?

Have thy foes been proud and scornful,

By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?

Cease thy mourning,

Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God will now restore thee!

He himself appears thy friend:

All thy foes shall flee before thee:

Here their boasts and triumphs end:

Great deliverance

Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is past,
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
Days of peace are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

HYMN DCLXXIV.

"Thou shalt cause the Trumpet of the Jubilee to sound." Lev. xxv. 9.

- 1 HARK the solemn trumpet sounding,
 Loud proclaims the jubilee;
 'Tis the voice of grace abounding,
 Grace to sinners rich and free:
 Ye who know the joyful sound,
 Publish it to all around.
- 2 Is the name of Jesus precious?

 Does his love your spirits cheer?

 Do you find him kind and gracious,

 Still removing doubt and fear?

 Think that what he is to you,

 Such he'll be to others too.
- Were you once at awful distance, Wandering from the fold of God? Could no arm afford assistance, Nothing save but Jesus' blood? Think how many still are found, Strangers to the joyful sound.
- 4 Brethren, join in supplication,
 Join to plead before the Lord:
 Tis his arm that brings salvation,
 He alone can give the word:
 Father, let thy kingdom come,
 Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

- 5 Brethren, let us freely offer;
 All we have is from above;
 Let us give, and act, and suffer;
 What is this to Jesus' love!
 Did he die our souls to save?
 Then we're his and all we have.
- 6 Hark the saints' triumphant chorus!

 "Worthy is the Lamb" they cry:
 They have gain'd the prize before us;
 Soon we hope to share their joy:
 But while here, remember still,
 They who love him, do his will.

HYMN DCLXXV.

" My Saviour." 2 Sam. xxii. 3.

- 1 IN form I long had bow'd the knee;
 But nought attractive then could see.
 To win my wayward heart to thee,
 My Saviour!
- 2 Yet oft I trembled when I thought, How I had sold myself for nought; But still against thy love I fought My Saviour!
- 3 When self-accus'd I trembling stood,
 I promis'd fair, as any could;
 But never counted on thy blood,
 My Saviour!

- 4 Too soon the promise vain I prov'd,
 That sinners make, while sin is lov'd,
 But still to thee this heart ne'er mov'd,
 My Saviour!
- 5 At length despairing to be free, A willing slave I mean't to be: 'Twas then thou did'st appear for me, My Saviour!
- 6 Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
 Thou didst redeem my soul with blood,
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
 My Saviour!
- 7 Through storms and waves of conflict past,
 Thy potent arm has held me fast,
 And thou wilt save me to the last,
 My Saviour!

HYMN DCLXXVI.

" Awake Psaltery and Harp." Ps. 108. 2.

- 1 JESSE's son awakes the Lyre:
 Listen while the Psalmist sings:
 His the Spirit's sacred fire:
 And his theme, the King of Kings.
- 2 Others sing of worldly things:
 Themes like these to men belong:
 But when Israel's psalmist sings:
 Sacred themes inspire his song.

- 3 Listen, listen while he sings:
 Jesus is his glorious theme:
 Jesus is the King of Kings:
 "Tis his joy to sing of him.
- 4 How should we delight to hear, Strains that hope and love impart? Strains of joy for mortal ear; Strains that captivate the heart.
- 5 Son of Jesse, sound the lyre;
 Bear our willing souls along:
 Thine the prophet's holy fire:
 Thine his theme, and thine his song.

HYMN DCLXXVII.

"For the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more for ever." Exod. 14. 13.

- WHEN we pass through yonder river:
 When we reach the further shore:
 There's an end of war for ever:
 We shall see our foes no more:
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Follow'd by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant,
 O how sweet the prospect is!
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this:
 Toil and pain, and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

- 3 When we enter yonder regions;
 When we touch the sacred shore:
 Blessed thought! no hostile legions,
 Can alarm or trouble more:
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 O that hope! how bright! how glorious! Tis his people's blest reward: In the Saviour's strength victorious, They at length behold their Lord; In his kingdoms they shall rest: In his love be fully blest.
- 5 When the sight of war alarms us, Let us call to mind our friend: He who for the conflict arms us, Will be with us to the end: 'Tis enough, the war is his: God our King and leader is.

ROWE.

HYMN DCLXXVIII.

Praise from all Nature.

MRS. ROWE.

1 THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, almighty king!
Harmonious anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

- 2 But still their most exalted flights Fall vastly short of thee: How distant then must human praise From thy perfections be!
- 3 Yet how, great God! shall we refrain,
 When, to our raptur'd sense,
 Each creature in it's various ways
 Displays thine excellence?
- 4 The brilliant lights that shine above, In bright magnificence, Reveal their mighty Maker's praise With silent eloquence.
- 5 The blushes of the morn confess
 That thou art much more fair;
 When in the east it's beams revive,
 To gild the fields of air.
- 6 The fragrant, the refreshing breath Of every flowery bloom, In balmy whispers owns from thee It's pleasing odours come.
- 7 The warbling birds, the hollow winds,
 And water's murmuring fall,
 To praise the first almighty cause,
 With different voices call.
- 8 Thy various works exalt thy name;
 And shall man silent be?
 No, rather let us cease to breathe
 Than cease from praising thee.

HYMN DCLXXIX.

Praise to the God of Nature.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, the lofty strain; In solemn accents sing A sacred hymn of grateful praise To heaven's almighty King.
- Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.
- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name, Ye clouds, as you arise, Whether to deck the golden morn, Or shade the evening skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault,
 To every bounding strain.

- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres, And echo through the sky, Let angels with immortal skill, Improve the harmony:
- 8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
 The great Creator sing,
 And utter consecrated lays
 To heaven's eternal King.

HYMN DCLXXX.

God's Goodness renewed every Morning and Evening.

- GREAT God! my early vows to thee,
 With gratitude I'll bring!
 And at the rosy dawn of day
 Thy lofty praises sing.
- 2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw A dark and sable veil, And all the beauties of the world From mortal eyes conceal.
- 3 Again the sky with golden beams
 Thy skilful hands adorn,
 And paint with cheerful splendour gay
 The fair ascending morn.
- 4 And as the gloomy night returns,
 Or smiling day renews,
 Thy constant goodness still my soul
 With benefits pursues.

5 For this will I my vows to thee
With evening incense bring;
And at the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.

HYMN DCLXXXI.

Confidence in the Divine Protection.

MRS. ROWE.

1 THE Lord is my defence and guide;
My wants are by his care supply'd:
He leads me to refreshing shades,
Through verdant plains, and flowery
meads;

And there securely makes me lie Near silver currents rolling by.

- 2 To guide my erring feet aright,
 He gilds my paths with sacred light;
 And to his own immortal praise,
 Conducts me in his perfect ways:
 In death's uncomfortable shade,
 No terror can my soul invade.
- 3 While he, my strong defence, is near
 His presence scatters every fear;
 Since he hath wondrous mercy shew'd,
 And crown'd my smiling years with
 good;
 The life he graciously prolongs

The life he graciously prolongs, Shall be employ'd in grateful songs.

HYMN DCLXXXII.

The Eternity and Immutability of God. Ps. xc. 1, &c. Heb. i. 10—12.

- 1 THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
 Ere time began his race;
 Before the ample elements
 Fill'd up the voids of space:
- Before the ponderous earthly globe
 In fluid air was stay'd:
 Before the ocean's mighty springs
 Their liquid stores display'd:
- 3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
 The streaks of light appear'd;
 Before the high celestial arch
 Or starry poles were rear'd:
- 4 Before the bright, harmonious spheres
 Their glorious rounds begun;
 Before the shining roads of heaven
 Were measur'd by the sun:
- 5 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew, Or prais'd thy wondrous name: Thy bliss, eternal Spring of life! And glory was the same.
- 6 And when the pillars of the world With sudden ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly frame Sinks in the mighty wreck:

- 7 When from her orb the moon shall start,
 The astonish'd sun roll back,
 While all the trembling starry lamps
 Their ancient course forsake:
- 8 For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From interruption free:
 Unchang'd in everlasting years,
 Shall thy existence be.

HYMN DCLXXXIII.

Renouncing all for God.

- ¹ To thee, O God! my prayer ascends, But not for golden stores: Nor covet I the brightest gems On the rich eastern shores:
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy
 Men call a mighty name;
 Nor greatness, with it's pride and state,
 My restless thoughts inflame:
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,
 My fond desires allure:
 But nobler things than these, from thee,
 My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of things unseen
 My best affections move;
 Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
 Thine everlasting love:

5 These are the blessings I desire;
Lord, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

HYMN DCLXXXIV.

Gratitude and Devotion.

- 1 LORD, what is man that he should prove
 The object of thy boundless love!
 Say, why should he so largely share
 Thy favour and thy tender care?
- 2 While these my lips draw vital breath, Or till I close my eyes in death, I'll ne'er forget thy wondrous love, Nor thoughtless of thy kindness prove.
- 3 Beneath thy shadowing wings' defence, I'll place my only confidence:
 In every danger and distress,
 To thee will I my prayer address.
- 4 Should all my hopes on earth be lost, In thee I'll make my constant boast: I'll spread the glories of thy name, And thy unbounded love proclaim.

BARBAULD.

HYMN DCLXXXV.

The unrivalled Power and Dominion of God.

MRS. BARBAULD.

¹ **J**EHOVAH reigns! let every nation hear,

And at his footstool bow with holy fear; Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,

And the wide peopled earth his praise proclaim;

Then send it down to hell's deep gloom rebounding,

Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs sounding.

2 He rules with wide and absolute command,

O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land:

Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone, And all creation hangs upon his throne: He reigns alone; let no inferior nature Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

HYMN DCLXXXVI.

God the Eternal Sovereign.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1 THIS earthly globe, the creature of a day,

Though built by God's right hand, must

pass away,

And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things.

The fate of empires and the pride of

kings!

Eternal night shall veil their proudest story, And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

2 The Sun himself with gathering clouds opprest,

Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;

His golden urn shall break, and useless lie.

Amidst the common ruins of the sky; The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,

And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

3 But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne:

Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;

The eternal fire that feeds each vital flame.

Collected, or diffused, is still the same,

He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,

And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

4 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,

And silence is our least injurious praise: Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight

controul;

Revere him in the stillness of the soul:
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore
him.

HYMN DCLXXXVII.

For the Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

MRS. BARBAULD.

PART I.

- AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray;
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
 A sinful world in gloom!O what a sun which broke this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid, And loud hosannas sung; Let gladness dwell in every heart, And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
'To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from it's wings,
To nations yet unborn.

HYMN DCLXXXVIII.

Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

MRS. BARBAULD.

PART II.

- JESUS, the friend of human kind, With strong compassion mov'd, Descended like a pitying God, To save the souls he lov'd.
- 2 The powers of darkness leagued in vain To bind his soul in death; He shook their kingdom when he fell, With his expiring breath.
- 3 Not long the toils of hell could keep
 The hope of Judah's line;
 Corruption never could take hold
 On aught so much divine.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies;
 While broke beneath his powerful cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Through him his pardoning love dispens'd,
 And boundless blessings flow.

6 To thee, my Saviour, and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

HYMN DCLXXXIX.

Praise to God in Prosperity and Adversity. Heb. iii. 17, 18.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- [1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days:
 Bounteous Source of every joy!
 Let thy praise our tongues employ:
- 2 For the blessings of the field, For the stores the gardens yield; For the vine's exalted juice, For the generous olive's use.
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain, Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain; Clouds that drop with fattening dews, Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:]
- 4 All that spring with bounteous hand Scatters o'er the smiling land:
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, our God! we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow! And for these our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- [6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear From it's stem the ripening ear; Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot Drop her green untimely fruit:
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store:
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall:
- 8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain Th' early and the latter rain; Blast each opening bud of joy, And the rising year destroy:
- 9 Still to thee our souls shall raise Grateful vows and solemn praise: And, when every blessing's flown, Love thee—for thyself alone!]

HYMN DCXC.

Devout Aspirations.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1 God, our kind Master, merciful as just,

Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:

His ear is open to the softest cry; His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

2 He reads the language of the silent tear, And sighs are incense from a heart sincere: He marks the dawn of every virtuous aim, And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3 Oh! set me from all earthly bondage free!

Still every wish that centres not in thee; Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiet cease,

And point my path to everlasting peace.

HYMN DCXCI.

The same Subject.

MRS. BARBAULD.

1 IF friendless in the vale of tears I stray, Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,

Still let my steady soul thy goodness see, And with strong confidence lay hold on thee.

2 In every creature, Lord, I owe thy power;

In each event thy providence adore:

Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,

Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.

3 Then, when at last I quit this transient scene,

Help me to leave it with a heart serene: Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high, And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

HYMN DCXCII.

Invitations of Mercy.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice, Come and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come!
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast born the proud world's scorn, Long hast roam'd the barren waste, Weary pilgrim, hither haste!
- 3 Ye who tost on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain: Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes Watch to see the morning rise:
- 4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
 In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care:
 A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come! for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound:
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN DCXCIII.

Christian Friendship. Ps. cxxxiii.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds, In union sweet, according minds! How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
 What jealous love, what holy fear!
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise, Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face:
 How high, how strong, their raptures
 swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
 When nature droops her sickening fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

HYMN DCXCIV.

Christian Charity.

MRS. BARBAULD.

[1 Behold, where, breathing love divine,

Our dying Master stands!

His weeping followers gathering round, Receive his last commands.

- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave
 Became it's author well.
- 3 Blest is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never rais'd in vain:
- 4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth

A stranger's woes to feel; And bleeds in pity o'er the wound He wants the power to heal.

- 5 He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief:
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
- 6 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow:
 He views through mercy's melting eye
 A brother in a foe.

- 7 Peace from the bosom of his God,
 My peace to him I give;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.
- 8 To him protection shall be shown,
 And mercy from above
 Descend on those who thus fulfil
 The perfect law of love.

HYMN DCXCV.

The Christian Warfare. Ephes. vi. 10-17.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes; See where thy foes against thee rise; In long array, a numerous host; Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands, Mustering his pale terrific bands; There pleasure's silken banners spread, And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage, And fierce desires and lusts engage; The meanest foe of all the train Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
 Perils and snares beset thee round;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield

The weight of thine immortal shield; Put on the armour from above Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and pow'rs of hell;
The man of Calvary triumph'd here:*
Why should his faithful follow'rs fear?

HYMN DCXCVI.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
 We seek that promis'd soil:
 The songs of Sion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow, And oft are bath'd in tears; Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise;

And nought but sin our fears.

[3 The flowers that spring along the road,
We scarcely stop to pluck;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.]

^{*} The agonies which Jesus sustained he suffered as a man, hence the propriety of this term here, relative to his humanity and it's agreement with his title, "The Son of Man."

- 4 We tread the path our Master trod
 We bear the cross he bore;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet,
 His temples pierc'd before.
- [5 Our powers are oft dissolv'd away In ecstacies of love; And while our bodies wander here, Our souls are fix'd above.]
- [6 We purge our mortal dross away
 Reclining as we run;
 But while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.]

HYMN DCXCVII.

For the Lord's Day; or, the Sacrifice of the Heart.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 WHEN, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his maker, God, What rights, what honours shall he pay? How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?
- 2 From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?
- 3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord, Thy golden offerings well may spare: But give thy heart, and thou shalt find, Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

HYMN DCXCVIII.

The same; or, The Sabbath of the Soul.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
 Of earth and folly born!
 Ye shall not dim the light that streams
 From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
 To feel your harsh control;
 Ye shall not violate, this day,
 The sabbath of my soul.
- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever guilty thoughts!
 Let fires of vengeance die;
 And, purg'd from sin, may I behold
 A God of purity!

HYMN DCXCIX.

The Harmony of Praise.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 HOW may earth and heaven unite?
 How shall man with angels join?
 What link harmonious may be found
 Discordant natures to combine?
- 2 Swell the pealing organ's notes!
 Breathe your souls in raptures high!
 In praises men with angels join;
 Music's the language of the sky.

STEELE.

HYMN DCC.

Contentment with Providence.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend:
 My presence through my journey smile,
 And crown my journey's end.

HYMN DCCI.

Heavenly-Mindedness.

MRS. STEELE.

1 DISTANT Lord from thine abode, Far from glory, far from God; Now, and then, we breathe a sigh, Upwards to our native sky.—
O for one celestial ray!
From the shining seats of day,

Sun of righteousness! arise, Warm our hearts and charm our eyes.

2 Melt our chains with heavenly fire, Love and joy, and peace, inspire; Make us feel thy grace within, Free us from the power of sin. Give, O give us wings to rise, In affection to the skies, Liberty, and joy divine, Sun of righteousness, are thine.

HYMN DCCII.

Joy cometh in the Morning. Ps. xxx. 5.

MRS. STEELE.

- LONG and mournful is the night, Mental night of gloomy fear; Source of comfort, source of light, When, O when wilt thou appear? Thy beams alone can bid the gloom depart, And spread celestial morning o'er my heart.
- Morning of that glorious day, Which the blest enjoy above, Where with full unclouded ray, Shines thy everlasting love Where joy triumphant fills the bright abode

O happy world! fair paradise of God!

3 Thither if the heart aspire
Shall it, Lord, aspire in vain?
Shall the breathings of desire
Rise with unavailing pain?
O thou my guide, my solace, and my rest,
Int his sad desart shall I rove unblest?

4 Sure the Lord of life is near,
Though a cloud his face conceal:
Jesus, when wilt thou appear;
When thy cheering beams reveal?

When shall thy beams of soul-reviving light

Dispel this gloomy cloud, this mental night?

5 Not in vain aspires the heart
That depends on thee alone;
Light and joy thou wilt impart,
Radiant dawn of bliss unknown:

Here let me wait beneath thy guardian wing

Till from thy smile celestial morning spring.

HYMN DCCIII.

The Fettered Mind.

MRS. STEELE.

1 AH! why should this immortal mind, Enslav'd by sense, be thus confin'd,

And never, never rise?
Why thus amus'd with empty toys,
And sooth'd with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

- 2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime Beyond the narrow bounds of time 'To everlasting things; But earthly vapours cloud her sight And hang with cold oppressive weight Upon her drooping wings.
- 3 The world employs it's various snares,
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
 And chain'd to earth I lie:
 When shall my fetter'd powers be free,
 And leave these seats of vanity,
 And upward learn to fly?
- 4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
 Invite my soul: O could I rise,
 Nor leave a thought below;
 I'd bid farewel to anxious care,
 And say to every tempting snare,
 Heaven calls, and I must go.
- 5 Heaven calls—and can I yet delay?
 Can ought on earth engage my stay?
 Ah, wretched, lingering heart!
 Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light

Assist and guide my upward flight, And bid the world depart.

HYMN DCCIV.

On the Death of a Parent.

- 1 THOUGH nature's voice you must obey,
 Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,
 That hand, which takes your joys away,
 That sovereign hand can heal your woe.
- 2 And while your mournful thoughts deplore
 The parent gone, remov'd the friend!
 With heart resign'd his truth adore
 On whom your noblest hopes depend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children rise
 Through death's dark shades, to realms
 of light?
 Yet, when he calls them to the skies,
 Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
- 4 His word—here let your soul rely— Immortal consolation gives: Your heavenly Father cannot die, Th' Eternal Friend for ever lives.
- 5 O be that dearest Friend your trust? On his almighty arm recline; He, when your comforts sink in dust, Can give you blessings more divine.

HYMN DCCV.

On the Death of a young Person.

MRS. STEELE.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away

By death's resistless hand, Our hearts the mournful tribute pay, Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful power—I too must die—
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb;
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
 Let every heart obey;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

HYMN DCCVI.

On the Death of a Child.

MRS. STEELE.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That ev'n in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more:Ah! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before?

3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead, Each mournful thought employs; And nature weeps her comforts fled, And wither'd all her joys.

4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo!—stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,When what we now deplore,Shall rise in full, immortal prime,And bloom to fade no more.

6 Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears
Religion points on high,
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

HYMN DCCVII.

Christian Patience, Consolation, and Hope.

MRS. STEELE.

Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

- 2 Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
 Too weak, alas, her strongest aid!
 O let religion then be nigh,
 Her consolations never die.
- 3 Her powerful aid supports the soul, And nature owns her kind control; While she unfolds the sacred page, Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 4 Then gentle patience smiles on pain, And dying hope revives again; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, And faith points upward to the sky.
- 5 The promise guides her ardent flight, And joys unknown to sense invite, Those blissful regions to explore, Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

HYMN DCCVIII.

Sin the Sting of Death.

MRS. STEELE.

1 DEATH! 'tis a name with terror fr aught;

It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseless
thought,
With a conjugate amount

With agonizing smart.

2 'Tis guilt alone provokes the frown Which all the soul alarms; Gives terror to the monarch's crown, And conquests to his arms.

- 3 Dear Saviour! thy victorious love Can all his force control; Can bid the pangs of guilt remove, And cheer the trembling soul.
- 4 Victorious love! thy wondrous power
 From sin and death can raise;
 Can gild the dark, departing hour,
 And tune it's groans to praise.
- Then shall the joyful spirit soar
 To life beyond the sky,
 Where gloomy death can frown no more,
 And guilt and terror die.
- 6 No more O pale destroyer boast,
 Thy universal sway;
 To heaven-born souls thy sting is lost,
 Thy night, the gate of day.

HYMN DCCIX.

The Warning of Mortality.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear, Swift on the wings of time it flies, When all that pains or pleases here, Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,

And none resist the fatal dart: Continual warnings strike my sense; And shall they fail to strike my heart?

- 3 Think, O my soul! how much depends On the short period of a day: Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends, Be negligently thrown away?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use; Awake! rouse every active power! And not in dreams and trifles lose This little, this important hour!
- 5 Lord of my life! inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death are
 thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill, Each awful warning to improve! And while my days are shortening still, Prepare me for the joys above!

HYMN DCCX.

Jesus the King of Glory reigns.

MRS. STEELE.

1 JESUS who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless,
From him our every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace,
Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!

- 2 Yes, thou art worthy dearest Lord,
 Of universal, endless praise;
 With every power to be ador'd,
 That men, or angels e'er can raise,
 Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
 Jesus, the king of glory reigns!
- 3 But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim The boundless glories of their king; Yet must our hearts adore his name, Dear name, whence all our blessings spring:

Resound, resound, in joyful strains, Jesus, the king of glory reigns!

4 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue;
But Lord! a bright, eternal day
Shall tune a more exalted song:
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus, the king of glory reigns!

HYMN DCCXI.

Supplication in Time of War.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

MRS. STEELE.

Lord, how shall wretched sinners dare Look up to thy divine abode, Or offer their imperfect prayer Before a just and holy God?

- 2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat, And dazzling glories veil thy face: Yet mercy calls us to thy feet; Thy throne is still a throne of grace.
- 3 Let past experience of thy care Support our hope, our trust invite: Again attend our humble prayer, Again be mercy thy delight!
- 4 Our arms succeed, our councils guide, Let thy right hand our cause maintain: Till war's destructive rage subside, And peace resume her gentle reign.
- 5 O when shall time the period bring When raging war shall waste no more: When peace shall stretch the balmy wing From Europe's coast to India's shore?
- 6 When shall the gospel's healing ray,
 Kind source of amity divine,
 Spread o'er the world celestial day?
 When shall the nations, Lord, be thine?

HYMN DCCXII.

Praise for National Peace.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

MRS. STEELE.

1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies!
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms, And rage, and noise, and tumult reign, And war resounds it's dire alarms, And slaughter dyes the hostile plain:
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 power;

Thy law the angry nations own, And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing; Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled! Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing

Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing, Reviving commerce lifts her head.

- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
 All move subservient to thy will;
 Both peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore:
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
 Confess thy goodness and adore!

HYMN DCCXIII.

Winter.

MRS. STEELE.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains Encircling nature round; How bleak, how comfortless the plains, Late with gay verdure crown'd!

- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams, And light, and warmth depart; And drooping, lifeless nature seems An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 The soul-reviving ray;
 This mental winter shall be springs,
 This darkness cheerful day.
- 4 O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

HYMN DCCXIV.

Trust in God in Seasons of Distress. Heb. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field

 Extend her desolating reign,

 Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,

 Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain:
- 2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
 Around their famish'd Master die;
 And hope itself despairing weep,
 While life deplores it's last supply:

- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene, If I can say, The Lord is mine! The joy shall triumph o'er the pain, And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives;
 My nobler life he will sustain;
 His word immortal vigour gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.
- 5 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart, Though every earthly comfort die; Thy smile can bid my pains depart, And raise my sacred pleasures high.
- 6 O let me hear thy blissful voice, Inspiring life and joy divine! The barren desart shall rejoice: "Tis paradise if thou art mine.

HYMN DCCXV.

Resignation.

- 1 WEARY of these low scenes of night, My fainting heart grows sick of time, Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight, Sighs for a distant, happier clime!
- 2 'Tis just, 'tis right; thus he ordains, Who form'd this animated clod; That needful cares, instructive pains, May bring the restless heart to God.

- 3 In him, my soul! behold the rest; Nor hope for bliss below the sky; Come, resignation, to my breast, And silence every plaintive sigh.
- 4 Then, cheerful shall my heart survey The toils and dangers of the road; And patient keep the heavenly way, Which leads me homeward to my God.

HYMN DCCXVI.

Consolatory Reflections on Providence.

- 1 'T IS wisdom, mercy, love divine, Which mingles blessings with our cares; And shall our thankless hearts repine That we obtain not all our prayers?
- 2 From diffidence our sorrows flow; Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind, Bend down their eyes to earth and woe, And doubt if providence be kind.
- 3 Should heaven with every wish comply, Say, would the grant relieve the care? Perhaps the good for which we sigh, Might change it's name, and prove a snare.
- 4 Were once our vain desires subdu'd, The will resign'd, the heart at rest; In every scene we should conclude, The will of heaven is right, is best.

HYMN DCCXVII.

Complete Happiness not designed for Man on Earth.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind, Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes, Bids you with a grateful mind View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice Softly whispers to your mind— Make not these alone your choice, Heaven has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy; But a changing world like this, Where a thousand fears annoy, Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above, Far above you azure sky; Bliss that merits all your love, Merits every anxious sigh.
- 5 What, like this, has earth to give?
 O ye righteous! in your breast
 Let the admonition live,
 Nor on earth desire to rest.
- 6 When your bosom breathes a sigh,
 Or your eye emits a tear,
 Let your wishes rise on high,
 Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

HYMN DCCXVIII.

Penitence.

- O THOU, whose tender mercy hears, Contrition's humble sigh; Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn:
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 Hast thou not said—return?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet?
 Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide! my light!
 Without one cheering ray;
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 5 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine!
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

HYMN DCCXIX.

Hymn of Praise. Ps. cl.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord; let praise employ,
 In his own courts, your songs of joy:
 The spacious firmament around
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- Recount his works in strains divine;
 His wondrous works how bright they shine!
 Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
 Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 To praise awake your tuneful string, And to the solemn organ sing: Harmonious let the concert rise, And bear the rapture to the skies.
- 4 Let all whom life and breath inspire, Attend and join the blissful choir; But chiefly you who know his word, Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

HYMN DCCXX.

The Blessings of Providence.

MRS. STEELE.

¹ ALMIGHTY Father; gracious Lord! Kind guardian of my days! Thy mercies let my heart record In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
Now weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

- 4 Around my path what dangers rose!
 What snares o'erspread my road;
 No power could guard me from my foes,
 But my preserver, God.
- 5 When life hung trembling on a breath, 'Twas thy unceasing love
 That sav'd me from impending death,
 And bade my fears remove.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

HYMN DCCXXI.

Mercy to the Penitent.

MRS. STEELE.

1 OPPREST with fear, opprest with grief,
To God I breath'd my cry:
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.

- 2 His mercy chas'd the shades of death, And snatch'd me from the grave: O may his praise employ that breath Which mercy deigns to save!
- 3 Come, O ye saints! your voices raise
 To God in grateful songs;
 And let the mem'ry of his grace
 Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 4 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads
 And light and hope depart;
 His smile celestial morning sheds,
 And joy revives the heart.
- 5 Then let my utmost glory be
 To raise thy honours high;
 Nor let my gratitude to thee
 In guilty silence die.
- 6 To thee, my gracious God! I raise
 My thankful heart and tongue:
 O be thy goodness and thy praise
 My everlasting song!

HYMN DCCXXII.

The Example of Christ. 1 John ii. 6.

A ND is the gospel peace and love? So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be his the temper of our mind,
 And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will, Was his employment and delight: Humanity and holy zeal Shone thro' his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came, The labours of his life were love: If then we love our Saviour's name, Let his divine example move.
- 6 But ah, how blind! how weak we are, How frail! how apt to turn aside! Lord, we depend upon thy care, And ask thy spirit for our guide!

HYMN DCCXXIII.

The Voice of Nature.

MRS. STEELE.

1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks, Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies, See, from the clouds his glory breaks, When the first beams of morning rise!

- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright, O'er the wide world's extended frame, Inscribes, in characters of light His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads, And health and plenty smile around: And fruitful fields, and verdant meads, Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 Almighty goodness, pow'r divine,
 The fields and verdant meads display;
 And bless the hand which made them
 shine,
 With various charms profusely gay.
- 5 For man and beast, here daily food In wide diffusive plenty grows; And there, for drink, the crystal flood In streams sweet winding gently flows.
- 6 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise, Above the faint attempts of art: Their bright, inimitable dyes Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 7 Ye curious minds who roam abroad, And trace creation's wonders o'er! Confess the footsteps of the God, And bow before him, and adore.

HYMN DCCXXIV.

A Hymn for the Spring.

- 1 WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale And blossoms on the spray, And fragrance breathes in every gale, How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies; Soft showers, with blessings fraught, Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise, And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wandering heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join Glad nature's cheerful song;
 And love and gratitude divine Attune my joyful tongue.

HYMN DCCXXV.

Seed-time and Harvest.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day, Repeat thy praise with grateful voice; Both in their turns thy power display, And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide-extended, varying scenes, All smiling round thy bounty show; From seas or clouds, full magazines, Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed, Which thy indulgent hand prepares; And nourishes the future bread, And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend, And through the ridges gently flow, Soft on the springing corn descend: And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year; Thy paths drop fatness all around; Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare, And echoing hills return the sound.
- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain; There plenty every charm displays; Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene, And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

KIPPIS.

HYMN DCCXXVI.

To the unknown God.

KIPPIS.

1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view

Attempts to look thy nature through: Our labouring powers with reverence own Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought, Who countless years his God has sought, Such wondrous height or depth can find, Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet Lord, thy kindness deigns to show Enough for mortal minds to know; While wisdom, goodness, power divine, Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
 Thy works of nature and of grace:
 Explore thy sacred name, and still
 Press on to know and do thy will!

Albania ti

STERNHOLD. HYMN DCCXXVII

The Majesty of God.

STERNHOLD:

- 1. THE Lord descended from above
 And bow'd the heavens most high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 2 On cherub and on seraphim
 Full royally he rode:
 And on the winds of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain;
 And he as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

HYMN DCCXXVIII.

For Mercy. Luke xviii. 13.

LIN VIII ub fam vousternhold.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I crave,
This is the total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord let thy mercy come.

EARLE.

HYMN DCCXXIX.

A Winter Reflection.

EARLE.

- 1 THE man whose faith and hope are strong,
 And free from vexing cares his mind,
 As changing seasons pass along,
 Can in them all fresh pleasures find.
- 2 The man whose faculties are sound, His heart upright, and conscience clean, With tranquil mind can pass his round Of life, in every shifting scene.
- 3 Not only in his youthful prime, And whilst his powers continue firm, But when he feels th' effect of time, And age prepares him for the worm:
- 4 Grateful for every blessing past,
 Patient in every present ill;
 And on whatever ground he's plac'd,
 Hope does with pleasing prospects fill.

MILTON. HYMN DCCXXX.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

MILTON.

1 LET us with a joyful mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

For his mercies shall endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Let us sound his name abroad, For of Gods he is the God: Who, by wisdom did create Th' heavens high, and all their state:
- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
 How to rise above the main:
 Who, by his commanding might,
 Fill'd the new-made world with light:
- 4 Caus'd the golden-tressed sun, All the day his course to run; And the moon to shine by night, 'Mid her spangl'd sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed, His full hand supplies their need: Let us therefore warble forth His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high, 'Bove the reach of mortal eye:
 And his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

AIKIN.

HYMN DCCXXXI.

Hymn in Time of War.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

AIKIN.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around
 And death and ruin strew the ground;
 To thee we look, on thee we call,
- The Parent and the Lord of all.

 Thou, who has stamp'd on human kind The image of a heaven-born mind, And in a father's wide embrace

Hast cherish'd all the kindred race:

- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
 Thy sons their impious battles wage;
 How spreads destruction like a flood,
 And brothers shed their brothers' blood!
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth, And deeds of hell deform the earth; While righteousness and justice mourn, And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind

The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

6 With reverence may each hostile land Hear and obey that high command, Thy Son's blest errand from above—"My creatures live in mutual love!"

CHATTERTON.

HYMN DCCXXXII.

God merciful and just.

CHATTERTON.

- 1 O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
 Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
 To thee, my only rock, I fly,
 Thy mercy in thy justice praise.
- 2 The mystic mazes of thy will,The shadows of celestial light,Are past the power of human skill—But what th' Eternal does, is right.
- 3 O teach me in the trying hour,
 When anguish swells the dewy tear,
 To still my sorrows, own thy power,
 Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

HYMN DCCXXXIII.

Resignation.

CHATTERTON.

1 O WHY, my soul, dost thou complain? Why drooping seek the dark recess? Shake off the melancholy chain, For God created all to bless.

- 2 But ah! my breast is human still; The rising sigh, the falling tear, My languid vitals' feeble rill, The sickness of my soul declare.
- 3 But yet, with fortitude resign'd
 I'll thank th' Inflictor of the blow,
 Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
 Nor let the gush of misery flow.
- 4 The gloomy mantle of the night, Which on my sinking spirit steals, Will vanish at the morning light, Which God, my east, my sun, reveals.

ENFIELD.

HYMN DCCXXXIV.

Humility.

ENFIELD.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day—
 O why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
 A breath may level with the ground.

- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way:
 How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast?
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span:
 How ill, alas, does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 5 God of my life, Father divine!
 Give me a meek and lowly mind:
 In modest worth, O let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

DYER.

HYMN DCCXXXV.

The Fast which God hath chosen. Is. lviii. 5.—14.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

DYER.

- 1 GREAT framer of unnumber'd worlds, And whom unnumber'd worlds adore, Whose goodness all thy creatures share, While nature trembles at thy power:
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres, That wakes the winds, and lifts the sea; And man, who moves the lord of earth, Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
 To thee we raise the humble cry;
 Thine altar is the contrite heart,
 Thy incense a repentant sigh.
- 4 But if injustice grind the poor, Or avarice stain the sordid hand; Or stern ambition thirst for blood, Or rude oppression waste the land:
- 5 The God, who hears the orphan's cry, The martyr's prayer, and prisoner's groan, Still listening to the poor opprest, Would spurn th'oppressor from his throne.
- 6 Yet though enormous crimes abound, Should but a generous sorrow rise; And as new troubles threaten round 'Midst wasting wars, and angry skies;
- 7 Should Britain, in her sober hour, Confess thy hand, and bless the rod; Thou still wouldst love to be her friend, Who lov'd to own thee as her God.

JERVIS.

HYMN DCCXXXVI.

The Designs of Providence in the Changes and Revolutions of the World.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

JERVIS.

- 1 GOD, to correct a guilty world,
 In wrath is slow to rise;
 But comes at length in thunder cloth'd,
 And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His awful banners, lifted high,
 The nations' God declare;
 And stain'd with blood, with terrors
 mark'd,
 Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly glory, pomp, and pride,
 Are in his presence lost;
 Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres,
 crowns,
 In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and misery prevail,
 And desolation wide;
 In God, the sovereign Lord of all,
 The righteous still confide.
- 5 Dark and mysterious is the course Of his tremendous way; His path is in the trackless winds, And in the foaming sea.

- 6 Yet, though envelop'd in the cloud,
 And from our view conceal'd,
 The righteous Judge will soon appear,
 In majesty reveal'd!
- 7 Then will he curb the lawless power,
 The deadly wrath of man;
 And all the windings will unfold
 Of his own gracious plan.
- 8 Then all the sons of tyranny
 In ruin shall be hurl'd;
 And light, and liberty, and bliss,
 Embrace the new-born world.

PARK.

HYMN DCCXXXVII.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

PARK.

- 1 " MY soul, praise the Lord,
 Speak good of his name!"
 His mercies record,
 His bounties proclaim:
 To God, their creator,
 Let all creatures raise
 The song of thanksgiving,
 The chorus of praise!
- 2 Though, hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
 Yet here by his works
 Their author is known:

The world shines a mirror
It's maker to show,
And heaven views it's image
Reflected below.

3 Those agents of power,
Fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might
Of God the most high:
Who rides on the whirlwind
While clouds veil his form;
Who smiles in the sun-beam,
Or frowns in the storm.

4 By knowledge supreme,
By wisdom divine,
God governs this earth
With gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect,
His providence reigns,
Whose will first created,
Whose love still sustains.

5 And man, his last work,
With reason endu'd,
Who, falling through sin,
By grace is renew'd;—
To God, his creator,
Let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving,
The chorus of praise!

DARWIN.

HYMN DCCXXXVIII.

Trust in God in Prosperity and Adversity.

DARWIN.

- [1 THE Lord! how tender is his love, His justice how august; Hence all her fears my soul derives, There anchors all her trust.]
- 2 He showers the manna from above,To feed the barren waste;Or points with death the rushing hail,And famine waits the blast.
- 3 Crowns, realms, and worlds, his wrath incens'd,
 Are dust beneath his tread:
 He blights the fair, unplumes the proud,
 And shakes the learned head.
- 4 He bids distress forget to groan,
 The sick from anguish cease;
 In dungeons spreads his healing wing,
 And softly whispers peace.
- 5 His vengeance rides the rushing wind, Or tips the bolt with flame: His goodness breathes in every breeze, And warms in every beam.

- 6 For me, O Lord! whatever lot
 The hours commission'd bring;
 If all my withering blessings die,
 Or fairer clusters spring;
- 7 Oh! grant that still with grateful heart
 My years resign'd may run;
 "Tis thine to give, or to resume:
 And may thy will be done!

HYMN DCCXXXIX.

God the Creator of Man. Gen. i. 1. 26, 27.

DARWIN.

- A GOD! a God! the wide earth shouts—A God! the heavens reply:

 He moulded in his palm the world,

 And hung it in the sky.
- 2 Let us make man—with beauty clad, And health in every vein, And reason thron'd upon his brow, Stepp'd forth majestic man.
- 3 Around he turns his wondering eyes,
 All nature's works surveys;
 Admires the earth, the skies, himself!
 And tries his tongue in praise.
- 4 Ye hills, and vales! ye meads and woods!

 Tell me from whence I came,

 Say glorious sun, and glitt'ring stars,

 Fair creatures—what I am?

5 What parent power, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast Unknown!

HERVEY.

HYMN DCCXL.

Providence.

HERVEY.

- SINCE all the downward tracks of time God's watchful eye surveys,
 O! who so wise to choose our lot,
 And regulate our ways.
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good, Nor less, when he denies;Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand, Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Assure us of thy wond'rous love, Unmeasureably kind: To thine unerring, gracious will Be every wish resign'd.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,
 My God, inscribe my name;
 There let it fill some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb!
- 5 Thy saints, while ages roll away,
 In endless fame survive;
 Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time
 Greatly triumphant, live.

3 A

CENNICK. HYMN DCCXLI.

Christ our great Melchisedec.

CENNICK.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be:
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Our great Melchisedec.

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN DCCXLII.

Following Christ.

CENNICK.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone, He whom I plac'd my hopes upon: His track I see—and I'll pursue The narrow way, till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy Prophets went, The road that leads from banishment; The King's highway of holiness I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought, And mourn'd because I found it not; My grief, my burthen, long has been, Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against it's power, I sinn'd and stumbled but the more: "Till late I heard my Saviour say, "Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,
 Shall take me to thee as I am:
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love do I receive.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

MADAN.

HYMN DCCXLIII.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

MADAN.

1 HAIL the day that sees him rise, Ravish'd from our wishful eyes; Christ, a while to mortals given, Re-ascends his native heaven, There the mighty hero waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of Glory in."

- 2 Circl'd round with angel-powers,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Conqueror o'er death, hell, and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in:
 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returned to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.
- 3 See, he lifts his hands above;
 See, he shews the prints of love;
 Hark! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his Church below;
 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Saviour of the human race.
- 4 Master (may we ever say)
 Taken from our head to-day
 See tny faithful servants, see!
 Ever gazing up to thee!
 Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking thee beyond the skies.
- 5 Ever upward may we move, Wafted on the wings of love;

Looking when our Lord shall come, Longing, gasping after home! There may we with thee remain, Partners of thine endless reign; There thy face unclouded see, Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

CARTER.

HYMN DCCXLIV.

The Storm: or, Universal good.

MRS. CARTER.

- LET coward guilt, with pallid fear, To sheltering caverns fly, And justly dread the vengeful fate That thunders through the sky.
- 2 Protected by that hand, whose law The threatening storms obey, Intrepid virtue smiles secure As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightning's lurid glare,
 It views the same all-gracious power
 That breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through nature's ever-varying scene,
 By different ways pursu'd,
 The one eternal end of heaven
 Is universal good.

TOLLET.

HYMN DCCXLV.

Praise to God. Ps. cxlviii. 3. 12, 13.

MRS. TOLLET.

- 1 FROM vocal air, and concave skies, Let wafted hallelujah's sound; And let the sacred triumphs rise, Till vaulted heaven the notes rebound.
- 2 Thou solar orb! whose ruddy beam Compels the shades of night to yield; Thou silver moon! whose fainter gleam Scarce trembles o'er you azure field!
- 3 Ye stars! who circle round the pole, Illumin'd with distinguish'd rays; Instruct your vocal spheres to roll Symphonious to your Maker's praise.
- 4 His name with pious praises sing,
 Who kindled first the beamy light:
 Who first commanded you to spring
 Forth from the cells of ancient night.
- 5 Ye active youths, in manly prime!
 Ye virgins deck'd with blooming grace!
 Ye elders press'd by creeping time!
 And you, the tender infant race!
- 6 Your voices raise with mix'd acclaim, To praise the universal Lord; The sole, august, majestic name, O'er earth and distant heaven ador'd.

ROBINSON.

HYMN DCCXLVI.

Ebenezer; or, Praise. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

ROBINSON.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace! Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount—Oh fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, now like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love--Here's my heart—O take and seal it!
 Seal it from thy courts above!

HYMN DCCXLVII.

The Cross; or, sitting at Jesus' Feet.

ROBINSON, (supposed).

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,

Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion

Floating in his languid eye;

Here it is I find my heaven,

While upon the Lamb I gaze:

Love I much? I've much forgiven,

I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling
In all need to Jesus go:
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know!

HYMN DCCXLVIII.

God praised for his Perfections.

PART I.

ROBINSON.

- MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name?
 Lord of men, as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought,
 For created works of power,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:
- 4 For thy providence that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
 Blessed be thy gentle reign!
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
 Dark through brightness all along;
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,
 Who dare sing that awful song?

HYMN DCCXLIX.

Praise to the Redeemer.

PART II.

ROBINSON.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die:
Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

2 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow my praise, for ever flow!
Go, return almighty Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thy own!

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MISCELLANEOUS. TOPLADY'S COLLECTION.

HYMN DCCL.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow!
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The all atoning Lamb,
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim;
 The year of Jubilee is come:
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
- Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And bless'd in Jesus live:
 The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, you ransom'd sinners, home.

The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

6 Jesus our great High Priest
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

WHITEFIELD'S COLLEC-TION.

HYMN DCCLI.

Evening Hymn.

- NOW, from the altar of our hearts
 Let incense flames arise;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love, awake our joy;
 Awake, our heart and tongue:
 Sleep not when mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.

- 4 New time, new favours and new joys,
 Do a new song require;
 'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
 New time upon our score;
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more!

HYMN DCCLII.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source;
 So a spirit born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN DCCLIII.

Funeral.

ANON.

Another has enter'd his rest,
Another escap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast;
The soul of the Christian is gone
To heighten the triumph above,
Exalted to Jesus's throne,
And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name!
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly?
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God---Is it I?

3 O Jesus! if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart!
O give me a signal to know
If soon thou would'st have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love!

HYMN DCCLIV.

Breathing after Holiness.

ANON.

Joy of heaven, to earth come down!

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;

Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;

Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart!

2 Breathe! O breathe thy loying spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as it's beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come! almighty to deliver,

Let us all thy life receive!

Suddenly return, and never

Never more thy temples leave!

Thee we would be always blessing,

Serve thee as thy hosts above;

Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,

Glory in thy precious love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Change from glory into glory,
"Till in heaven we take our place,
"Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

HYMN DCCLV.

For grace and strength.

- 1 SON of God! thy blessing grant, Still supply our every want; Tree of life, thine influence shed, With thy sap our spirits feed!
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,Wither without thee, and die;Weak as helpless infancy—O confirm our souls in thee!

- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, we fall!
 Send the strength for which we call!
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help we every moment need.
- 4 All our hopes on thee depend,
 Love us! save us to the end!
 Give us the continuing grace—
 Take the everlasting praise!

HYMN DCCLVI.

An Hymn to the Trinity.

ANON.

- 1 COME, thou almighty King,
 Help us thy Name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Let thine almighty aid
 Our sure defence be made,
 Our souls on thee be stay'd;
 Lord, hear our call!
- 3 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword---Our prayer attend! Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness,

On us descend!

- 4 Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
- 5 To the Great One in Three:
 Eternal praises be
 Hence—evermore!
 His Sovereign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore!

HYMN DCCLVII.

The Christian Traveller.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me, till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield,

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN DCCLVIII.

The Nativity.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear Desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN DCCLIX.

An undivided Heart.

ANON.

- I LORD, make me faithful to my call,
 In heart still truly give up all,
 Myself to thee resign;
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 Never thy will decline.
- 2 My feet with holy oil anoint,
 The destin'd path, thou dost appoint,
 Gladly I then will tread;
 Bedew it with a genial shower,
 Into my heart thy influence pour
 With hidden manna fed.
- 3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
 My father to thy child impart,
 In every trying hour:
 Reasonings, tormenting thoughts, prevent—

Still keep my eye on thee intent, 'Till sight my faith o'erpow'r.

DCCLX.

Before Sermon.

ANON.

1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
O that every soul now present

May thy grace and truth approve!

Bless, O bless us:

From the shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites us
To partake the Gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit now unite us,
Each to thee a willing guest:
O receive us,
To thy glorious promis'd rest.

HYMN DCCLXI.

At the Coming of a Minister.

ANON.

1 WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,

Messenger of Jesus' grace!
O how beautiful the feet of

Him that brings good news of peace!

Welcome herald,

Priest of God, thy people's joy.

2 Saviour, bless his message to us,
Give us hearts to hear thy word
Speaking pardon, dearly purchas'd
By the sufferings of our Lord;
O reveal it,
To our poor and helpless souls.

3 Give reward of grace and glory
To thy faithful labourer dear,
Let the incense of our hearts be
Offer'd up in faith and prayer,
Bless, O bless him,
Now, henceforth, for evermore!

HYMN DCCLXII.

To the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire, Let us thine influence prove; Source of the old prophetic fire, Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, (for, mov'd by thee, The holy Prophets spoke),
 Unlock the truth, thyself the key, Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, prolific dove, Brood o'er our nature's night; On our disorder'd spirits move, And let there now be light.

4 God through himself we then shall know, If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN DCCLXIII.

At the Opening of Worship.

- 1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Thee we the comforter confess;
 Unless thou art present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless prayer.
- 3 Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come, Blow on the drooping field; Our spices then shall breathe perfume, And fragrant incense yield.
- 4 Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word;
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

HYMN DCCLXIV.

Resurrection of Christ.

ANON.

- 1 THE sun of righteousness appears,
 To set in blood no more:
 Adore the scatterer of your fears,
 Your rising God adore.
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
 Unclos'd their sleeping eyes:
 He breaks again the bands of death,
 Again the dead arise!
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod:
 He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,
 He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Forbid an early rise
 To him who breaks the gates of hell,
 And opens Paradise.

HYMN DCCLXV.

Invitation.

ANON.

1 HITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
A sin-disorder'd trembling throng;
To you the gospel calls, to you
M essiah's blessings all belong.

- 2 Reason's and virtue's boasting sons
 Derive no blessings from this tree;For sinners only Jesus dy'd,
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.
- 3 'Twas with our griefs Messiah groan'd,
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd:
 Our punishment he took, he bore,
 And sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.
- 4 Awake, each heart, arise, each soul,
 And join the blissful choirs above:
 May nothing tune our future song,
 But heavenly wisdom, heavenly love!

HYMN DCCLXVI.

The God of Abraham.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love;
 Jehovah, Great I Am!
 By earth and heaven confest;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I'd rise—and seek the joys
 At thy right hand:

I'd all on earth forsake,
It's wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:

He calls a worm his friend! He calls himself my God!

And he shall save me to the end, Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,

I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

HYMN DCCLXVII.

The Spiritual Canaan; or, Part the Second.

ANON.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,

And trees of life for ever gi With mercy crown'd.

3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:

He shews his prints of love— They kindle—to a flame!

And sound, through all the worlds above, The slaughter'd Lamb.

WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

HYMN DCCLXVIII.

Praise to the Creator.

ANON.

1 CELESTIAL worlds, your Maker's

Resound through every shining coast!
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day, Praise him in thy sublime career: He struck from night thy peerless ray, Gave thee thy path and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given Night's sable horrors to illume,

Praise him who hung you high in heaven. With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play, Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd, The grandeur of your God convey, Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore, Be the almighty God ador'd:
He made the nations by his power,
And rules them with his sovereign word.

6 At once let nature's ample round To God the vast thanksgiving raise: His high perfection knows no bound, But fills th' immensity of space.

WESLEY'S COLLECTION. HYMN DCCLXIX.

Christ our Righteousness.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress; 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise, To claim my mansion in the skies; Ev'n then shall this be all my plea, "Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day, For who aught to my charge shall lay? Fully through thee absolv'd I am From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,
 Thus all the armies bought with blood,
 Saviour of sinners thee proclaim;
 Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears, When ruin'd nature sinks in years; No age can change it's glorious hue, The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 And when the dead shall hear thy voice, Thy banish'd children shall rejoice; Their beauty this their glorious dress, Jesus the Lord our righteousness!

HYMN DCCLXX.

Christ's Second Coming.

- 1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe;
 - The seventh trumpet speaks him near! The lightnings flash, the thunders roll, He's welcome to the faithful soul.
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound, See the almighty Jesus crown'd! Girt with omnipotence and grace And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending from his azure throne, He claims the kingdoms for his own; The kingdoms all obey his word, And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky, And all ye saints of God most high;

Jesus, who now his right obtains, For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN DCCLXXI.

The Last Judgment. Rev. I. J. xzii. 17, 20, 21.

ANON.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!

Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

Every eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

[5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Haten, Lord, the general doom!
The new heav'n and earth t'inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation

Travails, groans, and bids thee come.]

6 Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

HYMN DCCLXXII.

The Same.

ANON.

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead;
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great exalted head!
Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome son of God.

2 Now his merit, by the harpers
Through th' eternal deep resounds:
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds;
They who pierc'd him
Shall, at his appearance, wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation, Saints, behold the Judge appear! Truth and justice go before him, Now the blissful sentence hear: Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

4 "Come ye blessed of my Father, "Enter into life and joy:

" Banish all your fears and sorrows, "Endless praise be your employ." Hallelujah,

Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now, at once, they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them to the King;
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing:
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN DCCLXXIII.

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria; or, Britain's religious Privileges. John iv. 5, 10.

ANON,

- 1 AT Jacob's well a stranger sought
 His drooping frame to cheer:
 Samaria's daughter little thought
 That Jacob's God was near.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind, For richer draughts had sigh'd; Nor had Messiah, ever kind, Those richer draughts deny'd.
- 3 This ancient well (no glass so true)
 Britannia's image shows:
 Now Jesus travels Britain through,
 But who the stranger knows?

4 Yet Britain must the stranger know, Or soon her loss deplore; Behold! the living waters flow; Come—drink, and thirst no more.

R. HILL'S COLLECTION. HYMN DCCLXXIV.

The Resurrection.

R. HILL'S COL.

1 WE sing his love, who once was slain, Who soon o'er death reviv'd again, That all his saints through him might have Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

CHORUS.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we Shall rise to immortality.

- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep, His own almighty power shall keep, Till dawns the bright illustrious day, When death itself shall die away.
- 3 How loud shall our glad voices sing, When Christ his risen saints shall bring From beds of dust, and sleeping clay, To realms of everlasting day.
- 4 When Jesus we in glory meet
 Our utmost joys shall be complete;
 When landed on that heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse shall be no more.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day, And this delightful scene display, When all thy saints from death shall rise, Raptur'd in bliss beyond the skies.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S COL-LECTION.

HYMN DCCLXXV.

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
 Display thy glorious banner high;
 The summons send from coast to coast,
 And call a numerous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
 Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
 Assert the glories of thy name,
 Spoil satan of his wish'd-for prey!
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
 The peaceful blessings of thy reign:
 And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
 The mystery to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Jesus fight,
 The travail of my soul regain,
 Before the blind make darkness light,
 And crooked paths do thou make
 plain.

HYMN DCCLXXVI.

Joy in Sorrow.

ANON.

- AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembody'd saints,
 And find it's long sought rest,
 (The only rest for which it pants)
 On the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I travel my appointed years,
 Till my Deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

HYMN DCCLXXVII.

Looking upwards in a Storm; or, Faith in Affliction.

ANON.

1 THE billows swell, the winds are high, Clouds overcast my wintery sky; Out of the depths to Thee I call, My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill.

Defend me from each threatening ill, Controul the waves, say "Peace, be still."

- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea, My soul still hangs her hope on Thee; Thy constant love, thy faithful care, Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name Attend the followers of the Lamb, Who leave the world's deceitful shore, And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest toss'd and half a wreck, My Saviour through the floods I seek; Let neither winds nor stormy main, Force back my shatter'd bark again.

HYMN DCCLXXVIII.

For the Spread of the Gospel; or, for the latter Day.

ANON.

1 O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness Look, my soul, be still and gaze, See, the morning's kindling blushes!
Hail the rising day of grace?
Blessed jubilee,
See the glorious day-spring dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see,
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Soon resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway th' enlighten'd world around!

HYMN DCCLXXIX.

Surrender of the Heart.

ANON.

1 TAKE my poor heart just as it is, Set up therein thy throne; So shall I love thee above all, And live to thee alone. Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
 That I may faithful prove!
 And listen to that small still voice,
 Which only whispers, love:

3 Which teaches me what is thy will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.

4 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching from my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

HYMN DCCLXXX.

Invitation to Christ.

ANON.

- From Sion's mount I heard the sound,
 Gay sprang the flowerets of the mead,
 And gladden'd nature smil'd around.
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear;
 Christ's lovely voice floats through the air.
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan Hath taught these rocks the note of woe;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, And let thy tears forget to flow: Behold the precious balm is found, Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.

3 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
Unburthen here the weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God.
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word!
That sheaths th' avenger's glittering sword.

4 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall 'tend thy steps and near thee
stay,
Whilst clory weaves th' immortal grown

Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown, And waits to claim thee for her own.

HYMN DCCLXXXI.

Reflections on Christ's Love.

- O MY Lord! I've often mused On thy wonderous love to me; How I have that love abused, Slighted, disregarded Thee.
- 2 To thy church and thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeased Thee;
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.

- 3 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me, Still thy calls repeated came; Till on Calvary's Mount I view'd Thee, Bearing my reproach and blame:
- 4 Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
 Whilst I view each pierced limb,
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
 Mingling with the purple stream:
- 5 I no more at Mary wonder,
 Dropping tears upon thy grave;
 Asking, urging all around her,
 Where is He who dy'd to save?
- 6 Dying love her heart attracted;
 Soon she felt his rising power:
 He who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

HYMN DCCLXXXII.

Jesus Wept. Luke xix. 41.—John xi. 35.— Heb. v. 7.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our cheeks be dry?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
 Angels with wonder see!
 Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN DCCLXXXIII.

Consider your Ways.

- 1 WHEN all my past days to review
 And ponder my ways I begin,
 The farther the search I pursue,
 I trace but corruption and sin.
- 2 Soon as from the womb I was brought,
 My race was in evil begun,
 My spirit with forwardness fraught,
 And falsehood beguiled my tongue.
- 3 To manhood from youth as I grew,
 My reason to passion, the slave,
 As custom, as fashion still drew,
 I rush'd down the steep to the grave.
- 4 My conscience, that monitor true,
 Remonstrates, but little avails,
 The good, which I would, I can't do,
 The evil, I would not, prevails.
- 5 Then take me, Lord, such as I am,
 And make me just what I should be,
 I'll take to myself all the shame,
 And give all the glory to thee.

HYMN DCCLXXXIV.

Easter.

ANON.

1 FROM heaven the loud, th' angelic song began,
It shook the skies and reach'd astonish'd

man;

- By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again, Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain,
- 2 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway, In earth or heaven the Lord of all; Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey, And low before his footstool fall.
- 3 The deed was done, the Lamb was slain;
 The groaning earth the burthen bore:
 He rose, He lives, He lives to reign,
 Nor time shall shake his endless power.
- 4 Riches and all that deck the great,
 From worlds unnumbered hither bring;
 The tribute pour before his seat,
 And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are His alone, He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace; Honour has built his lofty throne, And glory shines upon his face.

6 From heaven, from earth, loud bursts of praise

The mighty blessings shall proclaim; Blessings that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded Lamb.

7 Higher, still higher, swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign;
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.
Hallelujah.

HYMN DCCLXXXV.

Good Friday.

ANON.

1 FLOW fast my tears the cause is great,
This tribute claims an injur'd friend;
One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
And yet he lov'd me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interpos'd, the wound he bore,
And bade the monster dare no more,

2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urged the hand that pierc'd his side.
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
While justice arm'd with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.

3 Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart and drains the
eves:

His visage marr'd towards heaven he réars,
And pleading for his murderer, dies!
My grief nor measure knows nor end,
Till he appears, the sinner's friend:
And gives me in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

HYMN DCCLXXXVI.

The Gospel Herald; or, Redeeming Love.
Is. xl. 3, 5.—Matt. iii. 3.

Christmas.

- 1 HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
 Itshakes the mountains, rends the earth,
 The King appears, behold him nigh,
 The God by nature, man by birth.
- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
 Proclaim aloud, prepare the way!
 Redemption's glorious work's begun,
 And who his potent arm shall stay?
- 3 Make strait the paths before his feet,
 And every obstacle remove;
 Drop down, ye hills, your cumberous
 weight,
 And bow before redeeming Love.

- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
 It's budding honours spring to view;
 Swift the Creating Fiat flies,
 And all is blissful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
 Know'st thou the import of the cry?
 Thy heart's the desart waste and wild:
 But lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh.
- 6 Mountains of unbelief and sin
 Before him crumble into dust;
 Thy humbled heart shall then begin,
 His all-restoring hand to trust.
- 7 By Him exalted, know thy state,
 A garden rich in fruit and flower;
 Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
 The wonder of Redeeming power.

HYMN DCCLXXXVII.

Worthy the Lamb.

ANON.

1 GLORY to God on high,
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry, evermore,
Worthy the Lamb

- 2 Ye who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 Ye who have felt his blood,
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad;
 Worthy the Lamb.
- 3 Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name;
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hail Him our gracious King;
 And through all ages sing,
 Worthy the Lamb.

ADDITIONAL FROM DOD-DRIDGE.

HYMN DCCLXXXVIII.

Grace.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man,
 And all it's wondrous steps display
 That grace which drew the plan.

- 3 Grace, drew my wandering feet To tread the heavenly road; Thence new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing home to God.
- 4. Grace, all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

HYMN DCCLXXXIX.

Praise.

DODDRIDGE.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare a new song;

And let all his saints in full concert join: With voices united the anthem prolong, And shew forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend:

Let each grateful heart be glad in it's king:

The God whom we worship, our songs will attend.

And view with complacence the offering we bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,

And let your glad songs awake with each

morn:

For those who obey him are still his delight,

His hand with salvation the meek will

4 Then praise ye the Lord! prepare a glad song;

And let all his saints in full concert join: With voices united the anthem prolong, And shew forth his praises with music divine.

HYMN DCCXC.

Christ precious to the Believer. 1 Peter ii. 7.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
 "Tis music to mine ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven should hear.
- Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust:
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish In thee most richly meet: Nor to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart, And sheds it's fragrance there; The noblest balm of all it's wounds, The cordial of it's care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN DCCXCI.

The Gospel first preached at Jerusalem. Luke xxiv. 47.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 "Go, saith the Lord, "proclaim my grace,
 - "To all the sons of Adam's race;
 - " Pardon for every crimson sin,
 - "And at Jerusalem begin.
- 2 "There, where my blood, not fully dry,

"Stands warm upon mount Calvary;

- "That blood shall purge away their guilt, "By whom so lately it was spilt.
- 3 " Now let the daring rebels turn,
 - " And o'er their bleeding sov'reign mourn:
 - "Their bleeding sovereign shall forgive,
 - "And bid the rebels look and live."
- 4 Is this thy voice all-gracious Lord?
 And did the rebels hear thy word?
 And did they fall beneath thy feet,
 And on their knees forgiveness meet?
- 5 Then may I hope for mercy too; Such love can my hard heart subdue;

And give this guilty soul a place, Among these captives of thy grace.

6 Here be it daily mine employ
To bathe thy wounds with tears of joy;
Till midst the new Jerusalem
In one full choir we sing thy name.

HYMN DCCXCII.

Beholding Transgressions with Grief. Psalm cxix. 136. 168.

DODDRIDGE.

- ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart with anguish feel Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame; See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name; The Father wounded thro' the Son; The word abus'd, the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight Closing in everlasting night; In flames that no abatement know, Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene; My bowels yearn o'er dying men; And fain my pity would reclaim, And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves, And can but weep where most it loves; Thy own all-saving arm employ, And turn these drops of grief to joy.

HYMN DCCXCIII.

Christ's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!

The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts his sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release, In Satan's bondage held; The gates of brass before him burst, The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure,
 And with the treasures of his grace
 T' enrich the humble poor.

- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud The jubilee of the Lord; Our debts are all remitted now, Our heritage restor'd.
- 7 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall proclaim; And heaven's eternal arches ring With thy beloved name.

HYMN DCCXCIV.

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke xxiv. 34. Easter.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YES, the Redeemer rose,
 The Saviour left the dead;
 And o'er our cruel foes
 High rais'd his conquering head;
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fell to the ground,
 And sunk away.
- 2 Lo, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly, And the glad tidings hear; Hark! as they soar on high, What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,

"Jesus who bled

" Hath left the dead;

" He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound, Redeem'd by him from hell; And send the echo round The globe on which you dwell:

Transported cry,

" Jesus who bled

" Hath left the dead "No more to die."

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord, Who sav'st us with thy blood! Wide be thy name ador'd, Thou rising, reigning God!

With thee we rise, With thee we reign, And empires gain Beyond the skies.

ADDITIONAL FROM TOP-LADY.

HYMN DCCXCV.

Christian Fellowship.

TOPLADY.

- 1 LET party names no more
 The Christian world o'erspread;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.
- Among the saints on earth
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,
 Be banish'd far away:
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell
 Who the same Lord obey.
- Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

ADDITIONAL FROM SCOTT. HYMN DCCXCVI.

Meekness.

SCOTT.

1 HAPPY the meek whose gentle breast, Clear as the summer's evening ray, Calm as the regions of the blest, Enjoys on earth celestial day!

- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting, No jars his peaceful tent invade; He rests beneath th' Almighty wing, Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild, Inspire our breasts, our souls possess; Repel each passion rude and wild, And bless us, as we aim to bless.

HYMN DCCXCVII.

Mercy.

SCOTT.

- 1 HEAR the voice of woe: A brother mortal mourns: My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow My heart his sighs returns.
- I hear the thirsty cry: The famish'd beg for bread: O let my spring it's streams supply,
 - My hand it's bounty shed.
- 3 And shall not wrath relent Touch'd by that humble strain, My brother crying, I repent, Nor will offend again!
- A How else on sprightly wing, Can hope bear high my prayer, Up to thy throne, my God, my king, To plead for pardon there?

HYMN DCCXCVIII.

Pride and Humility.

SCOTT.

- 1 SHALL sinning man, O Lord, presume To glory in thy sight? Himself, on his own virtues plume, And claim thy heaven by right?
- 2 I boast of none, in none I'll trust;
 For MERCY Lord I sue;
 Ah, were my judge severely just,
 Perdition is my due.
- 3 Shall mortal man, so blind, and weak,
 On his own powers depend?
 On thee I hope, thy blessing seek;
 O guide me, and defend?
- 4 Shall man his brother man despise,
 Vain of excelling worth?
 Disdainful view with haughty eyes,
 His fellow worm of earth?
- 5 Who made for one a station high?
 Another's mean and low?
 Who made the poor man's cup so dry?
 Or mine to overflow?
- 6 Our pride shall nobler talents swell?
 Who made you ideot's small?
 Who gave me talents to excel?
 Who?—but the God of All.

7 O! come meek-ey'd humility, Come dwell within my breast; Dear Jesus! let me learn of thee, And find thy promis'd rest.

ADDITIONAL FROM MONT-GOMERY.

HYMN DCCXCIX.

Life resigned.

MONTGOMERY.

- SHALL man of frail fruition boast?
 Shall life be counted dear?
 Oft but a moment, and at most
 A momentary year!
- 2 I long to cast the chains awayThat hold my soul a slave,To burst these dungeon walls of clay,Enfranchis'd from the grave.
- 3 Life lies in embryo—never free
 Till nature yields her breath;
 Till time becomes eternity,
 And man is born in death.

ADDITIONAL FROM HART.

HYMN DCCC.

Holy Jealousy and Watchfulness.

HART.

1 LUKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,

See what hosts your camp surround;

Arm to battle, lag no longer,

Hark! the silver trumpets sound.

Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you? Sin besets you round about:

Up, and search; the world's within you, Slay, or chase the traitor out.

2 What enchants you; pelf or pleasure? Pluck right eyes, with right hands part; Ask your conscience, where's your treasure?

For, be certain, there's your heart.

Give the fawning foe no credit;

Lo the bloody flag's unfurl'd, That base heart (the word hath said it) Loves not God that loves the world.

3 God and Mammon? Oh! be wiser; Serve them both? it cannot be; Ease in warfare, saint and miser? These will never well agree.

Shun the shame of foully falling, Cumber'd captives, clogg'd with clay; Prove your faith, make sure your calling:

Wield the sword, and win the day.

4 Forward pressing towards perfection,
Watch, and pray, and all things prove;
Seek to know your God's election;
Search his everlasting love:

Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling, Now salvation's near in view;

Work it out, with fear and trembling, 'Tis your God that works in you.

MISCELLANEOUS. HYMN DCCCI.

Humility and Retirement.

ANON.

1 HOW vain is grandeur's purple pride!

And guards, and roofs of gold, how vain!

Through circling guards may sorrow glide, And gilded roofs are claim'd by pain.

2 Give me, great God! unknown to dwell, Remote from pomp, and care, and strife;

Secure from passions that rebel, And shelter'd from the storms of life.

HYMN DCCCII.

A Call for grateful Praise.

ORAT. OF ABEL.

1 HOW cheerful the fields and the mead, How gay does all nature appear; The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the spring of the year. 2 The foliage that shades the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and fair
flowers,

All rise to the praise of our God.

- 3 Shall man, the great master of all, The only insensible prove? Forbid it, fair gratitude's call! Forbid it, devotion and love!
- 4 The Lord who such wonders could raise, And still can destroy with a nod, My lips shall incessantly praise, My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

HYMN DCCCIII.

Send out thy Light and Truth.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze, Vast as the blessings he conveys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And permanent as his controul:
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come, Then sin and hell's terrific gloom Shall, at his brightness, flee away, The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe, Learn the blest knowledge of thy law, And Antichrist, on every shore, Fall from his thrones to rise no more.

- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet, In pure devotion, at thy feet: And earth shall yield thee, as thy due, Her fulness, and her glory too.
- 5 O! that from Britain now might shine This heavenly light, this truth divine! Till the whole universe shall be But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

HYMN DCCCIV.

An Evening Hymn.

- I SEE! the bright monarch of the day
 In ocean dips his beams,
 While from his brow a parting ray
 In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night, In sweet succession reigns, And finely paints with silver light The mountains, vales, and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
 And shine from pole to pole:
 Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
 And charms th' attentive soul.
- The starry arch in grandeur glows
 Through all it's ample round:
 Great Goo! thy power no limit knows,
 Thy wisdom knows no bound.

HYMN DCCCV.

The Incarnation of Christ.

- 1 IN heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew, And loud the echo roll'd; The theme, the song, the joy was new, 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To bear the news to man.
- 4 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good-will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.
- With joy the chorus we'll repeat,"Glory to God on high;"Good-will and peace are now complete,"Jesus was born to die."
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

HYMN DCCCVI.

Morning Hymn.

ANON.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth and early rise, To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent—redeem; Each present day, thy last esteem; Improve thy talent with due care; For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere, Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear: Think how th' all-seeing God, thy ways, And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- 4 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refresh'd me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,

I may of endless life partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,

And with thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, controul, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all their might, In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN DCCCVII.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done; That with the world, myself and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as little as my bed; Teach me to die, that so I may With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care;
 "Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 5 For death is life, and labour rest—
 If with thy gracious presence blest;
 Then welcome sleep, or death, to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with thee.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

RAY'S SUPPLEMENT.

HYMN DCCCVIII.

The Death of Christ; or, "It is finished." John xix. 30.

ANON.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky;
"It is finish'd!"

Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord!
It is finish'd!
Saints, the dying word record!

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows Of the ceremonial law!

Finish'd, all that God had promis'd; Death and hell no more shall awe: It is finish'd!

Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name;
Hallelujah;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN DCCCIX.

The Resurrection of Christ.

EASTER.

ANON.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and angels say, Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won: Lo the sun's eclipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Death in vain forbids his rise, Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
 " Where, O Death is now thy sting?"
 Once he dy'd our souls to save;
 " Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail the resurrection—thou.

HYMN DCCCX.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

EASTER OR WHITSUNTIDE.

ANON.

1 ANGELS roll the rock away, Death, yield up thy mighty prey; See he rises from the tomb, Glowing with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise Fame's eternal trump of praise; Let the earth's remotest bound Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Heaven unfolds her portals wide, Glorious hero, through them ride; King of glory, mount thy throne, Thy great Father's and thy own.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs, Praise, and sweep your golden lyres: Shout, O earth, in rapturous song, Let the strains be sweet and strong.

HYMN DCCCXI.

Jesus seen of Angels. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

ANON

- 1 BEYOND the glittering starry globes
 Far as th' eternal hills,
 There in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
 - Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 To offer songs divine.
 - 3 Hail prince! they cry, for ever hail!
 Whose unexampled love,
 Mov'd thee to quit these gloriou realms,
 Of royalty above.

- 4 While he did condescend on earth
 To suffer rude disdain,
 They cast their honours at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend,
 Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last,
 This scene of love would end.
- 6 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,
 His crimson sweat and gore;
 They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er brake before.
- 7 They brought his chariot from above
 To bear him to his throne,
 Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cry'd
 "The glorious work is done!"

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.

HYMN DCCCXII.

The Sabbath.

ANON.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest:
Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow,
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene Of glory was display'd,

By God, th' Eternal Word, than when

The universe was made:

He rises, who mankind hath bought With grief and pain extreme;

Twas great to speak the world from nought,

Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN DCCCXIII.

Judgment; or, the Triumphs of Faith.

- 1 STAND the omnipotent decree; Jehovah's will be done! Nature's end we wait to see. And hear her final groan; Though this earth dissolve and blend In death the wicked and the just: Though those ponderous orbs descend, And grind us into dust:
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man, At his Redeemer's beck, Sure to emerge, and rise again, And mount above the wreck: Lo! the heavenly spirit towers, Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre, Triumphs in immortal powers, And claps her wings of fire:

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroy'd;
Far beneath his feet he views
With smiles the flaming void;
Sees this universe renew'd
The grand millennial year begun;
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restor'd;
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven;
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

WHITEFIELD'S COLLEC-TION.

HYMN DCCCXIV.

Christmas; or, the Birth of Christ.

wesley (supposed.)

- 1 HARK, the Herald-Angels sing Glory to the new-born King! Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconcil'd.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies; Nature, rise and worship him Who was born at Bethlehem.

- [3 Christ, by highest heaven ador'd, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time behold him come, Offspring of the virgin's womb.]
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the godhead see, Hail the incarnate Deity! Pleas'd as man with men t' appear, Jesus, our Emmanuel here.
- [5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life around he brings, Risen with healing in his wings.]
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by, Born that men no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, Desire of Nations, come, Fix in us thy heavenly home; Rise, the woman's conquering seed, Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface, Stamp thine image in it's place; Second Adam from above, Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN DCCCXV.

An Hymn on Spring.

ANON.

1 HAIL! hail! reviv'd, reviving spring, Fair type of heaven's eternal year;

While nature's works thy praises sing,
Lo! gratitude salutes thee here.
Swell, gently swell the solemn song,
Now pour the bounding notes along,
Teach choirs below to choirs above,
To echo back the common lay;
And as they praise unbounded love,
To join in bounty's holiday.

CHORUS.

To God the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful choir;
In endless hymns all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire.

2 All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
Creation's genial powers appear'd;
Spring called them into life again,
See, budding verdure shews they heard.
Bless, bless, O man, the kind design,
Whose nobler counterpart is thine;
Thy powers a sterner winter froze,

Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,

Prolific of fair truth arose,

And shed the blaze of mental day. chorus.—To God the, &c.

3 All spotless as the truth he taught,
Free as the mercy he display'd,
He show'd, what human duty ought,
He did, what heavenly goodness bade;
Enforc'd each just command he gave,
Nor liv'd, nor died, in vain to save:
His realms on high, his worlds below,
All witness'd his unwearied care,

The victim here of general woe—
The captain of salvation there!—
CHORUS.—To God the, &c.

HYMN DCCCXVI.

Satan repulsed.

ANON.

- 1 TIS false, thou vile accuser, go,
 I see through all the thin disguise—
 Back to thy native realms below,
 Thou parent of deceit and lies!
- 2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,
 Laden with guilt to black despair:
 Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
 What other happy souls have found,
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
 Nor can thy malice make it more;
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Set the black list before my sight—While I remember Jesus dy'd, 'Twill only urge my speedier flight, To seek salvation at his side.
- 6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,
 To him reveal my grief and fear;
 And, if he spurn me from his throne,
 I'll be the first who perish'd there!

4 Why should the Lord that reigns above Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love, Upon such worthless things?

5 Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will;
Ask no account of his affairs,

But tremble and be still.

6 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways:
How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN DCCCXX.

The God of Thunder.

WATTS.

- 1 O THE immense, th' amazing height, The boundless grandeur of our God, Who treads the world beneath his feet, And sways the nations with his nod!
- 2 He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes, Heaven's everlasting pillars bow; He rends the clouds with hideous cracks, And shoots his fiery arrows through.
- 3 Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.
- 4 Let noise and flame confound the skies, And drown the spacious realms below:

Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise, And send our loud Hosannas through.

- 5 Celestial king thy blazing power Kindles our hearts to flaming joys, We shout to hear thy thunders roar, And echo to our Father's voice.
- 6 Thus shall the God our Saviour come, And lightnings round his chariot play; Ye lightnings, fly to make him room! Ye glorious storms prepare his way!

HYMN DCCCXXI.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

WATTS.

- 1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise,
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies!
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye!
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky!

- 5 There's not a plant or flower below, But makes thy glories known; And clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care;
 There's not a place where we can flee
 But God is present there.
- [7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
 With wrath in hell beneath!
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his hair I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard;
 He keeps me with his eye:
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh?

ADDITIONAL FROM PARNELL.

HYMN DCCCXXII.

The Soul in Sorrow.

PARNELL.

- 1 WITH kind compassion hear my cry, O Father, Lord of life on high!
 And on thy servant's drooping head
 Thy dews of blessing gently shed.
- 2 Whene'er I breathe the mournful sigh, Look down with mercy's gracious eye:

My sense of sorrow for my sin, To springing comfort, change within.

3 To my faint soul refreshment give, And raise my mind, and bid me live; Nor let a tear mine eyes employ, But such as owe their birth to joy.

HYMN DCCCXXIII.

Morning Hymn.

PARNELL.

- 1 BEHOLD! the day that dawns in air Renews our usual toil and care,
 As from the lap of night it springs,
 With busy cares upon it's wings.
- 2 Prepare to meet them with a mind, That bows submissively resign'd; That would to works appointed fall; That knows that God has order'd all.
- And whether with a small repast, We break the sober morning fast; Or, in our thoughts and houses lay The future methods of the day:
 - 4 Or early walk abroad to meet Our business, with industrious feet: Whate'er we think, whate'er we do, His glory still be kept in view.

HYMN DCCCXXIV.

Evening Hymn.

PARNELL.

- 1 LORD, as the evening shades arise And chase the twilight from the skies, Thy wondrous bounty may we find, And share it with a grateful mind!
- 2 O! make our weary members blest, With sweet refreshment in their rest! And in the hours of darkness spread Thy guardian arms around our head.
- 3 Upon our knees as here we bow, We pray thee, Lord of glory, now To fill our breasts, lest deadly sin Should cause a darker night within.
- 4 If thoughts on thee our souls employ, E'en darkness will afford us joy; Till thou shalt call, and we shall soar, And part with darkness evermore.

DE FLEURY.

HYMN DCCCXXV.

Panting for Heaven.

MARIA DE FLEURY.

1 YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Emmanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:

He form'd you the Spirits you are, So happy, so noble, so good; When others sunk down in despair, Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they, And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

His grace and his glory display, And all his rich mercy repeat:

He snatch'd you from hell and the grave, He ransom'd from death and despair;

For you he was mighty to save, Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,

And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fetter'd, and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;

I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

4 I want to put on my attire
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;

I want—O I want to be there,

Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—Your joy and your friendship to share—To wonder, and worship with you!

HYMN DCCCXXVI.

Kedron; or, Meditation on the Sufferings and Glory of Christ.

MARIA DE FLEURY.

1 THOU soft-flowing Kedron, by thy silver stream,

Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's

pale beam

Shone bright on the waters, would oftentimes stray,

And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day!

CHORUS.

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet;

O give him the glory, the praise that is meet!

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,

And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies!

2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head!

How hard was his pillow! how humble his bed!

The angels astonish'd grew sad at the sight,

And follow'd their master with solemn delight!

CHORUS.—Come saints, &c.

3 O garden of Olivet,—dear, honour'd spot! The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot!

The theme most transporting to seraphs

above,

The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

сновия.—Come saints, &с.

RYLAND.

HYMN DCCCXXVII.

Resignation; or, my Times are in thy Hand.

RYLAND.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies, Ever gracious, ever wise! All my times are in thy hand, All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou did'st form me in the womb,
 Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:
 All my times shall ever be
 Order'd by thy wise decree:
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health; Times of penury and wealth; Times of trial and of grief; Times of triumph and relief:
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove, Times to taste a Saviour's love; All is fix'd—the means and end, As shall please my heavenly Friend.

5 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

HYMN DCCCXXVIII.

The Supplication.

TURNER.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die:
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, Oh send me quick relief!

2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.

3 On the word thy blood hath sealed
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!
Sav'd!—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above,
Angels sing the pleasing story,

All enraptur'd with thy love!

HYMN DCCCXXIX.

Habitual Devotion.

ANON.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting powe!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:
 That mercy I adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear:—
 That heart shall rest on thee!

HYMN DCCCXXX.

The Hiding Place. Is. xxxii. 2.

BREWER.

- 1 HAIL sovereign law, that first began, The scheme to rescue fallen man! Hail matchless, free, eternal grace, That gave my soul a hiding-place!
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky I fought with hand uplifted high; Despis'd his rich abounding grace, Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Indignant justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew:
 But justice cried with frowning face,
 "This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 4 E're long a heavenly voice I heard, And mercy's angel-form appear'd; She led me on, with gentle pace, To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 5 Should storms of thundering vengeance roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 6 A few more rolling suns at most, Will land me safe on Canaan's coast; Where I shall sing the song of grace, And see my glorious hiding-place.

HYMN DCCCXXXI.

The universal Hallelujah. Ps. cxlviii.

PART I.

OGILVIE .-

1 BEGIN my soul th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and
skies,

In one melodious concert rise,

To swell th' inspiring theme!

- 2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains, Where gay, transporting beauty, reigns, Ye scenes, divinely fair, Your maker's wondrous power proclaim, Tell how he form'd your shining frame, And breath'd the fluid air.
- 3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around,
 His boundless mercy sing;
 Let every listening saint above
 Make all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string,
- 4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
 The mighty chorus aid;
 Soon as grey evening gilds the plain,
 Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
 And praise him in the shade.

5 Thou, heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd you worlds from night:
"Ye shades dispel;"—th' Eternal said;

At once the involving darkness fled, And nature sprang to light!

HYMN DCCCXXXII.

The same.

PART II.

OGILVIE.

1 WHATE'ER a blooming world contains,

That wings the air, that skims the plains, United praise bestow:

Ye dragons, sound his awful name To heaven aloud; and roar acclaim, Ye swelling deeps below.

2 Let every element rejoice—
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To him who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

3 To him, ye graceful cedars bow—Ye towering mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Till, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale, Ye insects, fluttering on the gale, In mutual concert rise; Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom, And waft it's spoils, a sweet perfume, In incense to the skies.

5 Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing; Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,

And tun'd your voice to praise.

HYMN DCCCXXXIII.

The same.

PART III.

OGILVIE.

1 LET man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,

The general burst of joy.

2 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne;
Ye princes, rulers, all adore,
Praise him, ye kings, who makes your
power

An image of his own.

5 Thou, heaven of heavens, his vast abode, Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God, Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades dispel;"—th' Eternal said; At once the involving darkness fled, And nature sprang to light!

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2 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please, Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease, Fall prostrate at his throne; Ye princes, rulers, all adore, Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power

An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal Source of love,
 With youth's enlivening fire:
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lyre!

HYMN DCCCXXXIV.

Hating Sin.

HARRISON.

- bower,

 Where sin has neither place nor power;
 This traitor vile, I fain would shun,
 But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee, He stands between my God and me, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest, I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,
 To view the heights of Jesus' love;
 This monster seems to mount the skies,
 And veils his glory from mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe, Which keeps my faith and hope so low;

I long to dwell in heaven my home, Where not one sinful thought can come.

HYMN DCCCXXXV.

The Creator praised; or, Times and Seasons. Ps. lxxiv. 16, 17.

WILLIAMS.

- 1 MY God, all nature owns thy sway,
 Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day!
 When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong!
- 2 Or, when in paler tints array'd
 The evening slowly spreads her shade;
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can more than day's enlivening bloom
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the soften'd heart to thee!
- In every scene thy hands have dress'd,
 In every form by thee impress'd,
 Upon the mountain's awful head,
 Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
 In every note that swells the gale,
 Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
 The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
 A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er thy work the seasons roll, And sooth, with change of bliss, the soul,

Oh never may their smiling train Pass o'er the human sense in vain! But oft, as on the charm we gaze, Attune the wondering soul to praise; And be the joys that most we prize, The joys that from thy favours rise.

HYMN DCCCXXXVI.

A Morning Hymn.

HAWKESWORTH.

- I N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night;
 Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour, Once more, with awe, rejoice to be; My conscious soul resumes her power, And springs, my guardian God, to thee!
- 3 O guide me through the various maze, My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread; And spread thy shield's protecting blaze Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
 Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
 Thy light shall give eternal day—
 'Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

HYMN DCCCXXXVII.

Human Frailty.

TRANSLATED BY HAWKESWORTH.

PART I.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

1 YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments, pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew:

And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

2 Alas, I touch the dreadful brink!
From nature's verge impell'd, I sink!
And gloomy darkness wraps me round!
Yes!—death is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found!

3 But then, this spark that warms, that guides,

That lives, that thinks—what fate be-

Can this be dust?—a kneaded clod!

This yield to death! the soul, the mind,

That measures heaven, and mounts the wind,

That knows at once itself and God!

4 Great Cause of all, above, below,— Who knows thee, must for ever know Thou art immortal and divine!
Thine image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine!

[5 Transporting thought!—but am I sure
That endless life will joy secure?—
Joys only to the just decreed!—
The guilty wretch, expiring, goes
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
That endless misery may succeed!]

HYMN DCCCXXXVIII.

The same.

TRANSLATED BY HAWKESWORTH.

PART II.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

1 GREAT God! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath, between!
And can I trifle life away?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away!

[2 Vain joys, which envied greatness gains, How do ye bind with silken chains, Which ask immortal strength to break! How with new terrors have ye arm'd, That power whose slightest glance alarm'd!—

How many deaths of one ye make!]

3 Yet dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
Forget, or scorn, the laws of death;
With these no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they
guide—

Each thinks he draws immortal breath!

4 Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights, for wealth or power,
And slumbering dangers dares provoke:
And he, who tottering scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke!

HYMN DCCCXXXIX.

Unbelief reproved; or, if we believe not, yet he abideth faithful. 2 Tim. ii. 13.

WM. HAMMOND.

- O MY distrustful heart!
 What must I always doubt?
 Still must I feel this smart,
 And thus be tossed about?
 Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
 Then Jesus is for ever thine.
- 2 Immutable his will,
 Whatever be thy frame,
 His loving heart is still
 Unchangeably the same:
 My soul through many changes goes—
 His love no alteration knows.

3 Will he not carry on,
And perfectly perform,
The work he hath begun
In me, a sinful worm?
Will God reveal his Son in me,
And cast me off eternally?

4 The bowels of his grace
At first did freely move;
I still behold his face,
And feel that God is love.
My soul into his arms I cast,
I know I shall be saved at last.

HYMN DCCCXL.

The Triumphs of Religion over Death.

CARTER.

- 1 CAN wild ambition's tyrant power,
 Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
 The dread of death controul?
 Can pleasure's more bewitching charms,
 Avert, or sooth, the dire alarms
 That shake the parting soul?
- 2 Religion! ere the hand of fate Shall make reflection plead too late, My erring senses teach, Amid the flattering hopes of youth, To meditate the solemn truth Thine awful pages preach.
- 3 Thy penetrating beams disperse The mist of error, whence our fears

Derive their fatal spring:
"Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel-form,
The pale, terrific king.

4 When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
And owns thy threatenings just;
Thy voice the shuddering suppliant
cheers,

With mercy calms her torturing fears, And lifts her from the dust.

5 Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate;
Unmov'd her distant change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays,
The universal debt.

6 In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
The suffering frame no more distrest,
Lies safely and in peace;
Till the last morn's immortal ray
Pours on the tomb eternal day—
And wakes it into bliss.

HYMN DCCCXLI.

The God of Victory: for a Public Thanksgiving Day.

ANON. FROM THE ORATORIO OF ALEX. BALUS.

AIR.

TO God who made the radiant sun, And fix'd him in his central throne,

The paler moon, and every star That darts it's beamy light from far; To him, almighty, greatest, best, Jehovah, Lord of hosts, confest,

All victory belongs;
To him alone, 'tis Britain's care,
To offer up her humble prayer,
And tune her grateful songs!

CHORUS.

Sun, moon, and stars, and all the hosts of heaven,

To great Jehovah be all glory given; On his creating, his all-saving power, Britain shall call, and only him adore!

WALTER SCOTT.

HYMN DCCCXLII.

The last Judgment.

W. SCOTT.

- 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away, What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
- 2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the
 dead!
- 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HORNE.

HYMN DCCCXLIII.

The Fall of the Leaf; or, Autumn. Is. xxxiv. 4.

BISHOP HORNE.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and wither'd to the ground:
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound:
 - Sons of Adam (once in Eden When like us, he blighted fell)
 - 'Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas, the truth we tell.
- 2 'Virgins, much, too much presuming 'On your boasted white and red;

'View us late in beauty blooming,
'Number'd now among the dead:

'Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,

' Gay in health, and many a grace;

- Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.
- 3 'Yearly in our course returning, 'Messengers of shortest stay;

'Thus we preach this truth concerning

· · · · Heaven and earth shall pass away.

On the tree of life eternal,
Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
Which alone for ever vernal
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

LATROBE.

HYMN DCCCXLIV.

Easter Eve; or, the Grave of Jesus.

PART I.

C. J. LATROBE.

- 1 MET around the sacred tomb,
 Friends of Jesus! why those tears?
 'Midst the sad, sepulchral gloom,
 Shall your faith give way to fears?
 He will soon, ev'n as he said,
 Rise triumphant from the dead.
- Was the cross's mystery:
 Doubts awhile a veil had cast
 O'er that first dear family,
 Till they saw Him and believ'd,
 And as Lord and God receiv'd.
- 3 Now with tears of love and joy,
 We remember all His pain,
 Sighs and groans, and dying cry,
 For the Lamb for us was slain!
 And from death our souls to save,
 Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead,
None have 'scap'd the tempter's snare
But who to His tomb have fled,
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never-ending rest.

HYMN DCCCXLV.

Contemplation and Love.

PART II.

C. J. LATROBE.

- 1 WOUNDED Saviour! full of grace,
 Hast thou suffered thus for me!
 Ah! I hide my blushing face,
 How have I requited thee?
 Should not I with ardour burn
 Some love's token to return?
- 2 But, alas, the spark how small!
 Scarcely seen at all to glow:
 Lord! thou know'st how short I fall,
 And my growth in grace, how slow!
 Yet when to thy cross I fly,
 Soon all strange affections die.
- In thy death is all my trust,

 I have thee my refuge made.

 And when once, consign'd to dust,

 In the tomb my body's laid,

 Then with saved souls above

 I will praise thy dying love!

4 But while here I'm left behind
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
Till my Sabbath's also come!

ADDITIONAL FROM COWPER.

HYMN DCCCXLVI.

Light shining out of Darkness.

COWPER.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines Of never failing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace; Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN DCCCXLVII.

Welcome Cross.

COWPER.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way;
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a cast-away?

Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God,
Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN DCCCXLVIII.

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

COWPER.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy word, Thy gracious covenant, O Lord! It guides me in the peaceful way, I think upon it all the day.
- What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of
 health;What are all joys compared with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows!
- 3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd, In pleasure's path secure I stray'd; Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod, And strait I turn'd unto my God.
- 4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart, I bless thine hand that caus'd the smart; It taught my tears awhile to flow, But sav'd me from eternal woe.
- 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastis'd, Thy precept I had still despis'd; And still the snare in secret laid, Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God!
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy presence fully blest,
Thy chosen saints for ever rest.

HYMN DCCCXLIX.

Looking upwards in a Storm.

COWPER.

- 1 GOD of my life to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee, And thou refuse that mourner's plea? Does not the word still fix'd remain, That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me; I have an advocate with thee; They whom the world caresses most, Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot, Yet God, my God, forgets me not; And he is safe, and must succeed, For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN DCCCL.

Peace after a Storm.

COWPER.

1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,

And smiling day once more appears, Then, my Redeemer, then I find, The folly of my doubts and fears.

- 2 Strait I upbraid my wandering heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.
- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
 What I am still so slow to learn,
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat,
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide:
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee, Subdues the disobedient will, Drives doubt and discontent away, And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN DCCCLI.

Mourning and Longing.

COWPER.

- 1 THE Saviour hides his face,
 My spirit thirsts to prove
 Renew'd supplies of pardoning grace,
 And never-fading love.
- 2 The favour'd souls who know
 What glories shine in him,
 Pant for his presence, as the roe
 Pants for the living stream!
- 3 What trifles teaze me now,
 They swarm like summer flies,
 They cleave to every thing I do,
 And swim before my eyes.
- 4 How dull the Sabbath day,
 Without the Sabbath's Lord!
 How toilsome then to sing and pray,
 And wait upon the word!
- 5 Of all the truths I hear,
 How few delight my taste;
 I glean a berry here and there,
 But mourn the vintage past.

- 6 Yet let me (as I ought)
 Still hope to be supply'd;
 No pleasure else is worth a thought,
 Nor shall I be deny'd.
- 7 Though I am but a worm,
 Unworthy of his care,
 The Lord will my desire perform,
 And grant me all my prayer.

HYMN DCCCLII.

God, a Judge and a Saviour.

ANON.

- 1 BEFORE the great Jehovah's bar, Soon must assembled worlds appear, And every deed, and word, and thought, Shall into judgment then be brought.
- 2 Then all shall hear their righteous doom, Of wrath, or endless joys to come; And each receive his just reward, Of bliss, or vengeance, from the Lord.
- 3 Dear Lord, it was thine highest joy,
 To save where sin did once destroy;
 While thundering vengeance rolls above,
 We trust in thy redeeming love.
- 4 Hail! God of unexampled grace!

 All heaven shall sound thine endless praise:

High glories to the dying Lamb, Who death by his own death o'ercame. Hallelujah! worthy the Lamb! Praise the Lord! Amen!

ASCRIBED TO LUTHER.

HYMN DCCCLIII.

Filial Claims. Gal. iv. 6.

LUTHER.

- 1 TIS not too hard, too high an aim, Secure in Christ thy part to claim; The sensual instinct to controul, And warm with purer fires the soul.
- 2 Nature will raise up all her strife, Foe to the flesh-abasing life; Loath in a Saviour's death to share Her daily cross compell'd to bear.
- 3 But grace omnipotent at length Shall arm the saint with saving strength; Through the sharp war with aids attend, And his long conflict safely end.
- 4 Act but the infant's gentle part,
 Give up to love thy willing heart;
 No fondest parent's tender breast,
 Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest.
- 5 Taught it's dear mother soon to know The simplest babe it's love can show; Bid bashful servile fear retire, The task no labour will require.

HYMN DCCCLIV.

For Submission. Heb. xii. 5, 6.

LUTHER

- THE sovereign Father good and kind, Wants but to have his child resign'd; Wants but thy yielded heart, no more— With his rich gifts of grace to store.
- 2 He to thy soul no anguish brings,
 From thine own stubborn will it springs;
 That foe but crucify, thy bane,
 Nought shall thou know of frowns or
 pain.
- 3 Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelm'd, depress'd,
 Th' encumbering load that galls her rest.
 That wastes her strength in bondage vain.

With courage break th' enslaving chain.

- 4 Let faith exert it's conquering power, Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour, "Father! thy pitying help impart"—"Tis done, a sigh can reach his heart.
- 5 Yet if more earnest plaints to raise, Awhile his succours he delays; Though his kind hand thou canst not feel, The smart let lenient patience heal.
- 6 Or if corruption's strength prevail, And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail; Lift for his grace thy louder cries, So shall thou cleans'd and stronger rise.

7 If haply still thy mental shade Deep as the midnight gloom be made; On the sure faithful arm divine, Firm let thy fastening trust recline.

HYMN DCCCLV.

Faith in Darkness. Is. 1. 10.

LUTHER.

1 THE gentle Sire, the best of friends,
To thee nor loss nor harm intends;
Though tost on life's most boisterous
main,

No wreck thy vessel shall sustain.

- 2 Should there remain of rescuing grace, No glimpse, no shadow left to trace; Hear thy Lord's voice, 'tis Jesus' will, "Believe, thou dark lost pilgrim still."
- 3 Then thy sad night of terrors past, Though the dread season long may last; Sweet peace shall from the smiling skies, Like a new dawn before thee rise.
- 4 Then shall thy faith's firm grounds appear,
 Thine eyes shall view salvation near;
 Be hence encouraged more, when tried,
 On the best Father to confide.
- 5 O my too blind, yet nobler part, Be mov'd! be won by these, my heart! See of how rich a lot, how blest, The true believer stands possess'd!

6 Come, backward soul, to God resign, Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine; Boldly recumbent on his care, Cast thy full burden only there!

HYMN DCCCLVI.

The last Judgment. 1 Thess. iii. 16-18.

LUTHER.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contain'd before.

Prepare my soul to meet him.*

2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' archangel's warning;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

^{*} This hymn, which is adapted to Luther's celebrated tune, is universally ascribed to that great man. As I never saw more than this first verse, I was obliged to lengthen it for the completion of the subject, and am responsible for the verses which follow.

The day of grace is past and gone,
They shake before the Judgment throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing:
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,

HYMN DCCCLVII.

And thus prepare to meet him!

A bright Thought in a happy Frame of Mind.

Additional from SWAINE.

- 1 MY soul, whene'er thou shalt arrive On those bright hills where angels live, What object first will draw thine eyes, And where wilt thou begin thy joys?
- Methinks when I releas'd from sin,
 My everlasting work begin;
 When on my new fledg'd wings I rise,
 And tread those shores beyond the skies;
- 3 I'll run through every golden street, And ask each happy soul I meet, Where is the Lord whose praise you sing? Direct a stranger to the King.
- 4 I'll search the blissful mansions round, Nor rest till I my Lord have found; Till on his wounded side I gaze, And see my Saviour face to face.

5 There will I fix my wondering eyes, There I'll begin eternal joys; And look and love away my soul, Whilst everlasting ages roll.

HYMN DCCCLVIII.

"For we have not an high priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

From the CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,

And days are dark and friends are few, On him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain; He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts, and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still he who felt temptation's power
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer woe;
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By all that shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise, And sore dismay'd my spirit dies,

Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear The sickening anguish of despair, Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers all that was a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while; Thou Saviour see'st the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O, when I have safely past
 Through every conflict but the last,
 Still, still unchanging watch beside,
 My painful bed—for thou hast died;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And wipe the latest tear away.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HYMN DCCCLIX.

Human Frailty.

H. K. WHITE.

1 WHAT is this passing scene?
A peevish April-day?
A little sun—a little rain—
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away:
Man (soon discuss'd)

Man (soon discuss'd) Yields up his trust,

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust!

2 Oh, what is beauty's power? It flourishes and dies:

With the cold earth it's silence break, To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath it's surface lies?

Mute, mute is all O'er beauty's fall;

Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her pall.

3 The most belov'd on earth Not long survives to-day;

So music past is obsolete, And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,

But now 'tis gone away: Thus does the shade, In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid!

4 Then since this world is vain,

And volatile and fleet.

Why should I lay up earthly joys,

Where rust corrupts and moth destroys,

And cares and sorrows eat?

Why fly from ill With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart lie still?

HYMN DCCCLX.

The Harp of Judah; or, the Hiding-place.

- 1 AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake, Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake; We sing the Saviour of our race, The Lamb, our shield, and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where, where, oh! where shall man
 retire,
 To escape the horrors of his ire?
- 3 'Tis he, the Lamb, to him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by;
 God sees his Well-beloved's face,
 And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 Thus while we dwell in this low scene The Lamb is our unfailing screen; To him, though guilty, still we run, And God still spares us for his Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below, Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow; Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenc'd race, We deeply need a hiding-place.
- 6 Yet courage—days and years will glide, And we shall lay these clods aside; Shall be baptiz'd in Jordan's flood, And wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood.

[7 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed, We through the Lamb shall be decreed; Shall meet the Father face to face, And need no more a hiding-place.]

HYMN DCCCLXI.

Evening Hymn for Family Worship.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear,
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train
 And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform it's part,
 And let contention cease,
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Righteousness shall shine,
 In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
"Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN DCCCLXII.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud,—the night was
 dark,
 - The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering
 bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and dangers thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

HYMN DCCCLXIII.

Confession and Repentance.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 O LORD, my God, in mercy turn, In mercy hear a sinner mourn! To thee I call, to thee I cry, O leave me, leave me not to die!
- 2 O pleasures past, what are ye now But thorns about my bleeding brow? Spectres that hover round my brain, And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 3 For pleasure I have given my soul;
 Now justice, let thy thunders roll!
 Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,
 Lay the rebellious ingrate low.
- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,
 I'll croud beneath his sheltering wing;
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
 Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

ORIGINALS.

HYMN DCCCLXIV.

The Eternal Monarch.

PART I., H. K. WHITE.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might, The winds obey his will; He speaks, and in his heavenly height The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening aspect roar,The Lord uplifts his awful hand And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine

Without his high behest, Ye shall not in the mountain pine Disturb the sparrow's nest.

- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
 In the distant peal it dies,
 He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
 And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend, in reverence bend, Ye monarchs, wait his nod, And bid the choral song ascend, To celebrate the God!

HYMN DCCCLXV.

The same; or,

PART II.

- 1 THE Lord our God is Lord of all,
 His station who can find?
 I hear him in the water-fall!
 I hear him in the wind!
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud, His face I cannot fly,

I see him in the evening cloud, And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land
From winter's polar snows,
To where across the burning sand
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live---he frowns, we die— We hang upon his word; He rears his red right arm on high, And ruin bares his sword.

5 He bids his blast the fields deform— Then, when his thunders cease, Sits like an angel 'mid the storm, And smiles the winds to peace!

HYMN DCCCLXVI.

Hope in the Resurrection.

H. K. WHITE.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,

Amid the deepening gloom, We soldiers of an injur'd King Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
 The vital spark shall lie,
 For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
 To seek it's kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust, Our Father's care shall keep, Till the last angel rise, and break The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
 Shall shed it's mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

HYMN DCCCLXVII.

The Christian Soldier encouraged. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go, Fight the fight, and worn with strife, Steep with tears the bread of life.
- 2 Onward, Christians, onward go, Join the war, and face the foe: Faint not—much doth yet remain, Dreary is the long campaign.
- 3 Shrink not, Christians---will ye yield? Will ye quit the painful field?

* Fight till all the conflict's o'er, Nor your foemen rally more.

* The mutilated state of this hymn, which was written on the back of one of the mathematical papers of

4 But when loud the trumpet blown Speaks their forces overthrown, Christ, your Captain, shall bestow Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

HYMN DCCCLXVIII.

Dismission; or, a parting Hymn.

H. K. WHITE.

- 1 CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part, Join every voice and every heart, One solemn hymn to God we raise, One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more, But there is yet a happier shore; And there releas'd from toil and pain, Brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 Now to God the three in one, Be eternal glory done; Raise, ye saints, the sound again, Ye nations join the loud AMEN.

HYMN DCCCLXIX.

Israel delivered: a Morning or Evening Hymn. Ps. cvii. 1—3.

PART I.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 TO him whose mercy shall endure,
Through all eternity secure;

this excellent young man, and which came into my hands a mere fragment, rendered it necessary for something to be added—and I am answerable for the last six lines.

Let man a grateful tribute raise, Of humble prayer and fervent praise.

2 Ye whom his love and pity found, Forlorn in gloomy prisons bound; Whose chains his gracious hand hath broke,

And freed you from the galling yoke:

3 And when through devious wilds ye stray'd,
With hunger faint by fear dismay'd

With hunger faint, by fear dismay'd, He taught your weary feet the road, And led you to a safe abode.

- 4 From pale captivity and strife,
 To all the joys of social life;
 Where cities rear'd their cheerful heads,
 And plenty her blest influence sheds.
- 5 [O praise him when the early dawn, Awakes the balmy breeze of morn; When the bright orb of day displays, In heaven's blue vault, it's noontide blaze:
- 6 When soft declining to the west,
 It leaves a busy world to rest;
 And the pale moon with silvery light,
 Leads on the dewy hours of night.]

HYMN DCCCLXX.

Punishment and Pardon. Ps. cvii. 10-20.

PART II.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 IF lost to virtue's mild controul, Wild passions seize the human soul;

And urg'd by ignorance and pride, Man dares the laws of heaven deride:

- 2 Destruction hovers o'er his head, And soon his flattering dreams are fled; Then conscience throws the darts around And poison rankles in each wound.
- 3 Despair and death his heart assail, And all his hopes of comfort fail; Till deeply humbled in the dust, He owns his punishment is just.
- 4 Then penitence beside him stands, With brow severe, but healing hands; The wounds she probes, the balm applies, To heaven directs the mourner's sighs.
- 5 To heaven his streaming eyes he rears, And mercy's radiant form appears; She comes blest messenger of peace, His fears are hush'd, his sorrows cease.
- 6 Since he whose pitying love could save
 The trembling victim from the grave,
 Will still a sure resource supply
 To those who on his word rely.

HYMN DCCCLXXI.

Praise to God from all Ages. Ps. cvii. 21, 22.

PART III.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 NOW let the lisping infant raise To God the voice of artless praise; Let youth with graceful ardour join, And bless him for his works divine.

2 Let man mature delight to trace His acts of wisdom, power, and grace; And age in feeble tones make known, That love and truth are all his own.

HYMN DCCCLXXII.

The Sailor's Hymn. Ps. cvii. 25-28.

PART IV.

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 YE who are doom'd from shore to shore
 The trackless ocean to explore;
 With joyful hearts adore his name,
 His wonders in the deep proclaim;
 At his command the tempest lowers,
 And all it's fury round you pours.
- 2 The winds contend, the billows rise,
 And your tall vessels touch the skies;
 Till dash'd from the tremendous height,
 Low in the deep ye look for fate;
 From side to side impetuous tost,
 All hope of human aid is lost:
- 3 And every heart becomes the prey,
 Of wild affright, or cold dismay;
 In pale despair, on heaven ye gaze,
 To heaven your ardent vows ye raise;
 And he who bade the tempest rave,
 Is still omnipotent to save!

HYMN DCCCLXXIII.

The God of Power and Mercy. Ps. cvii. 29-38.

PART V.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 PRAISE him, whose power the storm controlls,
Whose thunder shakes the distant poles;

At whose command fierce lightnings dart Pale terror to the guilty heart.

- 2 Who gives the headlong torrent force; Directs the rapid whirlwind's course; Or bids the astonish'd floods retire, And wraps a trembling world in fire.
- 3 O'er burning sands, midst déserts drear, Shall cool refreshing streams appear; Their banks with sudden herbage crown'd, And lowing herbs shall bleat around.
- 4 My God, in thy protection blest, Here shall the poor and weary rest; Here temples to thy name shall rise, And loud hosanna's reach the skies.

HYMN DCCCLXXIV.

Tyranny punished. Ps. cvii. 39-43.

PART VI.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 FELL tyrants in their turn shall know, The sad extent of human woe;

Fainting, forlorn, behold them stray, Where human foot ne'er pass'd the way.

2 While mid the race that own'd their power,

And mourn'd in chains the abject hour; A numerous host their hands shall rear, To hurl the dart, and poise the spear.

- 3 That host the tyrant power shall know, And drink the bitterest dregs of woe; Yet stay thine hand, avenging God, They sink beneath thy chastening rod.
- 4 O may their deep repentance prove A blest return of filial love; That they may know, in faith secure, Thy mercy ever shall endure.

HYMN DCCCLXXV.

Praise. Ps. ciii. 1-4.

PART I.

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 MY soul, with humble fervour raise, To God the voice of grateful praise; And every mental power combine, To bless his attributes divine.
- 2 Deep on my heart let memory trace, His acts of mercy and of grace; Who, with a father's tender care, Sav'd me when sinking to despair.
- 3 Gave my repentant soul to prove, The joy of his forgiving love:

Pour'd balm into my bleeding breast, And led my weary feet to rest.

HYMN DCCCLXXVI.

Deliverance. Ps. ciii. 6, 7.

PART II.

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 THE captive's cry Jehovah hears, Sooths his distress, and calms his fears; Gives him hope's cheering smile to know, And lays his proud oppressor low.
- 2 In truth's bright characters array'd, To Moses was his law display'd; And Israel's tribes, with one accord, Confess'd the goodness of the Lord.
- 3 When by his chosen servant's hand, He led them towards the promis'd land; And Egypt's varied plagues proclaim, The terrors of his injur'd name.
- 4 When pale disease attack'd their hosts, And vengeance rag'd through all their coasts;

When all was horror and dismay, And low in death their first-born lay.

5 The affrighted tyrant, own'd the pow'r
That rul'd in this distressful hour;
The Hebrews pray'd, and health's pure
breath,

Succeeded to the blast of death.

HYMN DCCCLXXVII.

Divine Compassion. Ps. ciii. 11-16.

PART III.

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 FAR as from earth you azure sky, Lifts it's bright canopy on high; So far his mercy soars above, All we conceive of heavenly love.
- 2 'Tis he, whose pity can controul,Each wild emotion of the soul;And distant as from east to west,Chace each transgression from the breast.
- 3 How frail his creature man, he knows, How short his date, how full of woes; As flowers that grace the early dawn, And perfume every breeze of morn.
- 4 Hail with fresh bloom the orient ray, But perish e'er the blaze of day; So man, though every youthful grace Glow with soft lustre in his face.
- 5 Tho' health his mounting spirit wing, And every nerve with vigour string; All, all, how impotent to save Their vain possessor from the grave.
- 6 Soon his gay dream of life is o'er, Nor e'en his name remember'd more; But from the dust the saint shall rise, And find a mansion in the skies.

HYMN DCCCLXXVIII.

The starry Heavens. Ps. viii. 3.

PART I.

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 WHEN, lost in wonder, I behold, Yon azure starr'd with living gold; Or, on the moon's soft lustre gaze, As through the spangled heaven she strays.
- Warm'd by devotion's hallow'd fire, May my wrapt soul to thee aspire; To thee whose powerful word we know Gave these resplendent orbs to glow;
- 3 They heard, involv'd in central night,
 Thy great command, "Let there be
 light;"
 They heard—and at the joyful sound,

Unnumber'd planets blaz'd around.

HYMN DCCCLXXIX.

Lord, what is Man. Ps. viii. 4-9.

AND FOR THE PARTS II. TO SEE HERE

LIVINGSTONE.

- 1 MY God, in thy all perfect plan,
 What is thy favour'd creature man;
 That thou hast given to his controul,
 This spacious earth from pole to pole?
- 2 Each savage beast that haunts the wood; Or prowls the desert o'er for food;

With gentle herds, that peaceful rove, O'er flowery heath, or shady grove;

- 3 Each feather'd songster of the vale, That mounts, on painted plume, the gale; Or from the cliff's stupendous height, Urges through air the rapid flight;
- 4 With every glittering fin that glides
 Through the deep ocean's refluent tides;
 All thou hast given to his command,
 He rules them with resistless hand!
- 5 Yet more—thy love divine has spread Bright rays of glory round his head; But just below thine angels plac'd, And with his Saviour's likeness grac'd.
- 6 Almighty Lord, thy love sublime
 Sheds it's bright rays on every clime;
 The matchless wonders of thy name,
 Let every tribe and tongue proclaim.

HYMN DCCCLXXX.

The Good Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

LIVINGSTONE,

- 1 FAR from my heart be trembling fear, For thou, my gracious God, art near; And with a shepherd's tender care, Wilt lead me free from every snare; To flowery meads, and fertile plains, Where ever smiling plenty reigns; Where the clear waters, soft and slow, With sweetly soothing murmurs flow.
- 2 There, in thy gracious presence blest,
 My fainting spirit shall have rest;
 Or though through sultry climes I stray,
 Where no kind breezes glad the way;

Where no refreshing streams appear,
My weary, panting heart, to cheer;
Still shall my soul on thee rely,
For thou, my God, art ever nigh.

3 Thou wilt my ways in safety keep
And kindly watch me whilst I sleep;
My table in the desert spread,
And satisfy my soul with bread.
And when I tread death's gloomy way,
And quit the cheerful haunts of day;
Thou wilt my kind companion be,
And I can fear no ill with thee.

HYMN DCCCLXXXI.

Religious Confidence. Ps. exlvi.

LIVINGSTONE.

1 IN the gay hours of blooming youth, My God, I've felt and own'd thy truth; Thy mercies still, through drooping age, Shall all my grateful heart engage.

2 No human power shall e'er controul, This settled purpose of my soul; Or urge my constant mind to stray, But where thy wisdom points the way.

3 For man, though graced with sovereign sway,—
Is but the pageant of a day;
On princes should my soul rely,
With them my brightest hopes would die.

4 Who spread you azure fields of air, And plac'd the radiant planets there, His mercy is for ever sure,
Though these no longer should endure.

- 5 One touch of his Almighty hand, Can burst the weeping captive's band; He bids the orphan's sorrow cease, And sooths the widow's soul to peace.
- 6 The righteous cause he will maintain, Nor let the injur'd plead in vain; But still the impious and the bold, As aliens to his love will hold.
- 7 Unnumber'd worlds his rule obey, And all creation owns his sway; His reign for ever will extend, Nor with the wreck of nature end.

HYMN DCCCLXXXII.

The Taheite Mission.

MRS. VOKE.

1 LONG have our hearts in painful sadness cried,

"Lord shall our prayers for ever be de-

nied!

"When Jesus on the cross was lifted high,

"O, was there no Taheitan in his eye,

"Is there not one,* for whom before the throne,

"He pleads the merit of his dying groan?"

* Mr. Bicknel recited one or two instances of apparent success in the minds of certain individuals who died, as he hoped, in the faith.

5

2 His missionaries sow'd the seed in tears. And here and there a blade of wheat

o water with thy Spirit's heavenly dew That ground where thorns alone so late-

ly grew;
Fruitful as Lebanon the barren soil, If thou succeed the cultivator's toil.

Let altars reek no more with human

Let tender infants be destroy'd no more, But let the Gospel's efficacious grace, Change every heart and gladden every

face:

And let it's influence spread from isle to isle.

Till every desert shall like Carmel smile.

HYMN DCCCLXXXIII.

Jehovah Jireh.

- 1 IIS in the mount the Lord is seen, And all his saints shall surely find, Though clouds and darkness intervene, He still is gracious, still is kind.
- 2 Yes—in the mount when human aid Or disappoints or disappears, He sweetly says—" Be not afraid," And with his smile, the suppliant cheers.
- 3 Yes-in the mount-the Lord makes bare, His mighty, his delivering power;

Displays a father's tender care,
In the most trying—darkest hour.

4 Yes in the mount, I too have found,
The lord hath lent a gracious ear,
Hath placed my faith on solid ground,
And dissipated every fear.

5 He never said to Jacob's seed,
"It is in vain to seek my face;"
Th' engraving stands for every need,
Jehovah Jireh—sovereign grace.

HYMN DCCCLXXXIV.

Jews received into the Christian Church.

MRS. VOKE.

1 JESUS—the triumphs of thy cross
With holy wonder we proclaim,
And join with the celestial host,
In loud hosannas to thy name.

2 Thy prayer was heard, "Father forgive, "The murderers know not what they do;"

And we in this far distant day, It's blest effects with rapture view.

3 We see the seed of Abraham come, Trophies of thy victorious grace; To worship at thy sacred feet, With sinners of the gentile race.

4 No longer now in unbelief,
They're grafted in to their own tree;
And if the *First fruits* precious are,
What shall the future harvest be?

- 5 Our faith takes wing, and hails the day When they shall all be gathered in; When thou wilt turn thy wrath away And freely pardon all their sin.
- 6 When Zion shall be built again,
 And all the earth thy glory see,
 And every nation thou hast made
 Pay their glad homage, Lord, to thee.

HYMN DCCCLXXXV.

Pleading for the Conversion of the Jews.

MRS. VOKE.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead Thy chosen flock the desert through, And from between the cherubim Thy mercy and thy favour shew.
- 2 And though their sins provoked thee oft,
 To give them to their foes a prey,
 Yet didst thou, for thy mercy sake
 As often turn thy wrath away.
- 3 But ah! they fill'd the measure up
 Of all their aggravated guilt,
 When on the hill of Calvary
 The blood of thine own Son they spilt.
- 4 And now for ages they have been
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,
 Wandering through all the earth, as those
 In whom thou hast no more delight.
- 5 Yet is thy word of promise sure, That they shall be again restor'd,

And with the gentile church unite

To worship and to serve the Lord.

6 Our faith in expectation waits,
To see that glorious morning rise,
O bid the shadows flee away,
And satisfy our longing eyes.

HYMN DCCCLXXXVI.

The Universal Reign of Christ. Rev. xi. 15. and xiv. 3.

MRS. VOKE.

1 HARK! what triumphant strains are these,

Which echo through the vault of

heaven,

"To Jesus once on Calvary slain,
"The kingdoms of the earth are
given."

2 Hark! the new song before the throne, Which only the redeem'd can raise; Angels may tune their golden harps, But cannot reach these notes of praise.

3 They worship our exalted Lord,
And hail him universal King;
But saints—the purchase of his blood,
Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.

4 The wonders of his dying love,
Their hallelujahs loud proclaim,
While with extatic joy they shout
New honours to his sacred name.

5 From every kindred, every tongue, From barbarous nations long unknown, From polish'd Greeks and Scythians rude, A countless host surround the throne.

6 In robes of spotless white array'd,
And palms of victory in their hand,
With holy wonder and delight,
The trophies of his grace they stand.

[7 And still till time shall be no more,
The mighty concourse shall increase;
For Britons gain in heathen lands,
New subjects to the Prince of peace.]

HYMN DCCCLXXXVII.

The Love of Christ Constraineth us: a Missionary Hymn.

MRS. VOKE.

1 HOW sweet the Saviour's voice,
My soul how sweet to thee!
"I give eternal life to all
"Who humbly trust in me:

2 "From sickness, sorrow, pain,
"And from the gloomy grave,
"The dire effects of sin—'tis mine,
"And mine alone, to save."

3 And dost thou hear my soul,
The accents all divine?
And dost thou through his mercy hope,
This great salvation thine?

4 Dost thou—and not desire,
The tidings to extend,
To every wretched slave of sin,
Of an Almighty friend?

5 And hast thou not to plead,
The promise of his grace?
That to the earth's remotest end,
His kingdom shall increase?

[6 That as the drops of dew Upon the holy mount;
His converts shall exceed the power,
Of numbers to recount?

7 That as the eastern sun
[30 Irradiates all the west;
So by the sun of righteousness,
Shall all mankind be blest?]

8 And can his promise fail?
O no—ev'n now behold,
The sable arms of AFRICA,
A Christian church infold!

9 Sure harbinger of day,
We hail the morning star;
And, as the shades disperse, rejoice,
Though noon be distant far.

HYMN DCCCLXXXVIII.

Death anticipated.

MRS. VOKE.

1 LEANING on thy paternal breast,
When nature seeks her last repose,
Let me that sweet affiance feel,
Which from the high relation flows.

2 Should conscious guilt my hope assail, Should Satan tempt me to despair; In the full confidence of faith, Let me to Calvary repair. 3 There let me see my sins forgiven
For his dear sake who there expired;
Who perfectly obey'd thy will,
And suffered all thy law requir'd.

4 Thus let me triumph in that hour,
And cheerfully my breath resign;
Assur'd that both in life and death,
I am for ever—ever thine.

HYMN DCCCLXXXIX.

An earthly Hope and a saving Faith.

ANON.

1 THE wing of time has brush'd away
The hopes that once were fair and
bright;

Sweet flowers that lasted scarce a day, Closed e'er the sun had set in night.

2 Hope was the life-breath of my heart, But ah! her magic charms are fled; Take back thy promises—we part, Thy rosy wreaths are withered—dead.

[3 I thought the rapid hours too few,
For fancy woke such happy dreams
As turn'd to rapture all she knew
Of life, with it's uncertain schemes.

4 But O my heart—truth would not seal
The flatteries of life's early day;
And sanguine hope, and youthful zeal,
And promised joys have flown away.]

5 Yet though my earthly hopes are dead, And storms upon my pathway rise; Though peace has long this bosom fled, Faith points a way to yonder skies.

6 I hope—I fear—oh, for a guide!
My faith is weak, the storm is keen!
Be thou my refuge—Jesus hide—
Again I live, his light is seen!

7 Sorrow shall cease amongst the blest, And pain, and sin, and torturing care; Oh, Saviour, strengthen in my breast, Desires thyself hast planted there!

8 And when my soul, with parting sigh,
Shall wing it's way to shores unknown;
Safe shall I be, if thou art nigh,
If thou wilt then thy creature own!

HYMN DCCCXC.

A brief Litany.

SERLE.

- 1 FROM the corruption and the pride, Which in my fallen heart reside, And sins that will not be denied, Good Lord, deliver me!
- 2 From all besetting sins in chief, (Which urge the soul and cause it's grief,) And root of all, from unbelief, Good Lord, deliver me!
- 3 From Satan's all bewitching guiles,
 His power and base insidious smiles,
 From all that hardens or defiles,
 Good Lord, deliver me
- 4 From error's deviating ways, From slander and from worthless praise,

And the conceit which it would raise, Good Lord, deliver me!

5 From worldly men and worldly snares, From earth-born hopes and anxious cares,

From all that Christian life impairs, Good Lord, deliver mel

- 6 From terrors of unconquer'd death,
 And the sad boasts it often saith,
 When it assaults the failing breath,
 Good Lord, deliver me!
- 7 From Hell's inextricable state,
 Where dwells unutterable hate,
 Which endles night can not abate,
 Good Lord, deliver me!
- 8 From thousand ills that here below,
 Flow on and will not cease to flow,
 Till Christ in glory I shall know,
 Good Lord, deliver me!

HYMN DCCCXCI.

Hope in Mortality.

SERLE.

1 WHEN this poor heart and flesh shall fail,

O may my spirit rise,
And soar beyond this gloomy vale,
To Jesus and the skies.

2 There likened to my gracious Lord In pure and perfect joy, The sweetest harmonies of praise Shall all my powers employ.

3 O then shall this delightful change Exalt a worm of earth, From a low, foul, and creeping state To a celestial birth.

4 God's word of promise is most sure,
In this is all my trust;
And I shall be a spirit pure,
Who now am loathsome dust.

HYMN DCCCXCII.

1 AH! why this disconsolate frame?

Though earthly enjoyments decay,
My Jesus is ever the same,

A sun in the gloomiest day:
Though molten awhile in the fire,
"Tis only the gold to refine,

And be it my simple desire Though suffering, not to repine.

2 What can be the pleasures to me Which earth in it's fulness can boast? Delusive it's vanities flee,

A flash of enjoyment at most:
And if the Redeemer could part
For me, with his throne in the skies,

Ah! why is so dear to my heart, What he in his wisdom denies?

3 Though riches to others be given,

Their corn and their vintage abound,

Yet if I have treasure in heaven,

3 K

 \mathbf{A} .

Where should my affections be found? Why stoop for the glittering sands

Which they are so eager to share,
Forgetting those wealthier lands
That form my inheritance there.

4 Dear Jesus! my feelings refine,
My truant affections recal;
Then, be there no fruit in the vine,
Deserted and empty the stall;
The long laboured olive may die,
The field may no harvest afford,

But under the gloomiest sky,
My soul shall rejoice in her Lord!

The blast of adversity blow,
The blast of adversity blow,
The haven, though distant, I hail,
Beyond this rough ocean of woe:
When safe on it's beautiful strand,
I'll smile at the billows that foam,
Kind angels to hail me to land,
And Jesus to welcome me home.

HYMN DCCCXCIII.

Divine Guidance in the Changes of Life. "Thou shall guide me with thy counsels, and afterwards receive me to glory." Ps. 73.

PART I.

THOU who didst for Peter's faith Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou, whose loving-kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind conductor,
Still direct my devious way!

When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When it's pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart,
Teach me pleasures,
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3 When with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid!
Send thy Spirit,
Bid me conflict undismayed.

4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile,
Or if hiding,
Hide thee only for a while.

5 When I sit beneath thy word
At thy table cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

6 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember thine!
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

7 Then, if heavenly dews distil, If my hopes are bright and clear, While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when thou art near.

8 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose,
Stay thy rough wind,
When thy chilling eastern blows.

HYMN DCCCXCIV.

Divine Support in Death.

PART II.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
(Faint and cold this mortal clay)
Kind forerunner, sooth my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire,
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell for ever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my leader's feet I lay.

5 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransom'd,
Judge and Saviour, own my name!

HYMN DCCCXCV.

Renouncing the World.

1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free,
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain,'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

Ye fair enchanting throng!
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 But must I part with all?

My heart still fondly pleads,
Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.

Is there no balm in Gilead found, To sooth and heal the smarting wound?

5 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee.

6 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart!

HYMN DCCCXCVI.

Friendship with God; or, An Address to Jesus.

Psalm lxxiii. 23d, &c.

- 1 WHEN in the hours of lonely woe,
 I give my sorrows leave to flow,
 And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
 Weigh down my spirit to the dust:
 When not e'en friendship's gentle aid
 Can heal the wounds the world has made,
 O this shall check each rising sigh,
 That Jesus is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care My safety and my comfort are;

And he shall guide me all my days, Till glory crown the work of grace.

- 4 Jesus! in whom but thee above Can I repose my trust, my love? And shall an earthly object be Lov'd in comparison with thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay, Soon shall the world have past away; And what can mortal friends avail, When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?
- 6 But oh! be thou, my Saviour, nigh, And I will triumph while I die; My strength, my portion is divine, And Jesus is for ever mine.

HYMN DCCCXCVII.

The good Shepherd. Psalm xxiii.

1 JESUS my shepherd is,
My guardian and my guide,
I know that I am his,
And in his love confide:
Away with every anxious fear,
I cannot want while he is near.

2 In ever verdant meads,
He makes my soul repose,
And still my footsteps leads,
Where living water flows:
And when my feet forget his way,
Restores the sheep that went astray

C.

3 'Tis he my soul upholds
In righteousness and peace;
His pardoning love beholds,
And bids my sorrow cease:
For he has pledg'd his gracious name,
He—who for ever is the same.

4 Let death then shake his spear,
I'll smile his rage to view,
And walk without a fear,
The shadowy valley through:
With rod and staff his shepherd care,
Shall guide my steps, and guard me

5 Still is my table spread,
My foes stand silent by;
I feed on living bread,
My cruise is never dry:
And surely love and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song,
Shall cheer my gloomiest days
And tune my dying tongue:
Until my ransom'd soul shall rise,
To praise him better in the skies.

HYMN DCCCXCVIII.

The invisible State; or, "absent from the Body present with the Lord." Rev. vii. 15—17.

1 O THE hour when this material Shall have vanish'd like a cloud;

When amid the wide ethereal
All th' invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul surrounded,
With innumerous hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.

2 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive it's influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting place.

3 Will she there no fond emotion
Nought of earthly love retain;
Or absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart strings twin'd?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind!

4 No: the past she still remembers,
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widow'd lonely spirit
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

[5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger In your tender care be blest,

Thinks of the complete swell lieura

Hoping, trusting, free from danger, Till the trumpet end her rest:

Till the trump which shakes creation
Through the circling heavens shall roll,

Till the day of consummation, Till the bridal of the soul.

Can I trust a fellow being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new cloth'd myriads rise!
Thought repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must Reason prostrate fall:
O th' ineffable For Ever,
And th' Eternal All in All.

HYMN DCCCXCIX.

The Song of Heaven. Rev. vii. 9 and 10.

R. S. M.

- 1 HARK! how the choral song of heaven, Swells, full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love.
- 2 No anxious care, nor thrilling grief, No deep despair, nor gloomy woe They feel, while high, their lofty strains, In noblest, sweetest, concord flow.
- 3 But we are pierc'd with inward pain,
 And waste in groans the live-long day,
 Or if we join to praise our God,
 How harsh, how feeble is the lay!
- 4 When shall we join the heavenly host,
 Who sing Emmanuel's praise on high;
 And leave behind our fears and doubts,
 To swell the chorus of the sky.
- 5 O come, thou rapture-bringing morn,
 And usher in this joyful day;
 We long to see thy rising sun,
 Drive all these clouds of grief away.

HYMN DCCCC.

The noble Army of Martyrs. Rev. vi. 9—11. R. S. M.

1 THE martyrs and saints of our God,
Who stand round his heavenly throne,
Who through this vast wilderness trod,
The path of affliction alone:

They hid not from Jesus their face. Nor fear'd they the sword or the flame, They felt the sweet power of his grace, And scorn'd to dishonour his name.

2 Blest spirits! from danger and pain, From prisons and racks they are free, They never shall suffer again,

Nor sin, nor temptation, shall see: Their torments and anguish are o'er They see their Redeemer above; They flam'd as his martyrs before, Now only they burn with his love.

3 Time! hasten that rapturous day, When we shall partake in their songs; Drive swiftly, each moment away, Which our separation prolongs: We sigh, and lament us in vain,

While through this wild desert we roam, Soon, soon may we triumph to gain, Our peaceful, unchangeable home!

HYMN DCCCCI.

Seed-time and Harvest. Ps. cxxvi. 5.

R. S. M.

1 THE husbandman with weeping bears His precious seed abroad; And while he faintly "sows in tears," Commits it to the sod.

2 Patient he waits with eager eyes, The blissful harvest-day; Though every cloud that veils the skies, Drives all his hopes away.

3 So let us trust from day to day,
And wait the happy hour,
When we shall weep, and watch, and
pray,

And sigh, and fear no more.

4 True, 'tis a wintry seed-time now,
Which we in tears employ,
But soon, heaven's summer sun shall
glow,
And we "shall reap in joy."

HYMN DCCCCII.

Encouragement. Ps. xxxvii. 1.

R. S. M.

1 WHY should the Christian waste in sighs,

The breath which God hath given; Whom every passing hour that flies Bears onward fast to heaven?

- 2 Why should he wish for perfect bliss,In this dark world forlorn;Or seek, amidst the wilderness,A rose without a thorn.
- 3 Why should he grieve and mourn to see,
 The wicked prosper now?
 Their joys are present all, but he,
 Has all his grief below.
- 4 But let them triumph, in their choice,
 And think his prospects vain,
 The day of death which blasts their joys,
 Shall terminate his pain.

5 Our Father God! be our's the grief,
Which to thy sons belongs;
And let us share in their relief,
Their everlasting songs.

HYMN DCCCCIII.

Sinai and Calvary.

R. S. M.

1 HOW from Sinai's mount proceeds,
The trumpet's awful blast!
While the heart with anguish bleeds,
And sinks in woe at last:
E'en the sinner's fearless soul,
Which no love could e'er control,
Shrinks to hear the thunders roll,
And death approaching fast.

2 But what sounds of heavenly peace,
Amidst the storm I hear;
When the winds a moment cease,
And love succeeds to fear!
From the hill of Calvary,
Where my Jesus died for me,
Peace, and love, and sympathy,
Reign all unbroken there.

3 When the tempest's vengeful voice,
And guilt my soul appal,
Then, in Jesus I'll rejoice,
And mercy's gentle call.
When by care, and woe oppress'd,
On Calvary, my soul shall rest,
And leaning on my Saviour's breast,
Enjoy in him my all.

HYMN DCCCCIV.

Praise him all ye Stars of Light.
Ps. cxlviii. 8.

R. S. M.

- 1 YE twinkling stars! refulgent gems!
 Which deck the diadem of night,
 Form a new coronet for him,
 Who gives you all your silver light:
- 2 For him, who made your spheres at first, And into crowns your splendors wove, For him, who sheds his brightest beams, Through all the regions where you move.
- 3 Once, when the world in darkness lay, And night's thick gloom involv'd the sky,

Ye joined to form "nocturnal day," Pour'd on the shepherd's wakeful eye.

- 4 When lo! a brighter orb arose,
 Whose light the world ne'er saw before,
 Startling the weary from repose,
 While your bright beams were seen no
 more.
- 5 That orb, so bright, and so divine,
 Was but forerunner to his rays,
 Around whose awful head entwine,
 The fires of love—the lightning's blaze.
- 6 Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness,
 Encircle all, with purest light,
 His fair, celestial brows to grace,
 Your various majesty unite.

HYMN DCCCCV.

The Desert. 1 Pet. v. 8.

R. S. M.

- 1 WHEN night descends in sable guise,
 And spreads her gloom around,
 To close the weary traveller's eyes,
 And rest him on the ground.
- 2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,
 The wanderer faints to hear,
 The wild alarm on every side,
 Which speaks some danger near.
- 3 So, in this wilderness of life,
 Whene'er afflictions come,
 We sink, as in a night of grief,
 Far from our sheltering home.
- 4 The tempter's, like a lion's roar,
 Sounds through the vale abroad,
 Then let us watch, and evermore
 Depend upon our God.
- 5 From every other help afar,
 And left without a friend,
 God, is a helper ever near,
 And faithful to the end.

HYMN DCCCCVI.

The Sabbath. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

R. S. M.

OUR Sabbaths come to welcome on,
We wish them to remain awhile,
But soon, alas! their joys are gone,
And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."

2 Full many are the hours of grief,
Allotted to the sons of men,
Our Sabbaths bring a short relief,
Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days! and thou blest sun!
Why roll ye in such haste away?
Ye happy hours! why flow ye on
So fast towards eternity?

4 O! if ye bring an endless day,
Speed fast along, nor ever cease;
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,
In perfect and enduring bliss.

HYMN DCCCCVII.

A Divine Hope; or, God all in all.

A. T.

1 ALMIGHTY God, our quivering breath

On thy command depends;
Thy mandate given, and instant death
Our mortal being ends.

2 The glowing cheek, the sparkling eye, But glisten to betray; Our joys in fair perspective lie, And ere we reach, decay.

3 Riches and beauty, health and bloom,
Are dangerous things to trust;
For underneath the silent tomb,
Is clearing for our dust.

4 But oh! when joys terrestrial fade,
Nor one our peace secures,

Tis well to have a God whose aid From age to age endures.

5 This is a prop when hopes betray, A sun when clouds condense.

A lamp to light the pilgrim's way,

A buckler of defence.

6 This is a rose whose fragrance cheers,
A fountain where to lave,

A cordial balm for all our fears,
A convoy to the grave.

7 This is a rock when winds arise,
An anchor safe and firm;

A shelter from the inclement skies, A covert from the storm.

8 The bread of life in famine dire,
A spring when creatures fail;

A cloud by day, by night a fire, To point us through the vale.

9 A refuge this, when none beside,

Can firm support bestow;

This is a bank which Jordan's tide,

Shall never overflow.

10 Tis this when ebbing life retires, Shall heavenly peace distil;

And this shall sweep our golden lyres, On Zion's sacred hill.

HYMN DCCCCVIII.

God unsearchable. Job xi. 7.

1 SHALL mortal man a child of earth, Who yesterday receiv'd his birth, From God's all bounteous hand; Shall he whilst sojourning below, Presume the Almighty's plans to know, His ways to understand?

- 2 He rides upon the stormy deep, His watchful eyes that never sleep, Wide o'er creation roll; And from his high, empyreal throne, Views, with one glance, the torrid zone, And ice-surrounded pole!
- 3 His paths the trackless waters are,
 The winged whirlwind is his car,
 His wheels the hurricane;
 His fiery coursers, bounding, fly,
 Borne rapid through th' ethereal sky,
 Or o'er the foaming main!
- 4 Earth, as HE passes, shakes with fear,
 The infernal spirits, when they hear,
 To deeper caverns fly:
 Fierce, blazing lightnings mark HIS way,
 Behind Him pealing thunders play
 Their dread artillery!
- 5 His wisdom, infinite and vast,
 Shall, through eternal ages, last
 Unchangeably the same:
 While in the dreary shades of hell
 His justice so inflexible,
 Proclaims His awful name.
- 6 Before, the earth, or worlds were made, His vast eternal plans were laid In wisdom and in love; And what th' Almighty then design'd,

Is finish'd in th' Eternal mind, His purpose cannot move!

7 Ah! then, suppress each rising sigh;
Nor dare to ask th' Almighty why,
Or what His hands perform!
Submit to his all wise decrees,
Whose power can calm the raging seas,
Or raise them to a storm!

HYMN DCCCCIX. The Penitent's Prayer.

T. R.

Oh! hear a humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh! deign to listen to my voice,
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
For I alas! am all that's vile;
No—when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
That dearest, sweetest name to me!

Within this heart of mine, I feel
The weight of sin's oppressive load:
Oh help! or else I sink to hell,
Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!
Entomb'd within that dread abyss,
And exil'd from the realms of bliss!

4 But ah! the thought alone is hell— That prospect drives me to despair For, who can 'mid those horrors dwell?

Or who those dreadful torments bear?

Where not a ray of hope appears,

Or beam of joy the bosom cheers!

5 Yet mighty God! thy powerful arm
Can snatch me from that dread abode,
Can shield me from th' impending harm,
And ease me of my heavy load.
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And sooth the anguish of my soul!

6 Father of Mercies, God of Love!
Then, hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
Oh! listen to a sufferer's voice,
Then, shall this bleeding heart rejoice!

HYMN DCCCCX.

Psalm viii.

T. R.

1 WHEN 'mid the gloom of night I stray,
And heaven's resplendent arch survey—
And mark with rapture and surprize,
The varied glories of the skies;
Ah!—what is man? Thou great Supreme!
That Thou should stoop to visit him?

2 Glory around his path is shed, Immortal honour crowns his head, His Maker's image born to bear, An object of his special care: With might and majesty array'd Scarce lower than the angels made!

3 Dominion vast to him is given—
The fowl that sweeps the vault of heaven,
The fish that o'er the billows leap,
Or skim the surface of the deep;
The beasts that through the meadows
rove:

And songsters warbling in the grove:

4 Whilst these the creatures of Thy hand, Bow and submit to man's command, They through the earth's wide realms record,

Thy power and skill, Almighty Lord! All that have breath, thy love proclaim, And infants learn to lisp thy name!

HYMN DCCCCXI.

Heaven; or, John xiv. 2.

T. R.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise:
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they;
Deck'd with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay!

2 Glad within these blest abodes

Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love!

Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears:

3 These, alas! full well they knew Sad companions of their way: Oft on them the tempest blew

Through the long the cheerless day!

Oft their vileness they deplor'd,

Wills perverse and hearts untrue, Griev'd they could not love their Lord, Love him as they wish'd to do!

4 Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,

Tales of woe they could not speak.

But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

5 Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits!—ye are fled,

Where no grief can entrance find,

Lull'd to rest the aching head, Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

6 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!

Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

HYMN DCCCCXII.

For a Day of public Humiliation.

г. к.

1 DREAD Sovereign! at Thy feet we bow,

While round Thy bolts of fury fly; We fall before Thy dreadful brow, Before the lightning of Thine eye!

2 For who can stand, when Thou dost rise In ire, to shake a guilty land? Fierce pestilence before Thee flies,

And ruin waits thy stern command!

3 While nations round us feel the weight
Of thine uplifted vengeful rod:
We fall before thy judgment seat,
And own Thee righteous, dreadful
God!

4 Yet 'mid thy wrath, remember love:
And hear the humble sufferers mourn,
Their tears of penitence approve,
And let thine anger cease to burn!

5 Oh! speak—and bid the furious fray,
Of long-contending nations, cease:
Thy gentle sceptre, Jesus sway,
And reign for ever, "Prince of Peace!"

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HYMN DCCCCXIII.

The Penitent pardoned.

T. R.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all, Prostrate at thy feet I fall: Hear, oh hear my ardent cry, Frown not, lest I faint and die!
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,Worst of rebels I have been!Oft abus'd Thee to Thy face,Trampled on thy richest grace!
- 3 Justly might, thy vengeful dart, Pierce this broken, bleeding heart; Justly might thy kindled ire Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,
 Balm to heal my every wound;
 Thou canst sooth the troubled breast,
 Give the weary wanderer rest.
- 5 Then my humble prayer attend, Shew thyself the sinner's friend; Bid the sufferer cease to mourn, Bid the prodigal return!
- 6 Clasp me in thine arms of love,
 Let me all thy fondness prove,
 I die if thou canst not forgive,
 But whisper "pardon'd," and I live!

HYMN DCCCCXIV.

Hymn to the Deity.

T. R.

1 CAUSE of all causes, and the source Whence universal being sprang;

Thou wert e'er time began it's course, Or morning stars thy praises sang; When mighty pœans loud and long, Broke rapturous from th' exulting throng.

2 Ages on ages endless hurl'd,
And myriads joined to myriads still,
The atoms that compose the world,
The drops that ocean's caverns fill;
The whole a trifling point appears
Compar'd with thine eternal years.

3 Existing through all ages, thou
Th' events of every age canst tell;
All things above—all things below,
And in the dreadful gloom of hell;
For blazing noon, and midnight shades,
Alike thy piercing eye pervades.

4 Through the vast regions of the air,
The trackless wilderness of space,
The worlds and systems wandering there
Thine everlasting arms embrace;
The various parts—the mighty whole,
Submissive own thy strong controul.

5 Thou First, thou Last, thou Cause, and End

Of all that is, or e'er shall be;
To thee their source all beings tend,
All things that are, exist for thee;
Thy great design shall all fulfil,
And bow obedient to thy will.

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HYMN DCCCCXV.

Peace of Mind.

T. R.

1 COME heavenly peace of mind,
I sigh for thy return,
I seek but cannot find

The joys for which I mourn; Ah! where's the Saviour now.

Whose smiles I once possess'd?

Till he return, I bow,

By heaviest grief oppress'd; My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone.

2 I tried each earthly charm, In pleasure's haunts I stray'd, I sought it's soothing balm,

I ask'd the world it's aid; But ah! no balm it had

To heal a wounded breast,

And I forlorn and sad,

Must seek another rest;

My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone.

3 Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief?

Ah! who can sooth his woe, And give him sweet relief?

Thou Jesus! canst impart,

By thy long wish'd return, Ease to this wounded heart,

And bid me cease to mourn;

Then shall this night of sorrow flee, And I rejoice my Lord in thee.

HYMN DCCCCXVI.

A Sabbath Hymn. Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1-TO thy temple I repair,
 Lord! I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ upon the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through him art reconcil'd;
 I through him become thy child;
 Abba! Father! give me grace,
 In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
 That my joyful soul may bless,
 Thee, my Lord my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend God of love! to mine attend; Hear me—for thy Spirit pleads, Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- While thy word is read, with awe May I tremble at thy law,Till thy gospel bring to me Life and immortality.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in thy name;
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From thine house when I return, May my heart within me burn;

And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

HYMN DCCCCXVII.

Written for a friendly Society: for Union and Humility

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
 In him our spirit shall rejoice;
 Assembled here with one accord,
 Our hearts shall praise him through
 our voice.
- 2 Since he regards our low estate,
 And hears his servants when they pray,
 We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
 Where none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 God of our hope! to thee we bow,
 Thou art our refuge in distress;
 The husband of the widows thou,
 The father of the fartherless.
- 4 The poor are thy peculiar care,
 To them thy promises are sure;
 Thy gifts the poor in spirit share,
 Lord may we thus be always poor.
- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
 Lighten each other's burthen here,
 Suffer and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst thou not give thy son to die For our transgression, in our stead,

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And will thy goodness ought deny,
To those for whom thy Son hath bled?

7 Then grant our union, here begun,
May last for ever, firm and free!
Around thy throne may we be one,
One with each other and with thee.

HYMN DCCCCXVIII.

Social Dedication to God.

MONTGOMERY.

1 JESUS! our best beloved Friend, Draw our souls in sweet desire! Jesus! in love to us descend, Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

2 On thy redeeming name we call, Poor and unworthy though we be, Pardon and sanctify us all, Let each thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
Our Master's voice will we obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of our day.

5 Yet Lord! for us a resting place,
In heaven—at thy right hand prepare,
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

HYMN DCCCCXIX.

The Image of God.

MONTGOMERY.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me,
Sweetly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, and unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will,—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee my God

HYMN DCCCCXX.

A Midnight Thought.

MONTGOMERY.

1 IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd;
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude and shade.

2 Is the dream of nature flown? Is the universe destroy'd? Man extinct and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

- 3 No—my soul in God rejoice!

 Through the gloom his light I see,
 In the silence hear his voice,
 And his hand is over me.
- 4 When I slumber in the tomb,
 He will guard my resting-place;
 When I wake to meet my doom,
 I will hide in his embrace.

HYMN DCCCCXXI.

The Three Mountains.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see God descend in majesty; To proclaim his holy law All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious height I climb,
 In the too transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest, God in flesh made manifest, Shines in my Redeemer's face Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely mournful Calvary.

HYMN DCCCCXXII.

The Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

W. B. C.

1 O THOU, whose beams serenely bright,

Can chase the darkness of my soul,

And pour a flood of purest light,

Where now the shades of midnight roll:

Ah! why so long should horror shroud

This mourning breast with deep despair?

Break through the dark and envious cloud,

Arise, arise, O morning star.

2 Through a long night of griefs and fears, With gloom and sorrow compass'd round.

I drop my uncomplaining tears,

Nor yet the radiant dawn have found; Still towards the chambers of the day,

With eyes intent, expecting there,

With patient hope, thy promis'd ray, I long for thee, sweet morning star.

3 Increasing clouds announce thee nigh, Slumber my weary eyes invades;

Death spreads his horrors o'er the sky, And thickens all the gather'd shades;

I yield, I bow my drooping head,

Resign, at length, my anxious care;

I sink awhile among the dead,

To wake and hail my Morning Star.

HYMN DCCCCXXIII.

Abide with us. Luke xxiv. 29.

W. B. C.

1 THE day is far spent, the evening is nigh,

When we must lay down the body and

die;

Great God we surrender our dust to thy care,

But oh, for the summons, our spirit pre-

pare.

2 The hours that remain, oh, with us a-abide,

And in the dark vale of death be our

guide;

Through life's weary journey thou still hast been near,

And in our last moments, Lord, for us

appear!

3 We die to obtain, a seat with the blest, A freedom from pain, a mansion of rest; We see, not regretting, the shadows arise,

The sun of life setting, and night on the

skies.

4 Though rayless the night, though starless the skies,

Extinguish'd all light, and death on our eyes,

An unclouded morning shall rise on the tomb.

Before whose bright dawning shall vanish it's gloom.

5 O day long foretold! when wilt thou appear?

Thy approach we behold with hope and with fear!

O righteous Judge spare us, from sin set us free,

And daily prepare us to stand before Thee!

HYMN DCCCCXXIV.

The same.

W. B. C.

THE day is far spent,
Which goodness hath lent,

And night is o'er spreading the pilgrim's dark tent;

I now soon shall lie,

Screen'd from life's stormy sky:

I wait for thy summons to call me to die.

O Saviour abide
By this fearful side,

Till in thy pavillion for ever I hide;

The hours that remain, Of sorrow and pain,

Are few, when compar'd with the bliss I shall gain.

3 The ills that I fear Will blessings appear,

If thou but walk with me, while I sojourn here;

And when I am led
To the cells of the dead,

On thy tender bosom I'll pillow my head.

While low this flesh lies
Till thou bid it rise,

The spirit exulting shall spring to the skies;

There wait that great day
Which thy powers shall display,

When this earth and these heavens shall both flee away.

HYMN DCCCCXXV.

The Bible.—O how I love thy Law. Ps. cxix. 97.

W. B. C.

BY the thoughtless world derided,
Still I love the word of God;
"Tis the crook by which I'm guided,
Often 'tis a chastening rod:
"Tis a sword that cuts asunder
All my pride and vanity,
When abas'd I lie and wonder
That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,
Sets my trembling judgment right;
When I stray how much so ever,
This is my restoring light:
Satan oft, and sin, assail me,

With temptations ever new;

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Then, O nothing can avail me,
'Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need, O Lord bestow it,
Give my labouring mind relief;
Oft, alas! I doubt, I know it,
Help, O help my unbelief:
Dearest Saviour, by thy merit
May I gain a future crown;
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
"Till these storms are overblown!

HYMN DCCCCXXVI.

To live is Christ, to die is Gain.
Phil. i. 21.

- 1 WHEN I tread the mortal vale,
 Where the shades of death prevail,
 Saviour, guide my trembling feet,
 Through this last, this still retreat:
 Let thy glory chase it's gloom,
 Light the feeble traveller home,
 Never leave me till I stand
 Safe in yonder heavenly land.
- 2 When I bow my sinking head,
 Seeking rest among the dead;
 When my pulses throbbing slow:
 Till the tide of life runs low:
 Hear me, my Almighty Friend,
 Watch, sustain me, to the end,
 Smiling through my dying tears,
 I will then dismiss my fears.
- 3 Thee, Redeemer, I pursue, All life's weary journey through,

Other interests I resign,
Only tell me Thou art mine;
And when mortal agonies
Break my heartstrings, glaze mine eyes,
Let me but this prize obtain
I shall prove—"to die is gain."

HYMN DCCCCXXVII.

Surely the bitterness of Death is past. 1 Sam. xv. 32.

W. B. C.

- 1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life, My trembling soul shall stand; Waiting to pass death's awful flood, Great God, at thy command:
- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed, And close my sightless eyes; When laden with the weight of years, This broken body lies:
 - 3 When every long-lov'd scene of life,
 Stands ready to depart;
 When the last sigh that shakes the
 frame,

Shall rend this bursting heart:

- 4 O thou great Source of joy supreme,
 Whose arm alone can save,
 Dispel the darkness that surrounds
 The entrance to the grave!
- 5 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
 Beneath my sinking head;
 And let a beam of love divine,
 Illume my dying bed.

6 Leaning on thy dear, faithful breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in thy soft embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

HYMN DCCCCXXVIII.

The Backslider. Jer. xxxi. 18-20.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return O wanderer, return,
 And seek a Father's melting heart;
 Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
 Whose hand can heal thine inward
 smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
 He saw thy soften'd spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to his bleeding feet and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;
 'Tis God who says—" no longer mourn,"
 Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.
- 6 Return, O wanderer, return, Regain the lost, lamented rest;

Jehovah's melting bowels yearn, To clasp his Ephraim to his breast.

HYMN DCCCCXXIX.

The Transfiguration. Luke ix. 28-31.

- 1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour stands, His alter'd face resplendent shines; And while he elevates his hands, Lo! glory marks it's gentle lines!
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait, Upon their suffering Prince below; But while they worship at his feet, They talk of fast approaching woe.
- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
 To Calvary he turns his eyes;
 And with submission all serene,
 He marks the future tempest rise.
- As violets peep through wintry snows;
 We may obtain some short relief,
 But soon the gale of sorrow blows.
 - 5 But when we climb the mount of prayer, We lose our woe in joys divine; Transfigur'd while our God is there, In borrow'd beams our faces shine.
 - 6 O that on yonder heavenly hills,
 Where now the risen Saviour stands,
 And peace, like softest dew, distils—
 I too may elevate my hands.

HYMN DCCCCXXX.

Dying Jacob. Gen. xlviii. 21.

- 1 THAT solemn hour will surely come, Nor distant is the day; When in the shadows of the tomb, This life shall fade away.
- 2 The cup of trembling in my hand, My fearful soul must drink; And wavering, hoping, shivering, stand On life's alarming brink.
- 3 Amid the anguish, and the strife,
 'That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great Source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears!
- 4 Serene, like Jacob, I would die,
 And "gather up my feet:"
 Would chide the lingering hour—and fly
 My Saviour-God to meet.
- 5 My dearest comforts I could leave,
 With glory in mine eyes;
 Would wipe the tears of those that
 grieve,
 And point them to the skies.
 - 6 My trembling lips—if thou art nigh,
 When life's sad hours are few;
 With joy shall say—"Behold I die,
 "But God shall be with you!"

HYMN DCCCCXXXI.

An Evening Hymn. Job. viii. 9.

- A NOTHER fleeting day is gone,
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
 Swift the soft, stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year;
 And still with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone, To tell thy secrets, O my soul; Faithful before th' eternal throne, Thy slightest folly 'twill enrol.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
 To join the fugitives before:
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone,
 And soon a fairer day shall rise;
 A day, whose never-setting sun,
 Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 6 Another fleeting day is gone,
 In solemn silence rest, my soul;
 Bend—bend before his awful throne,
 Who bids the morn and evening roll!

HYMN DCCCCXXXII.

Faith amid Famine. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 WHEN dreadful o'er a mourning land,
 In anger God extends his hand;
 Shut are the cisterns of the sky,
 And earth's unnumber'd springs are dry.
- 2 The blighted corn expects in vain, The early and the latter rain; Nor morn, nor evening dews, distils, To satisfy the thirsty hills.
- 3 No grass, no herb, adorns the ground, No blossom on the tree is found; No olive yields it's cheering oil, Nor fruit rewards "the tiller's toil."
- 4 Creation droops on every hand,
 When famine desolates the land;
 And panting in the toils of death,
 The languid herds resign their breath.
- 5 Yet should the Spring withhold her showers,
 Nor Autumn yield her wonted stores;
 Should Wintry tempests, loud and high,
 Rush on the Summer's smiling sky:
- 6 My soul, in this tremendous hour, Great God, would still adore thy power; With trembling voice the anthem raise, And speak in dying strains thy praise!

HYMN DCCCCXXXIII.

Redeeming Love. 1 John iv. 10. "Herein is love!"

W. B. C.

1 YE saints assist me in my song,
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong,
I sing redeeming love.

[2 From fields of never-fading light Where happy spirits rove,
The Saviour left his azure throne.
On the swift wings of love.]

[3 Bright angels sweep your golden harps
In every living grove;
Assist our lays which vainly try
To reach redeeming love.]

[4 Should any ask the reason, why
He left his courts above,
And deign'd in the cold ground to lie,
Say—"Twas redeeming love."]

5 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross
Their force united prove;
But quit the field with mighty loss,
Crush'd by redeeming love.

6 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he liv'd his constant theme,
Was still redeeming love.

7 Gently he rais'd his sacred hands
Before his last remove;

And the last whispers of his tongue, Sigh'd forth redeeming love.

8 Through life's wide waste, with weary feet,

In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

9 O that before his sacred throne
I all it's sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

HYMN DCCCCXXXIV.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 SOFTLY the shade of evening falls, Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears; While nature's voice to slumber calls, And silence reigns amid the spheres.
- 2 The silver moon with ray serene,
 Glittering in contemplation's eye;
 Illumes the solemn shadowy scene,
 And drives her chariot through the
 sky.
- 3 And while creation round me sleeps,
 Soft, stealing slumbers, seize me too;
 Forgetfulness my temples steeps
 All night in her oblivious dew.
- 4 Soon shall a darker night descend,
 And veil from me yon azure skies;
 And soon shall death's oppressive hand,
 Lie heavy on these languid eyes.

5 Yet when beneath the dreadful shade, I lay my weary frame to rest; That night—shall not make me afraid— That bed—the dying Saviour press'd.

6 Once more emerging from the night,
I like my risen Lord shall rise;
Once more drink in the morning light,
Pure at it's fount above the skies.

HYMN DCCCCXXXV.

Another.

W. B. C.

1 NOW night in silent grandeur reigns, And holds the slumbering world in chains;

Pale from the cloud the moon-beam

steals,

And half creation's face reveals.

- 2 Nature with speechless awe reveres
 The hand that wheels the mighty spheres;
 Nor dares her thousand voices raise,
 To speak the wonders of his praise.
- 3 Yet night shall hear me raise my song, And in her courts my grateful tongue Shall pour the solitary lay, For all the mercies of the day.
- 4 Nor will my God disdain to hear,
 The sigh I breathe—the fervent prayer;
 When sinking to oblivious rest,
 I woo the pillow of his breast.
- 5 And when the blushing morn shall rise, To tinge with gold the eastern skies;

With strength renew'd, my thankful lay, Shall hail the new-born beams of day.

HYMN DCCCCXXXVI.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 THE saffron tints of morn appear,
 And glow across the blushing east;
 The brilliant orb of day is near,
 To dissipate the lingering mist;
 And while his mantling splendours dart
 Their radiance o'er the kindling skies,
 To chase the darkness of my heart,
 Arise, O God of light arise!
- 2 Creation smiles through all her tears,

 (Ten thousand sparkling drops of dew)
 His head the lofty mountain rears,

 To meet the earliest sunbeam true:
 So shall I smile amid my woe,
 When sorrows drown my weeping eyes;
 So shall my bosom learn to glow,

 If thou, my glorious sun, arise!
- 4 Dark as the world's unfashion'd face,
 In ancient night's primeval reign,
 Till thou the mournful shadows chase,
 Must this poor, sinful breast remain;
 But he, who leads the morning stars,
 And kindles up the eastern skies,
 Himself to dissipate my cares,
 The day-star of my heart shall rise!

HYMN DCCCCXXXVII.

Another.

W. B. C.

1 SAVIOUR, hear my early vow,
Let my praises rise to thee;
Source of all my pleasures thou,
Life, and health, and all, to me;
From thy gracious throne on high,
Listen, Jesus, to my cry.

2 O'er this morn's unclouded face,
Storms of darkest grief will roll,
If thy brighter beams of grace,
Visit not my waiting soul;
In the sunshine of thine eye,
Live the splendours of my sky.

3 Rising from the bed of rest,
All the springs of life new strung,
With thy saving presence blest,
Joy shall tune my thankful tongue;
But except thy face I see,
Life itself is death to me.

4 On the bed of sickness laid,
By death's shadows compass'd round,
I shall never be afraid,
If thou near that bed art found;
Thou canst all my pain beguile,

Thou canst all my pain beguile, With the rapture of thy smile.

5 But though bounding with life's flood Health beats high in every vein, All my springs are still in God, Springs of pleasure and of pain;
Health itself will sickness prove,
If I must not taste thy love.

6 I will praise thee day by day,
Till life's number'd hours shall cease;
Till this spirit soars away,

To a world of perfect peace; Where no evening spreads it's shade, Where the day shall never fade.

HYMN DCCCCXXXVIII.

Impatience reproved. Gen. xlii. 36.

- 1 WHEN trials overwhelm the soul,
 And sorrow fills the heart;
 When o'er thy head the billows roll,
 And all thy joys depart:
- 2 How hard a task, O saint, is thine,Thy passions to controul;To drink the dregs, and not repine,Of sorrow's bitter bowl!
- 3 Thankless we murmur at our lot, When God affliction sends; And all his former love forgot, With grief the spirit bends.
- 4 'Twas thus when Joseph was remov'd Th' impatient patriarch mourn'd; But by the issue stood reprov'd, When former joys return'd.
- 5 And could we see the hand divine, That mingles thus our cup;

We too should bless the wise design, And meekly drink it up.

HYMN DCCCCXXXIX.

Consolation. Rev. xxi. 3, 4, 23, 25.

W. B. C.

1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above:

While your silent steps are straying,
Lonely through night's deepening
shade,

Glory's brightest beams are playing, Round the happy Christian's head.

2 There the sun's inferior lustre,
Never sheds a feeble ray;
There no envious shadows cluster,
Blotting out the cheerful day:
Night the face of nature veiling,
Rears her sable throne no more
'Mid those spirits pure, inhaling
Life from him whom they adore.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die!
Endless pleasure pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There no fear of woe intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom

4 From their eyes celestial swelling, Drops of sorrow ne'er shall roll; God himself has fix'd his dwelling In the temple of the soul:

Cease then, mourner, cease to languish, O'er the grave of those you love;

Pain, and death, and night, and anguish, Enter not the world above.

HYMN DCCCCXL.

The Ascension of Christ. Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

- 1 IT is the voice of love divine, That strikes the listening ear: That sooths his mourning follower's grief, And wipes the falling tear.
- 2 "Because I leave this world"—he cries, "Your weeping eyes o'erflow; But though I seek my native skies, My heart remains below.
- 3 "My Spirit shall descend and rest Upon each faithful head, Till I, your Lord, return to call My servants from the dead."
- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands, Pronounc'd his parting prayer; When lo, a bright, descending cloud, Convey'd him through the air.
- 5 With solemn awe his followers view'd The splendour of the scene,

While the unfolding gates of light Receiv'd the Saviour in.

6 Burning with holy zeal they spread
Through distant lands, his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy,
Expect our risen Lord.

HYMN DCCCCXLI.

The Smile of Jesus.

W. B. C.

1 LOVELY is the face of nature, Deck'd with spring's unfolding flowers,

While the sun shews every feature, Smiling through descending showers:

Birds with songs their time beguiling, Chaunt their little notes with glee—

But to see a Saviour smiling, Is more soft, more sweet to me.

2 Morn her melting tints displaying

Ere the sluggard is awake:

Evening's zephyrs gently straying O'er the surface of the lake:

Melting hues, and whispering breezes, All have powerful charms for me—

But no earthly beauty pleases, When, my Lord, compar'd with thee.

3 Soft and sweet are showers descending On the parch'd, expecting ground, Fragrance to the meadows lending, As their drops distil around: These, with every earthly blessing, Loudly for thanksgiving call, But one smile of thine possessing, Jesus, far exceeds them all.

4 Sweet is sleep to tired nature, Sweet to labour is repose:

Sweet is life to every creature,

Sweet the balm that hope bestows:

But though spring, and evening's breezes, Sleep, and hope, and life to me

All are pleasant—nothing pleases, Jesus, like a smile from thee.

HYMN DCCCCXLII.

The Frown of Jesus.

W. B. C.

1 WHEN the winter's tempest lowers
O'er a bleak and cloudy sky,
Nature's fading fruits and flowers
Hang their drooping heads and die:
So my bosom comforts languish
Like a lily overblown:
And my heart is fill'd with anguish,

When I see my saviour frown.

Nipping frosts the wave congealing

Bind the gently-flowing stream,
Which across the meadow stealing
Lately fled the sultry beam:

But the stream of life more slowly Creeps along with lingering pace,

If the frown of Jesus, wholly Hide the beauties of his face.

3 Oft in summer pealing thunder,
Threatens as it gathers near;
Lightnings cleave the cloud asunder,
Filling guilty man with fear:
But no sky by tempests shrouded
Half so desolate can be
As this dreary bosom clouded,
Jesus, by a frown from thee.

4 Sad is death to shrinking nature,
Sad the last, the parting sigh:
Sad the pale distorted feature,
Sad the slowly-closing eye:
Summer's storms, and winter's horrors,
Death's sad tear, and long-drawn
groan,

All are bitter—but more sorrows, Jesus gather in thy frown!

HYMN DCCCCXLIII.

The Light of God's Countenance, Ps. iv. 6, 7.

- While the unthinking many cry,
 Who any earthly good will shew?
 My spirit, Lord, to thee shall fly,
 And pleasures taste they never knew.
- 2 Lift thou upon my waiting soul,
 The light of thine approving face:
 I will not ask their sparkling bowl,
 Nor murmur when their goods increase.

HYMN DCCCCXLIV.

Sickness.

W. B. C.

1 WHEN through the frame diseases roll,

And taint life's purple flood; Securely smiles th' immortal soul, With wings outstretch'd for God.

2 Soon must these veins through every branch

Feel mortal poison flow;

But from the shores of life we launch To quit a world of woe.

3 Soon as I taste the dark, cold stream,
And drop some parting tears,

I shall escape life's feverish dream, And lose tormenting fears.

4 Then welcome death, and welcome pain, This body is your pray;

But through your shades my soul shall gain

Access to endless day.

HYMN DCCCCXLV.

God the Fountain of Life and of Light. Ps. xxxvi. 9.

W. B. C.

1 CREATOR of the earth and skies, In whom the springs of nature rise; At whose controul they ebb or flow, And all their changes undergo; Retreating through time's shatter'd urn, 'To thee the living waves return.

- 2 Fountain of light, whose copious stream Supplies the sun with every beam; Thou bid'st the lucid current roll, Through all the channels of the soul; Night fades before the kindling ray, Till all within is perfect day.
- 3 A beam of life and light impart,
 To quicken and to warm my heart;
 Till to it's source above the skies,
 The tributary stream shall rise;
 And ceasing in this world to be,
 Rejoice to lose itself in thee?

HYMN DCCCCXLVI.

For Peace.

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION.

- LORD, in this dark, this awful hour, When nations tremble at thy power, We see, we own thy lifted hand, Extended o'er our native land.
- We justly fear thy wrath should rise, For oh, our guilt has pierc'd the skies! The strength of Europe thou hast broke, But let not Britain feel the stroke.
- 3 At the loud trumpet's martial blast, Ruin has laid creation waste; And man against his brother steel'd, Strews victims o'er th' empurpled field.

- 4 While war exhausts the vital flood, And stains the earth with human blood; The moon looks down upon the scene, With placid orb, and ray serene!
- 5 O bid these vile contentions cease, And bless the jarring world with peace; Let earth partake the sweet repose, That every planet round her knows.
- 6 Thy hand alone can wrath controul, And sooth to rest the angry soul; Return, return, O God of love, And war with all it's curse remove.

HYMN DCCCCXLVII.

God the supreme Good. Ps. lxxiii. 25, 26, and the Spirit surrendered. Ps. xxxi. 5.

- 1 FATHER of all, immortal Friend,
 Whose boundless being knows no end;
 To thee, my warmest thoughts aspire,
 Borne on the wings of swift desire:
 To thee, my spirit I resign,
 And render only what is thine.
- 2 Time's visionary splendours fade, Eclips'd in death's prevailing shade; Thy hand dissolves all mortal ties, My heart to life's attraction dies: Earth has no farther claim on me, And whom have I in heaven but thee!
- 3 Let not distressing fears prevail, Although my flesh and spirit fail; Thou wilt sustain my sinking heart,

Nor ever from this frame depart, Till life shall quit the pallid clay, And all it's springs forget to play.

4 Then free from every mortal care,
From every sin from every snare;
And all the throbbings of this breast,
For ever, ever laid to rest;
My soul shall find repose in thee,
And thou my endless portion be.

HYMN DCCCCXLVIII.

Death overcome; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

AN EASTER HYMN.

W. B. C.

1 THE angels that watch'd round the tomb.

Where low the Redeemer was laid; When deep in mortality's gloom, He hid for a season his head:

That veil'd their fair face while he slept,
And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ;

Have witness'd his rising—and swept The chords, with the triumph of joy.

2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below, But long since have enter'd your rest, I pant to be glorified too,

To lean on Emmanuel's breast!
The grave in which Jesus was laid,
Has buried my guilt and my fears,

And while I contemplate it's shade, The light of his presence appears.

3 O sweet is the season of rest, When life's weary journey is done; The blush that spreads over it's west— The last, lingering ray of it's sun! Though dreary the empire of night,

I soon shall emerge from it's gloom, And see immortality's light,

Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last, rending sighs, When these aching heart-strings shall break:

When death shall extinguish these eyes, And moisten with dew their pale cheek:

No terror the prospect begets, I am not mortality's slave,

The sun beam of life as it sets, Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

HYMN DCCCCXLIX.

The Hallelujah. Ps. cl. 1, 2, 4, 6.

W. B. C.

1 ANGELS of light! ethereal fires! Arise and sweep your awful lyres, To you, the sacred right belongs, To raise the lay, and lead our songs; Ye in his courts of glory dwell, And best his power and grace can tell.

- 2 Down from his firmament on high
 The joy shall rush through all the sky;
 The ravish'd, kindling spheres around,
 Listen—and echo back the sound;
 Till it inspire this world below,
 And fill his sanctuary too.
- 3 Deep, solemn tones, shall learn to roll
 Through the rapt senses to the soul;
 And from the organ's lengthen'd note
 A flood of melting music float;
 While all the wide assembly raise
 One general song of grateful praise.
- 4 Nor shall the hymn be here confin'd That claims the voice of all mankind; Nature pours forth her countless swarms, And life appears in various forms; But all his matchless skill record, All that have breath shall praise the Lord

HYMN DCCCCL.

The World forsaken; or, the Young Man's Hymn.

- 1 I LEAVE the world with willing feet, Great God, to find repose in thee; Once it's enchantments soft and sweet, Threw silken fetters o'er me.
- 2 Imagination lent her aid
 To strengthen every dangerous snare,
 But soon the flattering vision fled,
 And gave it's victim to despair.

3 Vice pointed to a flowery vale,
Where streams of pleasure seem'd to
roll,

And every sweet on every gale,
Press'd through the senses of the soul.

4 I thought to find unceasing good,
My passions bade my heart confide;
I tasted the forbidden food—
Tasted—and but for thee had died!

5 Still had I wandered o'er the waste, But for the friendship of thy word; Thy hand the "faithless phantom" chas'd, And reason to my mind restor'd.

6 My youth preserved from fatal wiles, Has learn'd temptation's power to fear;

To dread the world's delusive smiles, And 'scape the fowler's cruel snare.

HYMN DCCCCLI.

Divine Instruction and Peace; or, a Hymn for Young Persons. Is. liv. 13.

W. B. C.

1 FROM nature's caves, and sin's dark cells,
Where the imprison'd spirit dwells;
Surrounded by a frightful gloom,
And dreading fiercer ills to come;
From chains of woe, and haunts of wice,

2 Thanks to the hand that set us free, Eternal Spirit, thanks to thee!

To liberty and life we rise.

Whose power resistless unconfin'd, Subdues the passions of the mind; Rules in the heart with strong controul, And pours instruction o'er the soul.

- 3 Religion like a sun appears,
 And shines upon our dawning years;
 We follow still the guiding ray,
 That kindles into perfect day;
 Conducted safe along the road,
 That leads to peace—that leads to God.
- With active feet, with ardent eyes,
 We seek our home above the skies;
 Subdued by love, and taught of God,
 Rejoicing in redeeming blood,
 We press to find that happy shore,
 Where sin and sorrow reign no more.

HYMN DCCCCLII.

Jesus Crucified.

W. B. C.

1 TO the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath;
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death;
Thither bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
Spilt to set the sinner free.

2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
 Peace his quivering lips impart;
 Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
 Issuing from a bursting heart:

Let me feel his healing power,
Let this harden'd heart of stone,
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body trickling down.

3 On those temples crown'd with thorns
Suffering majesty appears;
Love that dying face adorns,
Stain'd with blood, and soil'd with
tears:

Pierce the shadows of my heart,
With the lightning of that eye;
Smiles of peace to me impart,
Let me feel, or I must die!

[4 Heaven withdraws the cheerful light,
Rocks are riven at thy pain;
Shall I, at the moving sight,
Harder than the rocks remain?
Shall the pulse of death revive,
At the Saviour's dying cry?
And shall I, who think I live,
Unrecover'd by it—die?

Thou didst chase sepulchral gloom,
Thou didst pour a cheering ray,
Through the shadows of the tomb,
On that memorable day:
I am all as dark within!
With the radiance of thine eye
Scatter all these clouds of sin,
Save me, Jesus, or I die!]

6 In the shelter of thy side,
 Wounded by the cruel spear,
 From impending wrath I hide,
 Wrath which cannot reach me here:

From thy head, thy hands, thy feet,
Flows the purifying flood;
See! I plunge—I rise to meet
Justice reconcil'd by blood.

HYMN DCCCCLIII.

The Cross.

W. B. C.

I AT Jesus' cross relenting
I bow my guilty head,
Low at his feet repenting
Whose blood for me was shed;
In death's tormenting anguish,
I see the sufferer languish,
His feeble groans I hear,
And mark his falling tear.

2 His heart with sorrow breaking
With pity still o'erflows,
His dying sighs are making
Atonement for his foes:
A God in human nature,
Appears in every feature,
It needed love divine,
To pardon sins like mine.

3 To me still be it given,
Thy pardoning grace to prove;
I ask no other heaven,
But still to taste thy love:
Afford a spirit broken,
Some sure, some tender token,
That I am dear to thee,
That thou hast died for me!

HYMN DCCCCLIV.

Judgment.

W. B. C.

1 HARK! hark; he comes! ten thousand thunders roll!

How wide, how fearful, flash you vivid fires!

What speechless terror seizes guilty souls!

What sighs, what tears, what grief, what vain desires!

O'er the past scenes of life while conscience strays,

In vain they would recal departed days!

No Sabbaths roll their sacred hours, No more it's voice compassion pours; All flies for ever!

The hallow'd temples' sacred roof, The voice of mercy and reproof,

Regarded never!

2 With all their splendours pass away the skies,

Wrapt like a scrowl the frighted heavens depart;

Death yields his prey—the sleeping saints arise—

Joy in their eyes, and pleasure in their heart!

They spring exulting to their conquering Lord,

30

And seize with triumph his divine reward!

Fast from his sight the wicked fly, To long for death, but not to die,

To die-no, never!

Judgment is clos'd—and time is slain, Their rest, at length, the righteous gain, good supports oils as And live for ever! r filgrage tom sover the great social c

HYMN DCCCCLV.

Live of the second

. Dancing ... Desertion.

wais muse the our some tiwis. c.

1 WHERE are those whispers of the heart, That voice of peace divine?

A holy joy it did impart, and and the Where quivers now the dart,

Within this breast of mine!

2 Remains there not one cheerful ray, With thee, the Fount of Light? To kindle up immortal day, To roll the clouds away, an modera ? And chase the gloomy night?

3 Turn to me, Lord, thy face awhile, Nor wander from me far; Turn to me, Lord, thy gracious smile, 3 Thou canst my woes beguile, Thou art my morning star!

or to es use en 3 and in a minist

HYMN DCCCCLVI.

and seize with miumph his dirmers-

Life; or, what is your Life? it is even a Vapour. James iv. 14.

- 1 WHAT is life? the precious boon
 By the fool and wise esteem'd!
 Howe'er lengthen'd, yet too soon
 Is it's termination deem'd!
 - 2 'Tis a vapour—sometimes low, Creeping sluggish o'er the ground; But if once the gale should blow, No where is it to be found.
 - 3 Like a wandering magic fire,
 Oft it leads the wretch astray;
 Scampering through temptation's mire,
 Till at length it fades away.
 - 4 Sometimes in a loftier sphere, Rising as the evening star, Like a planet 'twill appear, While regarded from afar.
- 5 One short moment 'tis allow'd
 To emit a feeble ray;
 From it's elevation proud
 Swiftly vanishing away.
- 6 Low, or high, or dark, or bright,

 'Tis a vapour—'tis a breath—
 This is life—to gloomy night,

 Sinking through the caves of death!

HYMN DCCCCLVII.

The same; or, thou carriest them away as with a Flood. Ps. xc. 5.

W. B. C.

- 1 GENTLY glides the stream of life, Oft along the flowery vale; Or impetuous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms assail.
- 2 'Tis an ever-varied flood
 Always rolling to it's sea;
 Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude,
 Tending to eternity.

HYMN DCCCCLVIII.

The Harp hung upon the Willow.
Ps. cxxxvii. 1—6.

W. B. C.

1 BY foreign streams that murmur'd round,

While captive Israel mourn'd,

Their mind was free—their thoughts unbound,

Were still towards Zion turn'd.

- 2 Their silent harps neglected hung
 Along the willow shade;
 The wind that sigh'd the strings among
 A mournful whispering made.
- 3 With cruel scorn the heathen band A solemn song require,

And bid them sweep their trembling hand Across the melting lyre.

4 How can we tune the harp of joy?
(The sacred tribe replied)
Which we delighted to employ,

Before our comforts died!

[5 But here no sabbath days return,
No temple spreads it's shades;
Sighs are the notes of those who mourn,
The music ye have made!

- 6 Before ye ask us to resume
 The hymn of sacred praise,
 O teach us to forget our home,
 Or Zion's bulwarks raise!]
- 7 Palsied by long disuse, or pain,
 This feeble hand may lie;
 And, dead to former skill, in vain
 It's wonted cunning try:
- 8 By famine glued, this parching tongue,
 May stiff and silent be,
 And all it's harmony of song
 For ever lost to me:
- 9 But from this faithful memory
 Zion can ne'er depart,
 Till the last breath, th' expiring sigh,
 Shall tear it from my heart!

and he thad so, to be the band. Alema sang copers

HYMN DCCCCLIX.

The dying Saviour.

- 1 THOU prince of glory, slain for me,
 Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
 That loving, melting look, I see,
 That bursting sigh—that tender tear,
 For murderers shed!
- 2 O while I gaze, in wonder lost,
 Upon that livid, mangled form,
 Teach me to calculate the cost
 To shelter from the rising storm
 This guilty head!
- 3 Can I behold that closing eye,
 Still fix'd on me, still beaming love?
 And can I see my Saviour die,
 Nor feel one holy passion move
 Within this heart?
 - 4 Those temples wounded by the thorn,
 That visage marr'd by lines of woe,
 Shall teach me to encounter scorn,—
 In all that thou didst undergo
 To bear my part.
- 5 Let me but hear thy dying voice,
 Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
 In every trial I'll rejoice—
 This throbbing bosom shall find rest
 Amidst it's woes.
- 6 Lord, thine atoning blood apply, And life, or death, is sweet to me;

In my last hour, thy presence nigh
From fear shall set my spirit free,
And give repose.

HYMN DCCCCLX.

Jesus rising.

AN EASTER HYMN.

W. B. C.

- 1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb, Jesus dissipates it's gloom! Day of triumph through the skies— See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christians dry your flowing tears, Chase those unbelieving fears; Look on his deserted grave, Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid, Triumph in the scattered shade; Drive your anxious cares away, See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
 So returning beams of light,
 Chase the terrors of the night.

HYMN DCCCCLXI.

Looking to the Cross.

W. B. C.

1 HAIL sacred hour of solemn grief,
When from th' intruding world I
hide,

To find a short, a sweet relief,
And gaze on Jesus crucified.

2 Suspended on the cross appears,
The Friend, the Brother whom I slew;
My heart dissolves—my flowing tears
The feet, which once I pierc'd, bedew.

3 Just as he look'd, when from his lip
Escap'd the last, forgiving prayer,
He looks to see the sinner weep,
To save the mourner from despair.

4 While angels veil their dazzled sight
Before his uncreated rays,
His pity breaks through all the light,
A milder beam, to cheer our days.

5 Here will I look my pains away,
While he unveils his eyes of love;
Cleave to his cross—resolv'd to stay
Till death command me to remove.

6 Then shall my cheerful feet depart,
When the pale angel bids me go,
Pursue the leadings of my heart,
And leave my guilt and tears below.

HYMN DCCCCLXII.

Sickness.

W. B. C.

1 IN vain the morning's melting eye
Looks on you lovely hills;
And from the mottled, kindling sky
The balmy dew distils:

- [2 In vain the sun's approaching ray
 A flood of radiance flings;
 And, shelter'd from the glare of day,
 The cheerful blackbird sings:
- 3 In vain he pours his softest notes
 Along the grateful shade;
 Or his full swell of music floats
 Loud through the hollow glade:]
- 4 In vain the beam of parting light
 In various hues expires;
 And through this hemisphere, the night
 Lights up her gentler fires:
- 5 For in these gay, these shifting scenes,My spirit has no share,The cloud of sickness intervenes,And shades me with despair!
- 6 But yonder hills with gentle slope
 Attract my languid eye,
 And seem to bid my soul look up,
 And hail the neighbouring sky.
- 7 There the divine Redeemer reigns,
 And ransom'd nations rest;
 There saints, forgetting former pains,
 Repose upon his breast.
- 8 There will I fix my dying eyes,
 Till life's fast-setting ray,
 Steals from this darkening sphere—to
 rise

Are found in the control of the cont

In everlasting day!

HYMN DCCCCLXIII.

The Magdalene's Hymn; or, "Go, and sin no more!" John viii. 11.

W. B. C.

- 1 DAUGHTER of anguish, child of woe, Whose bitter tears repentant flow; To God lift up thy melting eyes, Who bids those springs of sorrow rise: Contrition struck the rock—the stream, By Mercy guided, flows to him.
- 2 With care paternal see him bend—And, from his lofty seat, attend
 The whisper'd sigh, the secret moan,
 The drop that falls unseen, alone—Where sorrow points the earnest prayer,
 Compassion sheds forgiveness there.
- 3 When man but flatter'd to betray,
 And lur'd thee from thy home away,
 Soft were his words—but fraught with
 guile—
 Destruction lurk'd beneath his smile—

Destruction lurk'd beneath his smile— He bade thy peace of mind depart, Then left thee to a breaking heart!

4 Far from the path of peace astray,
With Guilt companion of thy way,
For thee remain'd no place of rest—
Against thee clos'd the feeling breast:
The downcast look, the virtuous eye,
Withheld from thee soft sympathy.

5 Ah! cease through devious paths to roam,

Lo! Charity provides a home,*
Where Vice her blushing face may hide,
With Hope and Pity at her side:
Religion crowns the work with smiles,
And Faith the mourner's heart beguiles.

6 Daughter of anguish—cease to grieve— A dying Saviour bids thee live; From his pale lips, his closing eyes, Ascends the plea to pierce the skies; Love smiles—where vengeance frown'd before—

And whispers--- Go, and sin no more!"

HYMN DCCCCLXIV.

The Triumphs of Jesus.

RECITATIVE.

W. B. C.

SOFT be your accents, when you sing The praises of your Saviour-king; His triumphs swell, some seraph's lyre, O let me catch the sacred fire!

AIR.

1 He rose from the slumbers of death,
He shook off his merciless chain;
And crown'd with the conqueror's wreath,
Ascended to glory again.

* The Magdalene, and the London Female Penitentiary; with similar institutions in the country.

2 No more shall he stoop from his throne, Or bow to the tyrant's harsh sway; He died---for his saints to atone, His kingdom shall never decay.

HYMN DCCCCLXV.

A Missionary Hymn.--For the opening of the Services.

W. B. C.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command, Before thy face, dread King, we stand; The voice that marshall'd every star, Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 Constrain'd by love to him who died Thy churches pour th' o'erflowing tide; 'Midst congregated thousands here, In all thine ancient power appear!
- 3 We meet, through distant lands to spread The truth for which the martyrs bled; Along the line—to either pole— The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 4 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway, Then, give thy growing empire way; O'er wastes of sin, o'er fields of blood, Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.
- Our prayers assist—accept our praise— Our hopes revive—our courage raise— Our counsels aid—and oh! impart, The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 6 Forth with thy chosen heralds come, Recal the wandering spirit home:

From Zion's mount send forth the sound To spread the spacious world around!

HYMN DCCCCLXVI.

Another; or, the Light of the Gentiles. Luke ii. 32.

W. B. C.

- 1 THE dawning day at length appears,
 The day foretold by ancient seers;
 And over nature's gloomy night
 Prevails the morning's rising light.
- 2 The nations watch the promis'd ray,
 Whose blushes kindle into day,
 And see, with eager, anxious eye,
 It's saffron tint spread o'er the sky.
- 3 He comes! he comes! the Sun appears
 Eclipsing reason's darken'd spheres!
 He shines above the eastern hills,
 And every heart with transport fills!
- 4 While India's sons, adorn'd with gold, The source of light and life behold; Releas'd from superstition's chains, No bloody rite their altars stains.
- 5 The sun upon the Persian's head, His scorching rays no more shall shed; Burning amid unclouded skies, He sees a fairer orb arise.
- 6 Behold the nations wait thy light,
 To scatter their remaining night;
 To every clime extend thy ray,
 O source of everlasting day!

HYMN DCCCCLXVII.

The sympathizing High-priest. Heb. iv. 15.

W. B. C.

1 O THOU, who once didst wander here, A pilgrim on life's weary way;

No stranger thou, to every fear

That shakes th' inhabitant of clay:

For sorrow's stormy cloud it's torrent shed.

And aim'd it's thunders at thy guiltless head.

2 "Tis known to thee—the secret sigh That softly from the bosom steals: Grief's dew-drop trembling in the eye, The anguish that the spirit feels:

Each human wee was once sustain'd by thee,

And still is felt in tender sympathy.

3 The thorns that pierc'd thy bleeding brow.

Wound, as I pass, my pilgrim feet; A stranger I, like thee, below,

Seek in thy grave my last retreat;
There shall I slumber, free from rude alarms,

From pain's sharp conflict, and from life's deep harms.

4 Safe from the false world's summer smiles, Safe from the winter's angry frown, Safe from the tempter's cruel wiles, With thee, my Lord, I lay me down,

On thy low bed, till angels bid me rise, And share thy triumphs in thy native skies.

HYMN DCCCCLXVIII.

A Call to depart. Mic. ii. 10. John xi. 28. xiv. 31.

w. B. C.

- YE saints, that o'er this desert roam,
 From dangers panting to be free,
 Aspiring still to heaven, your home—
 Remember this command from me;
 Your master bids you haste away,
 And soar to realms of endless day.
 - 2 Ye pilgrims on this world's wide waste,
 Who journey on my face to see,
 And long celestial joys to taste,
 Remember this command from me;
 Your master bids you haste away,
 And soar to realms of endless day.

HYMN DCCCCLXIX.

The Rainbow, Gen. ix. 13.

W. B. C.

WHEN over fair nature's face dark tempests lower,

And on the poor traveller fast falls the

shower,

Bright o'er the deepening shade,

Ere quite the sunbeams fade,

The rainbow is display'd

By heaven's blest Power.

2 Midst darkness and horror I will not despair,

But learn with submission my sorrows

to bear;

For when the clouds arise,
And from my weeping eyes,
The light of comfort flies,

The bow is there.

3 O sweet is the promise of mercy so mild, And strong the restraint laid on these passions wild;

Faith wipes away my tears,

And I resign my fears,

The bow of peace appears,

To bless his child.

HYMN DCCCCLXX.

Divine Compassion. Luke xxiii. 34. Heb. ii. 9, 10. 1 John iv. 9.

W.B.C.

1 HOW great that compassion, my Saviour, my God,

Which led thee to purchase our peace

with thy blood;

of Julia

When clouds and dark vengeance encompass'd the throne,

Twas pity, soft pity, which brought Jesus down.

Jesus down.

2 More mild than the morning the Saviour was seen,

His heart all compassion, his spirit serene:

His brow crown'd with thorns, and extinguish'd his eyes,

"My Father, forgive them"-he whispers

and dies.

3 Assist me, Redeemer, that pardon to gain.

Which thou at the price of thy life didst

obtain:

Speak peace to my spirit—then call me away,

To triumph with thee in the mansions of day.

HYMN DCCCCLXXI.

A Morning Hymn.

IMITATED FROM THE DEATH OF ABEL.

W. B. C .-

1 RETIRE, O sleep, from every eye, The rising morning re-appears; The sun ascends the dappled sky, And drinks creation's dewy tears.

2 Retire, O sleep, from every eye, With silence, gloom, and shades, retire;

- Fly, unsubstantial visions, fly-New beams the eastern cedars fire.

3 Reason resumes her awful throne, Fancy resigns her silken reins;

With night the hovering dream hath flown,

And judgment staid once more obtains.

4 The eagle wakes her young, to gaze,
Undazzled on the orb of day;
With heavenly light the pine tops blaze,
And nature's face is painted gay.

5 Around the voice of praise ascends
From twice ten thousand warbling
throats;

Echo awakes---the lion blends
His roarings with the sky-lark's notes.

6 From every eye, O sleep retire—
Arise, my soul, thy homage pay;
All lands, all times, shall wake the lyre,
The rising to the setting day!

HYMN DCCCCLXXII.

A Funeral Hymn. Eccles xii. 7.

IMITATED FROM THE DEATH OF ABEL. W. B. C.

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss,
To heaven directs his wondrous way.

2 His native land appears in sight,
From this dark vale of sorrow far;
The land of ever-during light
Lies stretch'd beyond the morningstar.

3 Angels the stranger-mind receive, Conduct him to eternal bowers; And heaven's immortal garland's weave, Of roses and unfading flowers. 4 Ye fields that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains where he breath'd his prayers,

When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes;

5 No more the weary pilgrim mourns, No more affliction wrings his heart; Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns— For ever he and anguish part!

6 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;
Safe let it rest from every storm,
Soon must it rise, no more to die!

HYMN DCCCCLXXIII.

Family Hymns. For private Baptism.

INTRODUCTORY.

W. B. C.

1 HAPPY the Christian family,
Where love and joy abound,
It rises like a lofty tree,
With living foliage crown'd.

កម្រា ខ្លែកកម្មភព ស្វែ ខ្លែក **ន**កស៊ី ខ

- With verdant leaf, with towering head,
 The parent stem shall grow,
 His branches all around him spread,
 His root deep-fix'd below.
- 3 No blight shall hurt the tender shoot,
 Nor wasting drought destroy;
 No secret worm shall nip the root,
 Or blossom of his joy.

3 P 2

4 From day to day, from year to year, The stately tree shall rise; Till gather'd from this earthly sphere, And planted in the skies.

5 There, with it's tendrils winding round, Th' eternal plant shall thrive: Nor age, nor death, shall curse that ground, While God himself shall live.

HYMN DCCCCLXXIV.

Before the Administration.

1 SAVIOUR, Father, Brother, Friend (Every tender name in one) Holy Jesus now descend, Perfect what thou hast begun: Whom we now devote to God, At a parent's hand receive, With the purifying flood Now the Holy Spirit give.

2 While on this dear infant's head. Pour we this translucid stream. On the rite thy blessing shed, (a small) With thy blood the soul redeem: Seal the grace upon the heart By baptismal water shewn, While the symbol we impart, May the saving work be done.

HYMN DCCCCLXXV.

After the Administration for the Family.

W. B. C.

1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee, Eternal parent of mankind; Smile on this waiting family, Thy face they sook, and let them

Thy face they seek, and let them find.

2 The father of the household bless,

The priest, the patriarch, let him move, That all his family may trace

In him thy law, in lines of love.

3 Regard the mother's anxious tears,
Her heart's desire, her earnest prayers,
And while her infant charge she rears,
Crown with success her pious cares.

4 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow,
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

5 Receive at their believing hand,
The babe whom they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command—
And seal with power the rite divine.

6 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

HYMN DCCCCLXXVI.

The last Conflict.

W. B. C.

1 MY Father, to thee I draw near, Thy languishing offspring receive; Though nature may drop a fond tear,
The word of thy grace I believe:
I soon shall accomplish my race,
And soar to the temple on high;
I long to behold thy bright face,
And cheerfully yield me to die.

The storms of existence are o'er;
Though fiercely the tempest may blow,
It's fury appals me no more:
The world now has lost all it's charms,
This throbbing heart ceases to sigh;
I shelter within thy blest arms,
And cheerfully yield me to die.

3 More quickly and shorter I breathe,
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek,
I feel the approaches of death,
The strings of my heart I feel break;
A struggle or two, and 'tis done,

From earth and it's anguish I fly:
The palm of the conqueror is won,
And I live by submitting to die.

HYMN DCCCCLXXVII.

Praise to the Redeemer.

W. B. C.

- 1 SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
 That sing the Saviour's dying love;
 Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
 Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend, While the sweet lark exulting soars,

So soft to your Almighty Friend, Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid ear of day,
That wide proclaims it's Maker God.

4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So pure let your contrition be—
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To him who bled upon the tree.

HYMN DCCCCLXXVIII.

The Sympathy of Jesus. John xi. 35.

A FUNERAL HYMN.

W. B. C.

- 1 ROUND the awful tomb we stand,
 Pensive, a deserted band;
 Bowing o'er the sleeping dust,
 Now committed to it's trust;
 Dropping nature's parting tears,
 As our brother disappears,
 We may mourn our comforts laid
 Low in death's oppressive shade.
- 2 Jesus, Man of sorrows, hear!
 Shed the sympathetic tear;
 This shall joy to grief impart—
 This shall heal the bleeding heart;
 When the friend, or parent, dies,
 Let us hear thy pitying sighs;
 Call us to thy gracious throne,
 Tell us we are not alone.

- 3 Pilgrim through life's stormy day,
 Thou, to human grief a prey,
 Once didst feel the mortal stroke,
 Which the bond of friendship broke:
 Now, enthron'd above the skies,
 When the trembling mortal dies,
 Still thy tender hand is near,
 Wiping nature's starting tear.
- Met around this silent grave,
 Now display thy power to save;
 Let thy grace the sorrows heal,
 Which from melting spirits steal;
 Soon our risen Lord shall come,
 Soon the dust shall leave the tomb,
 From the sepulchre shall rise,
 Claim it's kindred in the skies.
 - 5 Now no more of death afraid,
 Where our dying Lord was laid;
 Soon our weary bones shall lie,
 We shall bow our heads, and die!
 Die to live—to live with thee—
 Live from sin and sorrow free—
 Live with spirits gone before—
 Live—to part—to die no more!

HYMN DCCCCLXXIX.

Harvest; or, the Reapers' Song.

W. B. C.

1 YE verdant hills, ye smiling fields.
Thou earth, whose breast spontaneous yields

To man a rich supply;

Echo, whose mimic notes prolong
The melting strain and bear along,
O'er distant glades and caves among,
The mountain shepherd's artless song,
Soft swelling to the sky.

2 Attend the reapers' joyful lays,
And hear the tribute of their praise
To nature's bounteous king:
Whose voice, loud sounding from the

pole,

In thunder oft is heard to roll,
And oft has melted down the soul,
When murmuring along it stole
The zephyr's silken wing!

3 With bread the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripen'd ear
Bow it's luxuriant head!
In vain, ye swains, had been your care,
Had not He caus'd the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair,
And bade the sun, the rain, the air,
Their gracious influence shed.

4 He bade the soft refreshing gale, Blow gently down the teeming vale,

Nor hurt the peeping grain;
But when the ear began to rise,
To Him we rais'd our anxious eyes;
Oft from the cisterns of the skies
He sent in mercy rich supplies,
Early and latter rain.

5 And now his hand hath crown'd our toil We joy like those who share the spoil, The harvest home to bear!
With shouts the laughing pastures ring,
With grateful hearts ye reapers sing,
The praise of heaven's eternal king,
Through whose paternal care ye bring,
The produce of the year!

CHORUSSES.

CHORUS I .-- To Sydenham Tune.

HALLELUJAH, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord.

CHORUS II .- To Silver Street Time.

PRAISE ye the Lord, Hallelujah— Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah— Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

CHORUS III .- To Ashley Tune.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever; Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

CHORUS IV .- To Spring.

To God the universal King, Be sacred every grateful choir, In endless hymns all praises sing,
That endless bounty can inspire.

CHORUS V.—De Fleury's Hymn.

COME saints and adore him, come bow at his feet,

O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;

Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

CHORUS VI.—Handel, Orat. of Theodora.

BLESSED be the power who gave us, Freely gave his son to save us; Blest the son who freely came; Honour, blessing, adoration, Ever from the whole creation, Be to God and to the Lamb.

DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGY I.

DRYDEN.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame, Attend th' Almighty Father's name; The Saviour Son be glorified, Who for lost man's redemption died; And equal adoration be, Eternal paraclete to thee! Kaise

DOXOLOGY II.

H. K. WHITE.

NOW to God, the Three in One, Be eternal glory done; Traise, ye saints, the sound again, Nations join the loud amen!

DOXOLOGY III.

Amsterdam Tune.

ANON.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God whom we adore, Join we with the heavenly host, To praise thee evermore: Three in One, and One in Three, Live by heaven and earth ador'd, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, All glory be to thee!

DOXOLOGY IV.

BISHOP KENN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow. Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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THE END.

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